

MATES

(with thoughts of ANZAC Day)

I've travelled down some lonely roads
Both crooked tracks and straight
An' I've learned life's noblest creed
Summed up in one word 'mate'

I'm thinkin' back across the years
(A thing I do a lot of late)
An' this word sticks between the ears
You've got to have a mate

Me mind goes back to '42
To slavery and hate
When man's one chance to stay alive
Depended on his mate

You's slip and slither through the mud
An' curse your rotten fate
But then you's hear a quiet word
"Don't drop your bundle, mate"

An' though it's been so long ago
The truth I have to state
A man don't know what lonely means
Till he had lost his mate

If there's a life that follows this
If there's a "Golden Gate"
The welcome I just want to hear
Is just "Good on yer, mate"

An' so to all that asks us why
We keep these special dates
Like "ANZAC Day", I answer, "Why?
We're thinking of our mates"

An' when I've left the driver's seat
An' landed on me plates
I'll tell ol' Peter at the door
I've come to join me mates

ANON