I get up when I want except on Wednesdays when I get rudely awakened by the dustmen.

I put my trousers on, I have a cup of tea & I think about leaving the house.

I feed the pigeons, I sometimes feed the sparrows too, it gives me a sense of enormous well-being.

And then I'm happy for the rest of the day, safe in the knowledge there will always be a bit of my heart devoted to it.