



Fifty Years

Its fifty years, since you were taken, the pride of football, our Busby Babes.
We've shed our tears, and watched the newsreels, whilst you have slumbered, in your graves.
Though life's moved on, the Reds continue, we've plumbed the depths, we've touched the sky.
Our mem'ries of, the flowers of Manchester, like Man United, will never die.

Roger Byrne, our worthy captain, Geoff and Eddie, Salford brave,
David Pegg, and Tommy Taylor, Mark and Liam, such pleasure gave.
For all you men, you football stalwarts, death was instant, life was gone.
For fifteen days, of pain and struggle, mighty Duncan, lingered on.

We don't forget, the other victims, United players who survived.
Some played on, achieving glory, some too injured to make the side
Our thoughts now turn to all non-players, this tragedy, was theirs as well
The wretched grief, for friends and families, so far removed from where they fell.

You are the strength and inspiration, for those who play your roles today.
We look for flair and pace and passion, to play the game United's way.
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Written by Pete Martin and published by Kid Mental Music

