

Time Flies

I bet it hardly seems five minutes, since you were just a lad
Back in Sleaford, on the railway- the first proper job you had
It must seem moments later too, that you up and left George Street
Donning uniform, smart cap and badge, and shiny boots upon your feet

A 2 Royal Anglian rising star began climbing hard earned ranks
With some posts better than others (Families Officer - no thanks!)
An envied reputation gained, but known as firm but fair
You might ruffle feathers when you're in charge - but they're 'plucked' if you're not there!

Your other skills and talents too, were always in demand
From a W.A.R.T.S acclaimed 'Prince Charzan' to star performer with the band
Exotic places far and wide, you've visited by the score
Scunthorpe, Catterick, Colchester - Minehead and Singapore!

To Malaya, Germany Libya and Cyprus too, you've been
Met most of the Royal Family, shook hands with Philip and the Queen
You've met many a distinguished guest as you've travelled around these Isles
Like Ken Dodd with his tickling stick - and you, with your sore piles!

You've shown Mum and I a world that we would not have got to see
From 'posh doo' Mess Club dinners to being sick on the South China sea
And now who knows which young cadet whose been inspired by you
Will rise to the dizzy heights of Colonel or Major General too?

Now as your Driffield era ends, the 'New Guy's' had a few shocks
You won't need to battle through snow driven Wolds, Mum can't yell for 'The Box'
You can find a new home for the Singapore prints and plaques and badges too
And all the other personal effects that time has flown by for, for you

So, on reflection, it must seem, a career proved chosen well
And though your days' routine will change, there's still some more to tell -
But please don't think that you can sit in a quiet spot and read -
There's lawns to mow, teas to cook, borders back and front to weed

There's Mum to run to shops and stores where she'll spend lots of lolly
Not to mention Safeway trips where she'll march off shouting 'TROLLEY!!'
There's baby sitting for Bex and Nick, there's riding on your Raleigh
There won't be time to metal detect or 'poppin' to the 'Hop Inn' being pally

Your New Job starts right now you see - 'Retirement's' just a farce
No slacking now or you'll hear Mum yell "Bill, get off your AR*E!
So Happy Retirement from us all - here's to many years of fun
And before you've put this ditty down, there'll be an errand to run!

*With all my love to a special Dad,
Carol
18th December 1999*