

# THAT QUIET OLD GUY

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by **Stewart Elliott**

That quiet old guy, who keeps to himself  
Ignored by the young hipsters arranging the shelf  
Because he's not cool and he gets in the way  
He just wants a quick chat, it would make his day  
But you'll never know what he did in his prime  
As you ignore him and won't give him your time

He's slow in his movements, his old jumper is torn  
He bores you with stories, off when he was born  
In times long ago when he was young, strong and keen  
He spent his whole life out chasing his dream  
With honour and integrity and learning his trade  
He's sorry that he's wasted your time and your day

The girl that he married was his childhood sweetheart  
She passed long ago and it tore him apart  
He comes to your shop in the hope that one day  
You'll give him some time and he'll be on his way  
He feels so alone and counts down the days  
When he'll see his dear sweetheart and the memories they made

Did he mention that his dream was interrupted by war?  
That he did his duty and answered the call  
Of trenches and death and blood and lost mates  
Surrounded by men who were brainwashed to hate  
He's too modest to mention that he saved his platoon  
They gave him some medals along with his wounds

Of killing and dying and flies and disease  
The calls from the trenches and ignoring their pleas  
He'll never tell you how he got that scar  
Why loud noises scare him and you think he's bizarre

Why he walks with a limp and uses a cane  
Why he gathers each year to honour the slain

His mates are all gone now; he's out lived them all  
Each April the gathered to work at the stalls  
To sell badges and poppies and to honour the dead  
You stare and you wonder, what's wrong with his head  
On two days a year he finally belongs  
To a tribe of brave men, not forgotten but long gone

A chest full of medals and a day with the lads  
A beer and some two up and a toast to comrades  
Yeah his footsteps are shuffled and unsure in his ways  
He potters around and wears his beret  
The faces get fewer and fewer each year  
But right now he matters, he enjoys all the cheers

He sits alone in his home, his joints now inflamed  
He was Special Forces and as tough as they came  
The horrors he saw and the actions he did  
In the name of the queen and country to just earn a quid  
Would make most men cry and pray for loved ones  
While the young play war games and we still send our sons

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