

Poppy Day

The Legendary Pink Dots

We'll remember when that wreath is just a crown of thorns to drape
around your helmet - hide out anywhere at all. We'll remember when
you're no more than a poem on a grave - a sideline for the guy who
writes the birthday cards but never signs his name. He's got your
number, feels your pain... though you're smiling from the mantelpiece
and you've got your rifle trained. It's pointing at the T.V. Shall
we tell you when to fire? There's a programme we all hate... it's not
a late show so you won't be tired. We remember how you loved the war
films, and hid behind the sofa throwing balls of silver paper.
We remember. We remember. We've got our poppies on. We hear the clock
chime out eleven. We remember, we remember it's Poppy Day. (You
shall not grow old!)