

## **Bragg Billy**

### **"The Home Front"**

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Father mows the lawn and Mother peels the potatoes

Grandma lays the table alone

And adjusts a photograph of the unknown soldier

In this Holy of Holies, the Home

And from the tv an unwatched voice

Suggests the answer is to plant more trees

The scrawl on the wall says what about the workers

And the voice of the people says more salt please

Mother shakes her head and reads aloud from the newspaper

As Father puts another lock on the door

And reflects upon the violent times that we are living in

While chatting to the wife beater next door

If paradise to you is cheap beer and overtime

Home truths are easily missed

Something that every football fan knows

It only takes five fingers to form a fist

And when it rains here

It rains so hard

But never hard enough to wash away the sorrow

I'll trade my love today for a greater love tomorrow

The lonely child looks out and dreams of  
independence

From this family life sentence

Mother sees but does not read the peeling posters

And can't believe that there's a world to be won

But in the public schools and in the public houses

The Battle of Britain goes on

The constant promise of jam tomorrow

Is the New Breed's litany and verse

If it takes another war to fill the churches of England

Then the world the meek inherit, what will it be worth

Mother fights the tears and Father, his sense of outrage

And attempts to justify the sacrifice

To pass their creed down to another generation

'Anything for the quite life'

In the Land of A Thousand Doses

???

Our place in History is as

Clock watchers, old timers, window shoppers

Father mows the lawn and Mother peels the potatoes

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