

# Inspirational Carpets, Joe

All that I possess is my existence, vagrant more or less  
Children on the pavement, mither bad, but help me through my day  
This borrowed cigarette, for which my heart will leap and it will laugh  
A debt to you my friend, I owe but I'm afraid I can't repay

BECAUSE I'M JOE, THE STREET LAMP IS MY HOME  
FROM PLACE TO PLACE I LIKE TO ROAM  
THE COLD WIND BLOWS RIGHT THROUGH MY BONES  
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My barrow I gave away, 'cause the muscle which pulled grew weaker every day  
This soldier crossed the sea, but now the maker wages war on me  
This heart is still so proud, of all the things the soldier once achieved  
But when you're vagrant, man, no-one wants to know about such things

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