

FOR TREVOR

**It's Seven AM, the telephone rings,
I get out of bed with a groan,
"Hallo" coughs a voice "is that you Pat?"
It's Trevor again on the phone.**

**Be it ten in the evening or Christmas Day,
Trevor would ring and I'd moan,
Many's the time He'd catch me out,
I've even been caught on the throne.**

**Now Trevor's passed on to Heaven above,
I'm sure he will find a spare phone,
He'll ring round the Angels and suggest some ideas,
On how they should run his new home.**

**So if you wake up on a cold drizzly night,
To a row and a ringing tone,
It's Saint Peter, who's shouting and holding his head,
Telling Trevor to get off the phone.**