

My house is not a home,
Things stored and then gone;
What you do to your clothes,
When you put them on.

What am I?

My style is an arm,
You push as you pass through;
My lantern could be a light,
That lights your tent for you.

What am I?

Alone I am the top,
I keep the contents in;
With salt I am pasta,
Or green and tossed again.

What am I?

My der will take control,
And tell you what to do;
My king means that the cup,
Is dripping pop on you.

What am I?

My house is not a home,
Things stored and then gone;
What you do to your clothes,
When you put them on.

What am I? ***warehouse, wear***

My style is an arm,
You push as you pass through;
My lantern could be a light,
That lights your tent for you.

What am I? ***turnstile, lantern***

Alone I am the top,
I keep the contents in;
With sal I am pasta,
Or green and tossed again.

What am I? ***lid, salad***

My der will take control,
And tell you what to do;
My king means that the cup,
Is dripping pop on you.

What am I? ***leader, leaking***