

GARDEN SHED

A man's home is his castle,
This quote is often said,
But another prized possession
Is his trusty garden shed.

The interior is inviting,
Contents so exciting,
Workbench and tools to hand.
Tins of paint, a bale of wire, plus cement and sand.

On the shelves are jars filled with screws
And nuts and bolts and a tin of easing oil,
And around the walls are implements
For digging up the soil.

So, if your man is missing,
His paper has been read,
Ten to one you'll find him
Tinkering in his garden shed

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