Goodbye All

1

“Yes dig” I’ve copped it pretty bad

Think I’ve done a wing

I’m comfortable: don’t worry lad

You’re like a breath of spring

2

“A cigarette”, my oath I will

May prove to be my last

You Red Cross blokes just take the pill

Never wait until you’re asked

3

I think I going, nightingale

Just tell me as a friend

You’ll see and tell her without fail

She’s with me till the end

4

I held a hand that tightly closed

Around the name he pressed

Into my palm, he dozed

He closed his eyes in rest

5

I’ve heard the cheers that sweet refrain

I’ve felt the crowds pulse through

I’ve clasped the hand of noble strain

I’ve shaken with the mob

6

But back on handshakes I’ll recall

His hand clasp around his lock

His bravery whisper “Goodnight All”

That still might in Tobruk