

# BEANS ON TOAST

Back in London,  
when days were spent.  
I'd come home wondering,  
what friendship meant.

I'd make a list,  
for the lunch time breaks,  
of things to do,  
without no mates.

**And when Mum was away,  
Dad made Beans on Toast.**

I'd practise writing,  
And learnt to whistle.  
made stick houses till,  
The bell's dismissal.

After a long,  
day on that gravel,  
I pretend I was happy,  
As thoughts unravelled.

**But I'd walk through the door,  
and there was Beans on Toast.**

We'd laugh a lot,  
And probably fart a lot,  
though we, weren't allowed to say that word.

We'd chat a lot,  
around the table top,  
As if nothing had occurred.

**And you'd, cut mine into squares,  
And we'd have Beans on Toast.**

When I can't see where to go,  
And I'm hit from head to toe.

**When I simply don't know.  
When I simply don't know.  
I'll make Beans on Toast.**

