

D-DAY LYRICS

Lyrics: Stephen Plaice

The paper-round's done,
Headline: *Invasion Under Way*.
He shows it to his sister
What can we do today?

Salvage for Victory
says the poster on the wall.
They go out on the knock,
Any scrap to spare at all?

Gran, glued to the radio,
hears the weatherman say
the barometer's rising.
Today must be the-day.
The day.

I want to do me bit.
But what can I do?

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Squash the Squander bug,
Make do and mend,
patch that holey jumper
with me old wool-ends.

Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one...
Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one...

Mum leaves the factory,
when the hooter blows.
watches the khaki column crawl
down the Canterbury Road.

A soldier's leaning out
of the back of the truck.
She blows him a kiss
Give'em hell, good luck!

That's what he'll remember,
when he's lying in the sand -
the curls down her neck,
the kiss-flattened hand.

Staring at the sky
watching the parachutes bloom,
as the bullets rake the beach,
and the great guns boom.

Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one...
*But what can **we** do?*

asks the girl, asks the boy,
seventy-five years on,
we want to do our bit,
but it's all long gone...

Remember us

say the soldiers and the sailors,
and the bold engineers,
the weathermen, inventors,
the greasers of the gears.

Remember us

say the GIBS* and the sparks and the johnnies
those who can cable, fuel and forage,
those who found the courage
to offer up their bodies,

Remember us

say the butchers and the bakers,
code-makers, code-breakers,
the Mulberry Harbour makers
and the dummy chute-fakers,

say the Poles, the Australians,
the French and Scandinavians,
the Czechs, the Greeks, the Africans,
Yanks, Kiwis and Canadians,

say the Tommies
left in the sand,

say the Germans
left in the sand.

Says Gran,

still knitting us together
in Time's great plan.

Knit one, purl one, knit one, purl one...
knit one purl one...

Remember us
Remember us
Remember us
Us all.

* GIB = Guys in Back