



The Old Pavilion

The Old Pavilion stands cold and alone
Its no longer county crickets rightful home
The past game memories are all it will hold
There's talk of getting rid maybe it'll be sold

Rubble and litter line every seat
It's been tossed away like a butchers bad meat
It's lost and forgotten with no recollection or sign
The clocks still there but it tells the wrong time.

The paints peeling off, the windows are cracked
The past pride and glory here is clearly lacked
The fields been converted into a rugby pitch
The grass is clumped up with potholes and a ditch

Plaques are there to commemorate the games
But without the weekly bout it's not the same
For the pavilion I could write pages & pages
But the best thing to say is its gone, lost in the
ages.