

The Pipes

The pipes squeezed oot a mournful lonely tune
For the living that had spent their days sincere
Hardly an ear now remained inclined to hear
Ninety years to walk the earth then depart too soon

For the living had spent their days sincere
How brave the lads that fought for peace
Ninety years to walk the earth then depart too soon
Wars still continue on wars likely not to cease

How brave the lads that fought for peace
Young men stood tall protecting land and sea
Wars still continue on wars likely not to cease
Back against the iron rod of integrity

Young men stood tall protecting land and sea
Matter it for what nation family clan
Back against the iron rod of integrity
Seek not all identity with the family Man

Matter it for what nation family clan
Banner held steady by old and shaking hand
Seek not all identity with the family Man
Rifles raised and fired fired across the land

Banner held steady by old and shaking hand
Hardly an ear now remained inclined to hear
Rifles raised and fired fired across the land
The pipes squeezed oot a mournful lonely tune