

A TAILOR'S SONG

I had a woollen coat, a hand-me-down from papa.
Already worn, torn and patched, it let in winter air,
so what was the use? I made it into a jacket but soon

the threads unravelled – worn, torn, so what was the use?
I tried it as a vest, but without buttons – all wrong.
The vest became a bag but my keys kept falling through,

so what was the use? I made the bag into a rag to polish silver,
and when that got too black, it was time to give up the coat.
Now nothing's of use to me, except this little song.