Carriage 12

The Young'uns

Anthony Sadler was a long way from home,
with Alex Skarlatos and Spencer Stone
Travelling together, their faces aglow,
and a train bound for Paris, the 9-3-6-4.

They talked and they joked, their spirits were high,
as Rotterdam, Antwerp, and Brussels flew by.
They crossed oâ€™er the border at 5:45,
And by 6:00 theyâ€™d fight for their lives.

For in carriage 12, by the double rear door,
A young French banker froze when he saw
The door of the restroom swing open wide
And a bare-chested gunman was standing inside.

Heâ€™d an AK47, 300 rounds or more,
A pistol in his belt, and several knives in store.
He didnâ€™t say a word, but with a prayer he swore:
There would be blood on the 9-3-6-4.

So bravely, the banker tried to hold him down
But the gunman pushed past, and pushed him to the ground.
Mark Moogalian saw, and Mark Moogalian stood
The pistol was fired, and the carriage filled with blood.

Well the three friends were startled, when they heard the sound
â€œLetâ€™s go,â€• said Skarlatos, his feet quick to the ground.
And seeing the danger, they started to run
And the three old school friends, they ran towards the gun.

And Stone grabbed the neck, Sadler grabbed the arm,
Skarlatos grabbed the gun and threw it from harm,
And Norman the Englishman, who was sitting close by,
Bound up the hands when he took off his tee.

And the train pulled into the town of Arras
Moogalian was saved and the terror was passed
There were runners and tears and cameras galore
And the world heard the story of the 9-3-6-4.

So hereâ€™s to Moogalian, and Damian A,
And what they did for us, that bright August day,
So stand up together, or sit by alone:
With Norman, and Sadler, Skarlatos, and Stone.

So stand up together, or sit and die alone,
With Norman, and Sadler, Skarlatos, and Stone!

Lyrics Submitted by Bel Newman

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