

Written by Norman Sampson

HAUNTED

A little boy was sitting on a flight of concrete stairs,
at the entrance to a block of flats, he was lucky to be there,
for it was 1940 and our land was in a war, and the bombs that fell around him,
and this lad was only four.

As he lay upon his bunk bed that was always damp and cold,
in the freezing air raid shelter, where the walls were green with mold.
He'd listen to the Ack Ack guns firing all night long,
and the whine of German bombers that had come to do us wrong.

Listening to the dawn chorus, we emerged from the dark, living in those times of war
was really very stark
thanking the Lord that we're safe and sound, once more emerging..... from our hole in
the ground

Another day to go to school, yet contemplate the war, remembering the life he led,
and he was only four.

From the darkness of our shelter, into the brightness of the sun, we'd get on with our daily
chores, another days begun.

This was our way of having and we took it in our stride, knowing last night's air raid several
neighbours died.

That little boy is still alive and is now seventy three, I know about that little boy because you
see it's me.