

## Neighbour Poem

Neighbours to the left, neighbours to the right,  
Some of them shouting in the middle of the night.

Babies still wanting to be fed,  
When mothers put them in their bed.

Scruffy children abound,  
Barking dogs running round.

Teenager smoking on the corner of the street,  
That's where teenagers like to meet.

Most of them have no work,  
From all that they like to shirk.

As for money, they're bereft,  
In actual fact there's none left.

I love living on the estate,  
I really do think everyone's great.