Poor Michael

The Dreadnoughts

There were two blackbirds up a tree
Hauling up the Arras line!
Says one of them, "What do I see?"
Up the line
Up the line!
"What's fallen down into the sand?
"What tries in vain to sit or stand?
"A chunk of mineral through its knee?"
Poor Michael's up to Calvary

Says the other one, "Now I did hear"
Hauling up the Arras line?
"In Normandy that's voice ran clear"
Up the line
Up the line!
Says, "That will live in gay Paris"
"Singing, swinging on a spree"
And kiss them French maids, one, two, three!"
Poor Michael's up to Calvary

That flew away with a multitude
Hauling up the Arras line!
And joined a bold and cheery crew
Up the line
Up the line!
They slept in mud and wind and rain
Cursed the cold and cried in pain
Were cut down like these rowan trees
Poor Michael's up to Calvary

"My memory it does reveal"
Hauling up the Arras line!
"That's father marching through this field"
Up the line
Up the line!
"He's come to join his daddy dear"
"To lie down and to disappear"
"Well such a wonderful progeny!"
Poor Michael's up to Calvary

Sponzor: www.srovnavac.cz - vyberte si pojištění online!