There once was a man…

By Alfie James from the play Home for a lost soldier

**HENRY JONES:**

There once was an old General from Layer-Croft

Who loved to behave like a proper toff.

He spent his days shouting his orders this and that

Pretending to know all, he simply was a right twat.

He used his Lordship to become a General.

Yet, never took part in a single battle.

He'd have a boy to polish his medals and boots

And loved telling fake stories whilst filling his belly with booze.

Till one day he became the butt of all his stupid ways

It was to change his life for the rest of his days.

He met a young soldier fresh from battle

Still tired, bruised and trying to let his mind settle.

The General ordered the young soldier to arm his rifle.

Then mocked and taunted him for having hands like jelly trifle.

Grabbing the gun from the soldier’s small paws

He tugged and pulled this way and that

Warnings were cried, but he just spat

"I know best!" "I'm better than all!"

The rifle exploded, and the General did fall.

He screamed like a pig. His cries did sound

The bottom of his spine, the bullet was found.

Being a toff, the General did think that he was above it all

Oh, but on that day, the toff did fall.

Oh! The toff did fall!