



Sir

Bill Bridgeford

Sir - do you mind 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 damn 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.

*Written by Dibbs Morgan
Condamine Qld 2006*