

Sir

Sir - would it help if I shed a tear
I swear it's the first time since this time last year
My spine is a tingle - my throat is all dry
As I stand to attention for all those who died

I watch the flag dancing half way down the pole
That lone bugle player sends chills to my soul
I feel the pride and the sorrow - there's nothing the same
As standing to attention on ANZAC Day

So Sir - on behalf of the young and the free
Will you take a message when you finally do leave
To your mates that are lying from Tobruk to the Somme
The legend of your bravery will always live on

I've welcomed Olympians back to our shore
I've cheered baggy green caps and watched Wallabies score
But when I watch you marching (Sir) in that parade
I know these are the memories that never will fade

So Sir - on behalf of the young and the free
Will you take a message when you finally do leave
It's the least we can do (Sir) to repay the debt
We'll always remember you - Lest We Forget

Damian (Dib) Morgan 1998