

## SCARECROW

On a frame of rustic wood,  
in this field I have been stood.  
With a battered hat, torn coat,  
trousers tied up with string.  
I am not a fashion item,  
just a scarecrow of a thing,

No one notices, nor cares for me  
but here I stand, as you can see,  
all alone and forlorn  
watching over the fields of corn.  
Ignored by birds, and people too  
my thoughts on life are very few.

Other things I would have liked to have been  
but here I am in this country scene.  
So perhaps if you are passing  
and enjoy me from afar  
give a friendly wave  
or a toot from your motor car.

For I shall be here  
all weathers, night and day.  
I cannot move you see,  
my feet are made of clay.

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