

Swingin' Utters, '39

(Originally by Queen)

In the year of '39 assembled here the volunteers.
In the days when lands were few.
Here the ship sailed out into the blue and sunny morn.
The sweetest sight ever seen.
And the night followed day.
And the story tellers say. That the score brave souls inside
For many a lonely day sailed across the milky seas.
Never looked back, never feared, never cried.
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away.
Don't you hear me calling you.
Write your letters in the sand.
For the day I take your hand.
In the land that our grandchildren knew.
In the year of '39 came a ship in from the blue.
The volunteers came home that day.
And they bring good news of a world so newly born.
Thought their years so heavenly weigh
For the earth is old and grey, little darling we'll away
But my love this cannot be.
For so many years have gone though I'm older but a year.
Your mothers eyes from your eyes cry to me.
Don't you hear my call though you're many years away.
Don't you hear me calling you.
Write your letters in the sand.
For the day I take your hand.
In the land that our grandchildren knew.
Don't you hear my call though your many years away.
Do you hear me calling you. A
If your letters in the sand cannot heal me like your hand.
For my life still ahead pity me