

The Nypol Lads

The Holiday Inn is now our meeting place
It's where we escape the busy rat race
50 years just roll away as they come face to face
The Nypol Lads are here again.

We meet in the downstairs bar and suite
I usually sit down and rest my feet
Bob gets me a drink and a bite to eat
And we chat to the Nypol Lads.

I watch as men approach each other cautiously
A smile, a nod, a handshake, is great to see
A bunch of friends sharing a memory
As the Nypol Lads meet there once again.

Wisecracks developed into gales of laughter
As the lads stories got dafter and dafter
Incidents and happy times followed soon after
As the Nypol Lads loosened their collars and ties.

They remembered when their backs were straight
They could jump into jeeps and vault over gates
Their lives were full of action working with their mates
The Nypol Lads were busy boys.

Witch doctors castings spells for a lark
Riots in towns making savage dogs bark
Wild animals running amok in the dark
Noisy times for the Nypol Lads

The trusted Askari were there by your side
When things got nasty and guns were fired
And your skill and courage were required
The Nypol Lads were there.

And, of course, the ladies who shared your life
Were there beside you in trouble and strife
When times were rough you were grateful to your wife
Which made the Nypol Lads happy.

Some of us didn't meet our men til later
After they returned to England where it was safer
So we heard all your African tales for years after
So, well done, to all the Nypol Lads

But all too soon the night comes to an end
It is time to say "Goodnight" to your friend
Old men need their sleep, on that you can depend
So, until next time it's "Goodnight" to the Nypol Lads.