

Khaki Heroes

Here's to you me khaki heroes here's to you me blues and greys
With your pipes and banners waving and your handsome winning ways
Who's to dare gainsay your bravery who's to dare gainsay your will
But the eyes that stare in wonder are questioning you still

Did you think on what was missing was it just then to exist
Did you find it in a flower did you find it in a kiss

Was it all so very easy was it all so black and white
Was the hour of your parting the beginning of the fight

In the morning was there beauty on the wind a cry of pain
In the struggle of the moment a life twists and turns again

There's the morning's bloodshot sunrise trampled heather dully red
Will you rise or sleep forever in another someone's bed

This was prompted by the 'victory' parade after the Falklands 'conflict'



Sainsbury Rag

Me and the missus doing the Sainsbury Rag, what a drag
Thursday or Friday, bet your life it's my day
Saddled with that shopping bag
Join our happy throng, bruised and battered we're carried along
Grab some lolly, fight for a trolley
We're doing the Sainsbury Rag

It beats the Tesco tango or Fine Fare fandango every time, time, doing time
Like a prison sentence, only blooming difference
Lack of remission for toeing the line
If you jump the queue everybody gonna yell at you
Be a coward or a sucker, don't forget the butter, checkout the Sainsbury Rag

Now I scarcely dare mention those who squander pensions on wine, gin and lime
Or couples who are arty, furnish every party with best chateaux Borough by design
They'll never tell it's not Booths when suffering redundancy blues
Pour it in a different bottle, it'll never stop you all doing the Sainsbury Rag

Living in Hertfordshire but working in London caused some problems for every day living. Brian Bedford borrowed this song, added a verse and incorporated it into Artisan's Christmas show!

Birthday

An instrumental for a good friend