

My boy soldier

Corporal Gibb don't shout too loud,
my son's a soldier I am very proud.
He's only sixteen of this you know,
he's still my baby I did not want him to go.
So remember this and count to ten.
before you shout again and again.
He joined the army to get away,
from all the shit where we stay.
Some lads were in a gang, that stole cars in made them bang
My son was not brought up that way and knew he had to get away.
So remember this and count to ten, before you shout again and again.
When he told me he got through selection
I cried I did not know what to do.
My son was leaving this I knew,
to join the army and fight for you.
My sons a soldier I am very proud,
So count to ten don't shout too loud
I miss him more and more each day
I wish he hadn't gone away.
But this I had to let him do, it will make a man of you
My sons a soldier I am very proud,
So count to ten don't shout too loud.

By Isabella W Johnston