Shut the Door – Charlie Forsey

“There is a gig on the curb” said greasy tray,

“She’s on the pathway, she’s on the pathway”,

“There is a wrinkly hand jiggling the handle”,

“Do not turn it” said scented candle.

“Stay away, stay away” roared stuffed bear,

“the lady might not be as nice as a hare!”

“Yes, keep her away and at bay” whispered bent knives and forks,

“Don’t let her sink us into an ounce more porks”

Shut the Stubbington Door – Charlie Forsey

“They are taking bags off the coach” cheered green bed,

“Where will they head, where will they head”?

“I hear footsteps near the corridor”

“They are coming in” shouted oak door,

“Oh no, oh no”, said door stop,

“I hope it is not a horrid lot”.

“Hush, be quiet”, said door badge, the common room is filling,

“they look quite nice”.