

# Mungo Jerry, Tramp

The sun was low, and the shadow was cold,  
On the pale drawn face, that was wrinkled and old,  
A newspaper coat, hanging loose 'round his throat,  
And the shoes on his feet, strips of leather tied up with rope,  
His uncombed hair, and eyes that would stare,  
At the people passing by, who didn't know or didn't care

Chorus:

This poor old man he's all alone,  
He's got no money or no home of his own,  
The back street's his kitchen,  
The footpath's his hall,  
And the chalk on the brick work,  
Are the pictures on his wall,  
He lays down his head,  
On the pavement that's his bed,  
And when he sleeps, his dreams fade away

He walks down the street, with his hands in his coat,  
Looking down at his feet, for a dog-end he could smoke,  
He thinks about food, good drinking and good fun,  
As he searches through the dustbins, his life almost done

Repeat Chorus: