

# In the Course of Business

by Ewen Carruthers

In the course of business I often travel North  
Keeps my soul together for what it's worth  
In the course of business many stories I do hear  
Mostly go in one side and out the other ear  
Mostly go in one side and out the other ear

But here is one small story that I wish to tell  
Names I don't remember the substance I know well  
I had to meet an old man some papers for to sign  
He said it was his birthday and he was 89  
He said it was his birthday and he was 89

I wished him happy birthday and handed him my pen  
But he had trouble signing, he had to try again  
Explaining that it was not age, but a wound from the Great War  
I got it at the Somme, son, just like many more  
I got it at the Somme, son, just like many more

Six lads from the village all under 21  
Only two returning, this old man was one  
No one ever told them what they were fighting for  
Oh no, said the old man, I didn't like the war  
Oh no, said the old man, I didn't like the war

In the course of business I really had to go  
As I packed my briefcase, I asked him one thing more  
As he answered my last question I had to turn away  
[I asked] Do you still think of them? He said, Aye lad, every day  
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