

# Lullaby for Georgie

Rome

At the first light of dawn,  
I get my clothes out of pawn.

As we grow older,  
The rats grow bolder.

And when they sound the retreat,  
I'll get you out of this heat.  
For they might sent us alone,  
Into what won't be home.

O, Rhodesia;  
Were you ever mine?

I thought you should know that we unguiltily woe for your poetry.

O, Rhodesia;  
Buried in the sands of time,  
I thought you should know that we are now hastily chasing each memory.

Always guarded by another man's sons,  
We felt it dishonorable, for one,  
To stay out of it, and how could it  
Be wrong?

We were fighting on the wrong side  
Of a losing war, and time  
Has made orphans of us all;  
Has made cripples of us all.

O, Rhodesia;  
Were you ever mine?

I thought you should know that we unguiltily woe for your poetry.

O, Rhodesia;  
Buried in the sands of time,  
I thought you should know that we are now hastily chasing each memory.

O, Rhodesia;  
Were you ever mine?

I thought you should know that we unguilty woe for your poetry.

O, Rhodesia;  
Buried in the sands of time,  
I thought you should know that we are now hastily chasing each memory.

I just won't flee down south,  
Where the oceans collide.

To die a broke man;  
To die a sorry man.