

In the kitchen we have the stove, fridge and sink,

To cook something nice to eat and to have a drink;

Needing plates or bowls and cups and saucers or a mug,

Food in the pantry or coffee and tea to have some kind of drug.

.

The loungeroom is for reclining to sit and read or talk or watch television,

While friends and family ring to talk on the telephone;

Then as mum smiles at dad feeling quite contented with life,

The kids play with there toys just to keep them out of strife.

.

Then into the bedroom where we get changed and ready for bed,

With all the clothes in the wardrobe not fighting to be dead;

A good nights sleep with pleasant dreams and we're feeling quite happy,

To give all the money in the world overnight, to not have change the babies nappy.

.

The bathrooms got to smell nice and qwhistle squeaky clean,

As the shower is there to get rid of all the dirt that seems to mean;

The basin and the toilet must sparkle when you look in the mirror,

A bath to lie and soak in till it's cold and you start to shiver.

.

Then the back and front yards must have a beautiful garden,

A nice place to work and spend the time as things start to harden;

The garage is to keep the car and the shed all the tools you need,

A verandah or balcony to sit back with a drink and book to relax and read.

.

Then we have the real estate agent who wants to sell and buy,

For the reason it goes up in value is because you improve and try;

To find some other bigger nicer house, in some other, better suburb,

Where you can work and want again as things become superb.

.

Signed,

Home Sweet Home.