

This old man with a missing left leg
All he owns are the medals on his chest
A wave to the door man and a nod to me
A pint of ale is his only request

[RIT:]
His only honour is his favourite chair
Stranger walks in OI! you can't sit there
Gone are the days he fought for us
Poor old man no wonder he cuss

Tails of death and running blood
He will tell you for a drink
He will tell you all about his best friends that died
It certainly makes you think

[RIT]

His home is a basement just a dirty old room
His only companion is his dog
Scruffy as the man living in gloom
His heat is just an occasional log

[RIT]

Who will mourn and cry for him
When he goes to meet his god?
Who will think of the deed he done
And who will think of the war's he won?