

Poppies And Faded Ribbons

Iain Gilmour

Verse 1

I am called a hero,
Because I fought a war.
I can wear a medal,
For killing in nineteen forty-four.
I have served my country,
For England I would die.
My orders were quite simple,
Shoot and don't ask why.
My time is nearly over,
And soon I will be free,
From the torment of those six long years,
So let me die with dignity.

Chorus

Poppies and faded ribbons,
Are not my mem'ries of a war.
Parties and celebrations,
Were not what I was fighting for.

Verse 2

The sights and sounds of battle,
Forever in my mind.
To see my brothers dying,
As man destroys mankind.
I'm glad that you remember,
November's special day.
A tribute to our fallen sons,
To pray that war will stay away.

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