

Ganges Gates



New Shiny boots and Sailor suits
Another bunch of raw recruits
New Friends for life, or good mates
We marched together through the gates.
Our troubled minds began to roam
As we had in our minds, fond thoughts of home
These thoughts of loved ones, no one could rob
Laying in our beds with silent sobs
Some Good Days came and some times Fun
And even Kye and a Sticky Bun
Climbing the mast, the wind at your back
On the Assault course and down at the track
Hang from the wall bars for PT, in FEAR
Sailing the boats, scrubbing out on the pier
Our Long leave comes along, at LAST
Last look at the gates, last look at the mast
It's not as bad, as you would make us believe
The Gates look the best when you're going on leave

David Killelay