

The Herd, The Metres Gained

(Verse 1)

I hear the oldies harking back to the old days
Work hard, respect your elders and the old ways
My grandma tells me about the war and her old mates
My great granddad barely ever told a soul, hey
Now his correspondence lay on pen and paper
But I find the cursive writing kinda hard to decipher
Apparently he joined in every annual veteran's march
My grandma reflects maybe he remembered too much
I wonder how much he could have forgotten if he tried
Fought for king and country's pride, twice he almost died
First time hair combed by a German bullet
And maybe that's why she became a hairdresser, I don't know
Left at 19 years of age
A country boy from Singleton way
Shipped to France, Wellard's the name
Anything but to be labeled as a shirker
the shame of being sent a white feather in a letter

Life is hell

(Verse 2)

Churchill don't know what he's doing in the Dardanelles
The newspapers sterilized til it's hard to tell
Say that General Hamilton is getting diggers mowed down at Lone Pine
Still they say "there's no dying";
And mum the stench of death is so trying, well
We fall in line behind the British line
And hell is all around this 700 kilometre borderline
That's like a trench from Canberra to Melbourne, help me god
They're sending wounded men back to the front
While in the training camps fresh enlistees dormant for months
40 000 taken by trench foot, the feet rot
Knowing if you stick your head up you're for sure to be shot
Try hand to hand combat when it's pitch black and foggy
And unable to collect dead bodies, beyond sorry
Sorry for the sons of these nations, in death there's no war reparations

(Chorus) {x2}

Life is hell, this is hell
Write me soon, hope you're well

Len Hall Gallipoli veteran

Gently passed away thinking we learned not a thing
Played the Commonwealth cannon-fodder, his ominous words
That if he had to do it again, he'd fight for the Turks
And the facts made way for the mythology, like you remember Bondy's victory speech
Great granddad, would you believe we're the aggressors now?
New technology, you should see all the weapons now
Listen closely when the diggers say that we're forgetting how
You shouldn't railroad your citizens to war unless you absolutely have to
Never sell a war you go to war to defend
More than alliances in support of your women and men
Only once has there been a direct threat
Forgetting wars that we still haven't left yet
The next Tojo or Hitler I don't know and who wants that close to home?

(Chorus) {x2}

And in those days, they measured by the metres gained
As then today, still measured by the metres gained