

THE GARDEN SHED

The garden shed is a funny place,
Where granddad sits to get away from nanas face,
Where garden furniture sits in the cold,
And the mower hangs with creeping mould.
Bikes in all sizes and old paddling pools,
An old table with its funny little stool.

Some sheds are organised all tools in the right place,
Carpet on the floor and a man with a rosy face.
Homemade wine sits and ferments,
Camping stoves and neatly packed tents.
A bar that's been built to get away from the wife,
A multigym to keep you sharp as a knife.

What's your shed like? Has it got a floor and curtains?
Is it locked or open/ double or single door?