

### **Skip Dip Sid**

Skip Dip Sid dosses in a tram shelter,  
He's got swastika tattoos on his face  
And he hangs around the city centre.

No-one wants to sit next to him on the bus  
And, no wonder, he doesn't smell so good;  
No-one likes Skip Dip Sid that much I guess.

The food market skip's where he gets his grub,  
Out the back first thing of a morning,  
Then he's off for a bevvy down the pub.

The coppers don't like to see him begging  
On the high street, makes the whole place look drab.  
Yes, I can understand their thinking,  
But - here's the thing - they don't know Sid's my dad.

*Philip Howard    Preston*