

Homeless Henry

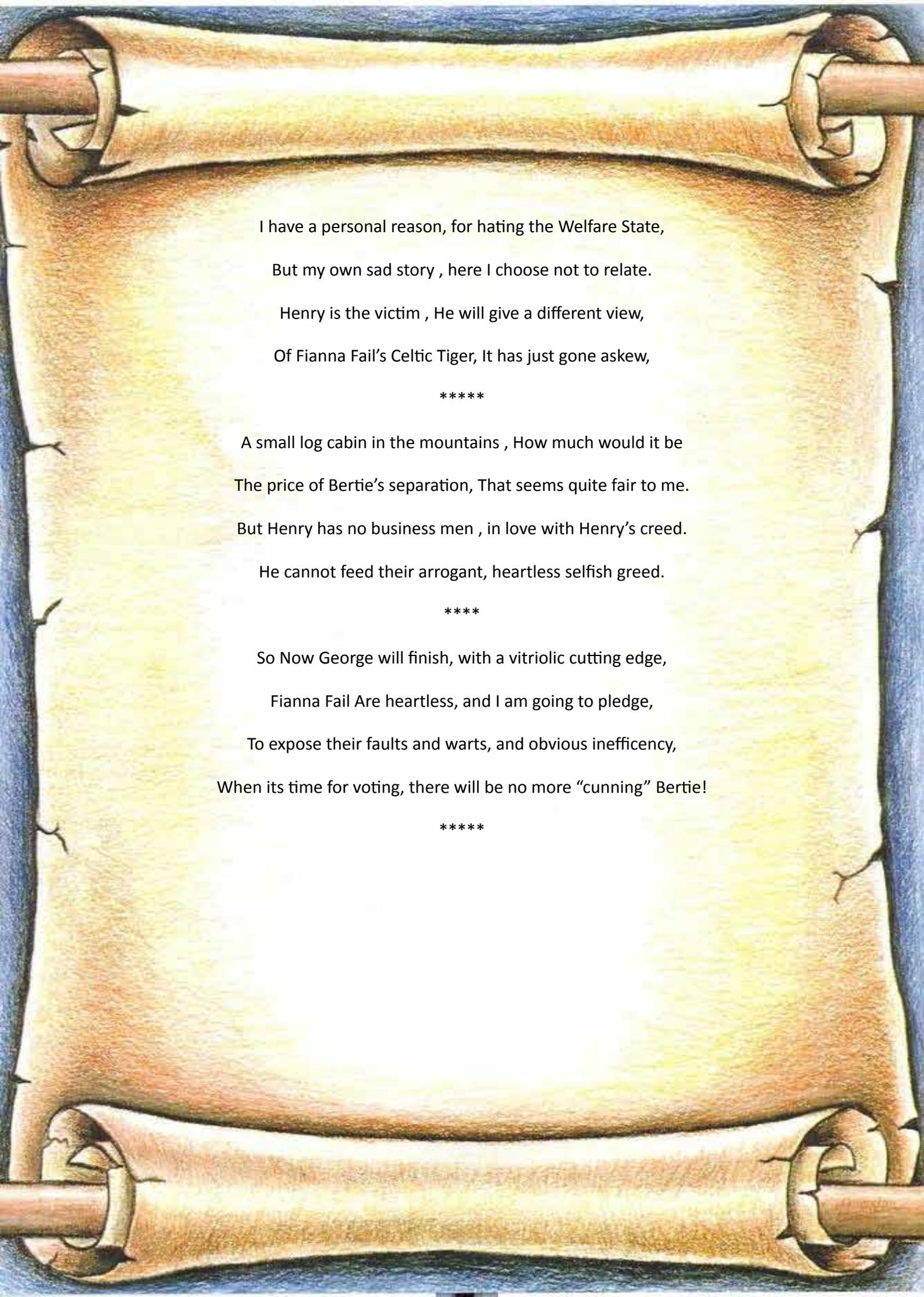
Henry Is my friend, Homeless Near Kilmashogue,
Some would say a Villain, Others would say a Rogue !
But I have known our Henry , for nearly three full years,
And his Life my friends would have you shed some tears.

Evicted by his family, So nowhere could he go,
So now I will tell you what, I barely think I know,
He tried to keep surviving , His life he loved so well,
But on this thought my friends, you should start to dwell.

During the Celtic Tiger, A cardboard box was Henry's home,
In Dublin's Fair city , lonely he would sadly roam,
Seven years he existed, without a roof above his head,
But The Department of Social Welfare , Gave Henry fearful dread,

Prove that you are homeless, or your money we will stop,
What a shower of Beauties ! , I hope that life will drop,

Yes drop from her orbit, they are a heartless crew ,
And when it comes to Welfare the have not got a clue !



I have a personal reason, for hating the Welfare State,
But my own sad story , here I choose not to relate.
Henry is the victim , He will give a different view,
Of Fianna Fail's Celtic Tiger, It has just gone askew,

A small log cabin in the mountains , How much would it be
The price of Bertie's separation, That seems quite fair to me.
But Henry has no business men , in love with Henry's creed.
He cannot feed their arrogant, heartless selfish greed.

So Now George will finish, with a vitriolic cutting edge,
Fianna Fail Are heartless, and I am going to pledge,
To expose their faults and warts, and obvious inefficiency,
When its time for voting, there will be no more "cunning" Bertie!
