

# Singapore to London

Angelo Kelly

Was trying to make a buck playing on the street,  
When I met this man from India,  
He started telling about his life,  
And why he left home so young.  
Found a new home in the British Empire,  
For which he served over forty years,  
And would jump from planes with a parachute,  
Knowing that he might die.

He was standing there,  
Right in front of me,  
Listening while I sing.  
He should know,  
How much he's given me,  
Where do I begin.

Old man you've been blessed,  
A life with tears and with happiness.  
Who you met, who you loved,  
Your story needs to be told.  
There ain't much you've missed,  
Some were killed and  
Some were kissed.  
From Singapore to London,  
You hitchhiked in 1969... 1969.

Some of the countries,  
He was stationed in,  
Have ever since,  
Even changed their names.  
Where the weather was hot,  
And where it was cold,  
He'd go where ever he was told.  
Had a beautiful girl in Sweden,  
By the look in his eyes,  
She must have been nice,  
Wonders sometimes,  
How his life would have been,  
If he had stayed with her.

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