The Tramp

Bruno Alexiu

He sleeps alone in the damp
And rests his head upon a door
The only bed he knows is the floor
The tramp
Turned up collar and worn out shoes
He doesn't care 'cause he hasn't got nothing to lose
He sleeps alone in the damp
And rests his head upon a door
The only bed he knows is the floor
The tramp
No companion to take him home
His only friends are the kind that just leave him alone
No one knows just how lonely his life has been
In a world that lives in a dream
He sleeps alone in the damp
And rests his head upon a door
The only bed he knows is the floor
The tramp

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