

# On the Bombsite

## Duncan Browne

On the bomb site  
You be mum and I'll be dad  
We'll be sad  
Waiting for the boat  
that sails down Garden street  
Plimsoled feet

Those were days of wooden swords  
When dragons would appear  
I was Launcelot  
and you were Guinevere

Later on Geronimo would capture Dave  
(Heroes never die)  
He'd be saved  
by the soldiers  
in the sands at Alamein  
(We fought a war in time for tea)  
Another game.

Those were the days of wooden swords  
When dragons would appear  
I was Launcelot  
and you were Guinevere

In the darkness giants roar  
but you don't care  
(how quickly nightmares turn to dreams)  
I am there.  
Standing guard with cardboard shield  
and paper gun  
(and soon it's day)  
See them run

But there came a giant I couldn't fight  
He was too strong  
(on snow white horses)  
Guinevere was right  
and Launcelot was wrong

(we would ride through our dreams)

On the bomb site  
You be mum and I'll be dad  
(I wish that I had never left)

I am sad  
Waiting for the boat  
that sails down Garden street  
(now it's too late)  
Much too neat

Those were days of wooden swords  
When dragons would appear  
I was Launcelot  
and you were Guinevere  
I was Launcelot  
and you were Guinevere

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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