

Legenda

"Poppy Day"

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We'll remember when that wreath is just a crown of
thorns to drape
Around your helmet - hide out anywhere at all. We'll
remember when
You're no more than a poem on a grave - a sideline for
the guy who
Writes the birthday cards but never signs his name.
He's got your
Number, feels your pain... though you're smiling from
the mantel-piece
And you've got your rifle trained. It's pointing at the
T.V. Shall
We tell you when to fire? There's a programme we all
hate... it's not
A late show so you won't be tired. We remember how
you loved the war
Films, and hid behind the sofa throwing balls of silver
paper. We
Remember. We remember. We've got our poppies on.
We hear the clock
Chime out eleven. We remember, we remember it's
Poppy Day. (You
Shall not grow old!)

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