

Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights



Those war - time skies still traumatised, by sleepness nights and fright.
Of bombs unloading, shells exploding, rainin' down, removing life.
And even the vermin, sent mad with the squirming,
Decided to get on their bikes.
They were diving in trenches, deprived of their senses,
By watching the colours of fight.

Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights,
Days when boys, were dropping toys, to join a fight.
Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights,
Days of boys, and orphaned toys, and tears of fright.

Most gotta one - way ticket to the theatre of war,
And when those sad skies saw the aftermath, they called out to the Lord.
Their weepy eyes drew all those dark clouds to those rainy grounds.
And as the hands of God consoled 'em,
Well...their eyes, they too exploded,
And tears, like the colours of fears, came rainin' down.

Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights,
Days when boys, were dropping toys, to join a fight.
Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights,
Days of boys, and orphaned toys, and tears of fright.

Now old men trudge graveyards, tippin' caps, tellin' tales of fright.
When boys were flying coffins and how yer can drown while yer still alight.
They speak of fleas in them damned trenches, enjoying picnics with the lice.
And as the old boys know, unlike those boys below, some nightmares last yer life.
Like the echoes of that screaming, it never dilutes inside yer mind,
To flashbacks...t'yesteryear, t'pals...yer left behind.

Well...father time he's added wrinkles, blinding the look of fright,
But weary eyes come alive in proudness,
Of those Rainy Days and those Rainbow Nights.
Yeah - eh - eh - eh, freedom forever.....

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What boys what men!!

To all the boys and girls of yesteryear.. whatever part you played, on land, on seas, or above, thank you so much, for giving us all a freedom and a future. So.. many of you said goodbye to loved ones which was to be so, so, sadly your last farewell. Remembering all those who sufferered pure hell as prisoners of war. Time will unite you all side-by-side in complete and utter peace. Also, for all other members of our magnificent Forces & Services, killed, or injured, in further conflicts since. Pinning a medal of polished words on all my heroes in life is an unsurpassable honour.

To you of the Two World Wars, 'Rainy Days and Rainbow Nights' is yours.

No - one must ever feel forgotten.

Please carry on reading the importance below?

• Roll of Honour •

The voluntary team behind the 'Roll of Honour' website, work tirelessly, to keep the memories of our fallen heroes alive, so tomorrow's children may see the sacrifices which gifted their freedom. They also fund this priceless work themselves for the most part which highlights their dedication. Please be kind enough to thank all these heroes, for the life gifted to you, by making a donation?

It only takes moments to say 'Thank You' [by clicking the donation link below](#)

Thank you to everyone who is kind enough to make a donation when I call to their hearts.
And I have written lots of smiles for children's charities, hospices etc. How lucky I am in this life.

My granddad was mortally wounded at the Somme.

Both my late father, and father-in-law, were boys who became men.