

Our Neighbour

By Chris Burleigh

The man next door
Is one-hundred-and-more,
When I ask if he's well
He'll say 'Well, I'm here still',
And he still drives his car
To the shops, not far.
His family can't come every day
But I think he rather likes it that way,
He's been here forever
My kind, gentle neighbour.
I'll be sad when I can no more
Say hello to the man next door.