

Fifty four Winters

Fifty four winters the auld yin sat here
At the place in his corner and sippin' his beer
And he hasnae been seen for a fortnight or mair
And we don't know the reason why
He regaled any one that would listen to him
O' his sodgerin' day when he was a young man
And the time he spent wi' the Italian campaign
He wid tell wi' a gleam in his eye

Ch.

In the street and piazzas they stood and they cheered
And they waved as the sodgers passed by
In the vineyards and olive groves people appeared
'Grazie mille Scozzesi' they cried
Under the blue of the Mediterranean sky

He was born in the shade o' a Lanarkshire hill
That was cut and ripped open tae haul out the coal
Only kent o' the pit and the bing and the shale
Never dreamed o' the world outside
But that world went tae war when he'd just left the school
So he went doon the mine and he waited a while
Until he was an age he could join the Argylls
And they taught him to march and to fight

Ch.

He saw action below the North African sun
He was calm under fire, he was good wi' a gun
By the time he'd left Sicily he was a man
Wi' a taste for ragazze and wine
And later that year he sent back again
And they fought all the way to the Northern plain
And the dark heavy clouds o' his Lanarkshire hame
Seemed a lifetime away in his mind
Ch.

And when he came back hame at the end o' the war
He stepped affae the train and straight intae this bar
And ever since then he has never straight far
And the world has been passing him by
So for fifty four winters he sat in his chair
And relived all the glories and times in the war
And all o' this time we have never been shair
If his story's the trues of a lie for he said

Ch.