

And They Waited - Dedicated to our ladies

Once again Australia's sons were called back into war,
Once again we rallied round, we wouldn't fail our chore;
We one and all expected that a day might come about
When another foreign country for assistance might call out.

It's normal for a service man to travel overseas,
It's normal for his loved ones to remain at home and grieve;
Grief for most would last around the 12 whole months or more
Grief for some would last for years if he not walked through their door.

Our girls with kids would face the world without their partners there,
Some faced alone those problems with no-one else to share;
Like the little girl back home from school and bullied by some boys,
Like the little boy on bad report for making too much noise.

And problems with a neighbour who'd gained courage to attend
To complain about her barking dog, by letter he did send;
At home at night in king size-bed while trying hard to sleep,
Every little sound would bring about a silent weep.

Counting down each day was soon the natural thing to do,
Going out to visit friends she made that happen too;
And getting home in evening late and fretting for her spouse
Where was her man to quell these fears and open up her house?

All alone to pay the bills and visits to the bank,
Arranging sporting days for kids from these she never shrank;
Visits to the doctor and those parents' nights at school
She kept the kids all healthy and maintained this golden rule.

And those repairs about the house they managed these as well,
And if their cars broke down or stalled, who the heck to tell?
Because their men were off at war they never did complain
They only wanted that their men be safely home again.

Ladies and lovers, girlfriends and mothers, or anyone else you may be,
On behalf of us all it's my thanks that I give and hoping you all will see;
We know of the sacrifices you made while willing us to return,
Stick with us; forgive us, for we were slow in getting our love relearned.

Terry Brooks ©