

## **Bowie David**

### **"Little Bombardier"**

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War made him a soldier  
Little Frankie Mear  
Peace left him a loser  
The little bombardier

Lines of worry appeared with age  
Unskilled hands that knew no trade  
Spent his time in the picture house  
The little bombardier

Frankie drank his money  
The little that he made  
Told his woes to no man  
Friendless, lonely days

Then one day, in the ABC  
Four bright eyes gazed longingly  
At the ice-cream in the hand of  
The little bombardier

Sunshine entered our Frankie's days  
Gone his worries, his hopeless maze  
His life was fun and his heart was full of joy

Two young children had changed his aims  
He gave them toffees and played their games  
He brought them presents with every coin he made

Then two gentlemen called on him  
Asked him for his name  
Why was he friends with the children  
Were they just a game?

Leave them alone or we'll get sore  
We've had blokes like you in the station before  
The hand of authority said "no more"  
To the little bombardier

Packed his bags, his heart in pain  
Wiped a tear and caught a train  
Not to be seen in the town again  
The little bombardier

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