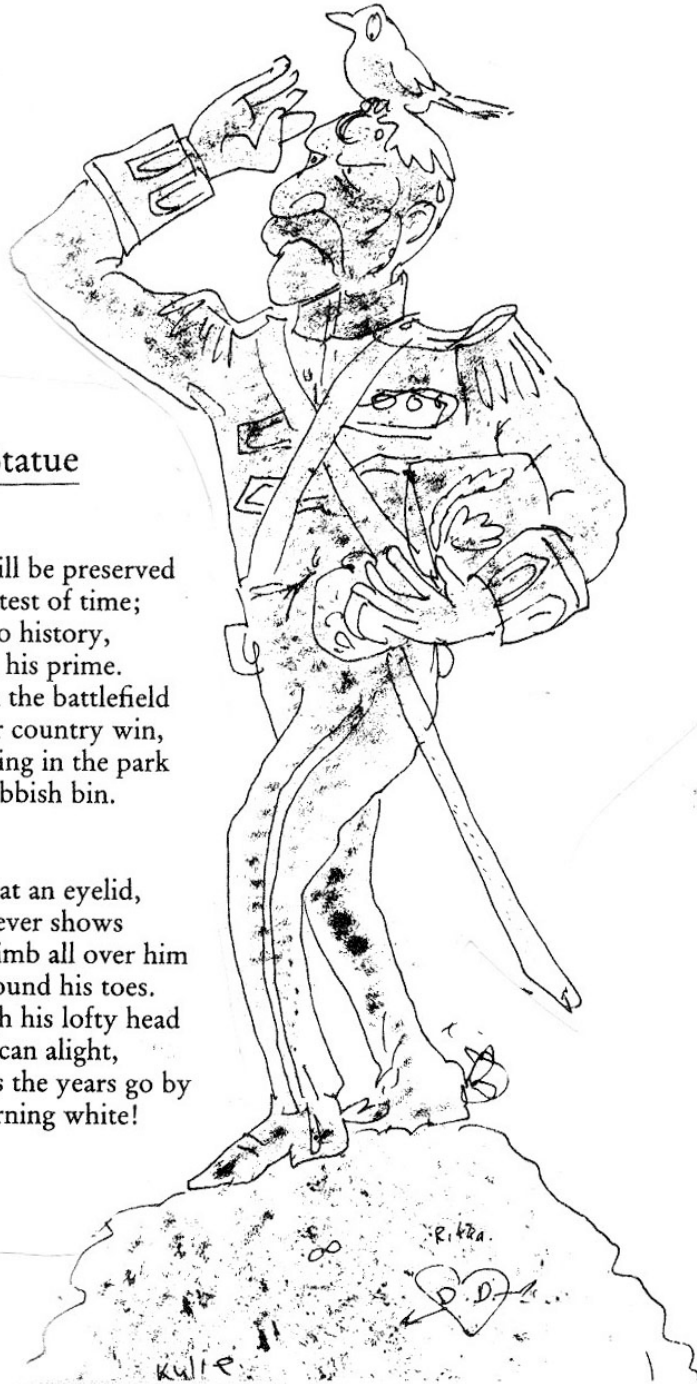


The Statue

His memory will be preserved
to stand the test of time;
frozen into history,
a soldier in his prime.
He stood upon the battlefield
and helped our country win,
now he's standing in the park
beside a rubbish bin.

He doesn't bat an eyelid,
his anger never shows
when children climb all over him
and scribble round his toes.
He holds up high his lofty head
so pigeons can alight,
but knows that as the years go by
his hair is turning white!



From

