I was Just a little boy without care
I remember looking up and seeing you there
I never wandered too far from your sight
Cause all the love I needed was there in your eyes

We grew up in a war zone city with a cast iron wind Broken lives, darken streets, and twisted steel But around our house the sky seems so blue And on a wing and prayer we just muddled through

And we always kept the laughter and the smile upon our face In that good-old-fashion British way with pride and faultless grace I shall never forget those childhood days for as long as I shall live And I'll always find my way back , always find my Way Back Home.

Tell me why in wars that made our family strong as our defiant little Island wheathered the storm There's never seemed enough on my plate you said: ''..be grateful, say grace, don't complain..''

How can I ever thank yu for the lessons that I've learnt And the precious warmth and comfort that I've felt at every turn And the roses sacrifice their lives for freedom and for peace I will always find my way back, always find my Way Back Home

I'll give you stories, operation burning skies
And our Nation with its back against the wall
Like a wide-eyed school boy I hang on with the record (?)
Stories I was knee-high to recall

And we always kept the laughter and the smile upon our face In that good-old-fashion British way with pride and faultless grace I shall never forget those childhood days for as long as I should live

And I'll always find my way back, always find my way ..

And we always kept the laughter and the smile upon our face3 In that good-old-fashion British way with pride and faultless grace I shall never forget those childhood days for as long as I should live

And I'll always find my way back, always find my Way Back Home. Churchill's speech: "..

Churchill's backgound-ending speech:

''We shall fight on the beaches,
we shall fight on the landing grounds,
we shall fight in the fields, and in the streets,
we shall fight in the hills; we shall never surrender...''