

Boy Van Die Recces

SADF

Boy van die Recces (Based on Boy van die Suburbs, von Anton Goosen)

Song written and sung by Faan Gerber.

Recorded and arranged by Barend du Plessis & Pieter Kruger

[Sound ice cubes in a glass, beer can opening]

Red Heart Rum in sy fles,
Hy's smoordronk maar probeer sy bes
Boy van die Recces gaan terroriste jag
Twee maande lank soek hy spoor
en SWAPO slaan op vlug
die juigkreet van VK brul deur die lug
Hy luister na orders en doen dan tog net wat hy wil
Saans drink hul saam en hou lekker bazaar
'n Stel vlerkies op sy hemsak, 'n Gunston trek sy mond vas
Skietding in sy hand wat die vyand laat spat

Boy van die Recces, Boy van die Recces
Boy van die Recces, ja die lang geweer laat praat
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

Drie strepe op 'n ry, 'n sersant aan sy sy
Wat is die eenheid sonder sy drank wonder hy
Die eenheidsdiens is tops, elke man is hier vir die dop ???
Dis my mense die wat 'n vyand kan laat klop
Hy lees ook niks anders as Xeveira Hollander
in sy kas op die rak is 'n halfjack weggepak
In sy wallet is 'n wip,
in 'n rok met 'n drievoet slip
en lovie noem hy haar en sy's skaars sestien jaar

Boy van die Recces, Boy van die Recces
Boy van die Recces, ja die lang geweer laat praat
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

Elke naweek, half vroeg, uitgepass in die kroeg
en later speel hy rugby vir die dorp se eerste span
Sy Red Heart klop sterk dis syne en hy's lief vir hom

As hy voel soos nou kan die sivië maar kom
Barfights is sy kos so oog hy altyd, so blou hy blink
Roggel op die bors van te veel rook en drink
En boy van die Recces is hardegat ou maat
boy van die Recces wat vir niks terug sal staan

Boy van die Recces, Boy van die Recces
Boy van die Recces, ja die lang geweer laat praat
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

En die generaals daar bo
draai liefier weg hul oe
Hulle ken en waardeer 'n lanie
hmmm, hul weet
hy's die ruggraat van die army

â€f

English: [Sound ice cubes in a glass, beer can opening]
Red Heart Rum in his flask
He's very drunk but tries his best
Boy of the Recces on a terrorist hunt
Two months looking for tracks
and SWAPO evading
the battle cry of RC (Recon Commando) echo in the air
He listens to orders but then do just as he wants
At dusk drinking and partying together
A set of wings on his shirt, a Gunston in his mouth
rifle in his hand lets the enemy take flight

Boy of the Recces, Boy of the Recces
Boy of the Recces, yes the long gun can talk
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

Three stripes in a row, a sergeant at his side
What is the unit without liquor he wonders
The unit service is top, every man is here for his tot
These are my people who can beat the enemy
He reads nothing other than Xeveira Hollander
In his cupboard rack a halfjack is hidden
in his wallet is a girl
in a dress with a three foot slip

and lovie he calls her and she's barely sixteen

Boy of the Recces, Boy of the Recces
Boy of the Recces, yes the long gun can talk
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

Every weekend,early, passed out in the bar
and Later he plays rugby for the town's first team
His Red Heart beats strong its his and he loves it
What he feels like now, the civilians can come...
Barfights is his diet, his eyes twinkle with blue
Gurgle in the chest from too much smoke and drink
And boy of the Recces is stubborn, my mate
Boy of the Recces will for nothing stand aside

Boy of the Recces, Boy of the Recces
Boy of the Recces, yes the long gun can talk
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe
Hoo-wa-wa-hoo, julle lÃª die hoe

And the generals up high
rather averting their eyes
They know and appreciate a man
hmmm. they know
he is the backbone of the army

Written and sung by Faan Gerber, Recorded
Arranged by Barend du Plessis en Pieter Kruger

Lyrics Submitted by An Operator

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnllyrics.com/>