

The Refuge

*Sick of being beaten,
With bruises blue and green,
I dressed the kids and packed my bags,
And quit the bloody scene.*

*I wandered round the streets awhile
not knowing what to do.
And then I heard a friendly voice
'We have just the place for you'*

*A welcome door was open
A bed and cup of tea
Though very overcrowded,
They still had room for me.*

*A time to rest my shattered nerves.
A time to sort things out.
To stay in peace or live in hell
In my mind there is no doubt.*

*First of all its easy
But it gets harder by the day,
Everyone is different
They do things different ways.*

*Watch out! Watch out! a thief about
It really is a sin
We have fridges in the kitchen
We musn't put things in.*

*'I am doing no more house-work'.
Says my friend with a frown
and all that can be heard from my other friend
Is: 'It really gets me down.'
This place is pretty awful
The women get me down.
But then we had a laugh to-day
I like them being around.
For things to sign and forms to fill.
There is other friend then other and
So on.
To chat with them and
Pass the time.
If you don't complain.*

*'I could write a book' is often heard.
Well now we have got the chance
There are groups for this and groups for that
They lead us such a dance.
When we have all departed
And gone our separate ways
We will look back with affection
On these hectic refuge days.
I will leave an empty bed
And let it all begin
For poor wretch at the door
Shouting, 'Please God, let me me in'.*

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