

Singing BOOK 4 Sherlock



Word sheet

Tramps' Paradise

Chorus

Tramps' paradise, tramps' paradise,
Ev'rything is rubble and mould, but it's tramps' paradise.
Tramps' paradise, tramps' paradise,
Ev'rything is rubble and mould, but it's tramps' paradise.

Verse 1

Ev'rywhere there's loads of rubbish,
Ev'rywhere there's people's junk.
Once it was a field of gold,
But now it's just a dump.
Cardboard boxes do for chairs,
And week old chips make such a treat,
Last month's paper's what we read,
Old carpets under our feet.

Chorus

Verse 2

Adding to our paradise,
People come in ev'ryday
In cars and trucks and caravans,
To throw their stuff away!
We make use of ev'ry-thing,
The broken glass, discarded foam.
Even though it's just a tip,
It's still our sweet home!

Chorus

Tramps' paradise, tramps' paradise,
Ev'rything is rubble and mould, but it's tramps' paradise.
Tramps' paradise, tramps' paradise,
You can call it nothing on earth,
But it's tramps' paradise.

*Alice Higgins and Martha Wiltshire,
aged 11 years.*

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