

Wootton Bassett Town

Ian Anderson

Hourglass sands run through my veins like blood draining from a salty wound.

Mad Mars forgets the cost of strife, serves no longer, purpose in my life.

I lie in sweat, cry others' tears and write a letter to my Mum, my wife, my God unheard, unseen, Who never thinks to intervene.

Oh, what pain and oh, what lie has called to us, from heaven on high?

This cruel and harsh sweet punishment for follies acted, leaves us spent.

Long road to Baghdad, then Persian hordes? Where will we stop to sheath our swords?

IEDs lie patient, sleeping, wake when soldier boots come creeping.

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Down this dusty scorched wind-blast track, eyes facing forward, ne'er look back.

As rain comes down on Wootton Bassett Town, black hearses crawl and church bells sound.

Bikers, burghers line the kerbs; a politician, a Highness Royal

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Chance shoppers, tradesmen, stiffly stand and shed their tears for the military man