**Somewhere Only We Know**

I walked across an empty land

I knew the pathway like the back of my hand

I felt the earth beneath my feet

Sat by the river and it made me complete

Oh simple thing, where have you gone?

I'm getting tired and I need someone to rely on

I came across a fallen tree

I felt the branches of it looking at me

Is this the place we used to love?

Is this the place that I've been dreaming of?

Oh simple thing, where have you gone?

I'm getting old and I need something to rely on

And if you have a minute, why don't we go

Talk about it somewhere only we know?

This could be the end of everything

So why don't we go somewhere only we know?

Somewhere only we know

Oh simple thing where have you gone?

I'm getting old and I need someone to rely on

So tell me when you're gonna let me in

I'm getting tired and I need somewhere to begin

And if you have a minute, why don't we go

Talk about it somewhere only we know?

This could be the end of everything

So why don't we go somewhere only we know?

Somewhere only we know

**Remember**

Remember, remember, those who fought and fell so we could be free.

The sacrifice they made; so brave, with valour their lives they gave.

Gone, but they live on in memory.

So bow your head now, standing still in silence we will all pray,

To learn and live in peace and justice on Armistice Day.

November, November, the clock strikes ten and then, eleven will bring

The silence of respect for those that history can’t forget.

Now for them a song of thanks we sing.

So bow your head now, standing still in silence we will all pray,

To learn and live in peace and justice on Armistice Day.

(Part 1) So bow your head now, standing still

(Part 2) So bow your head,

(Part 1) in silence we will all pray,

(Part 2) we will all pray,

(Part 1) to learn and live in peace and justice

(Part 2) to learn and live

(All) on Armistice Day.

**No Wars Will Stop Us Singing**

Ugly sounds are overhead and the streets are coloured red.

Young lives lost ev’ry day, it’s always been that way.

But we believe one day we’ll see a world at peace, in harmony.

And that is why we say

***No wars will stop us singing;***

***our voices will stay strong.***

***Even through the darkest night***

***we will sing our song.***

No fear will stop us dreaming;

our dreams will light the sky.

Even when all hope is gone

our dreams will not die.

We are the future; we are tomorrow;

we are the peace that you all crave.

If our lives are taken we’ll sing from beyond the grave.

(We are the future; we are tomorrow;

the peace that you all crave.

We’ll sing from beyond the grave.)

***No wars will stop us singing;***

***our voices will stay strong.***

***Even through the darkest night***

***we will sing our song.***

We will sing,

we will sing,

we must sing our song.

**In Flanders Fields**

Part 1

In Flanders fields the poppies blow

Between the crosses, row on row,

That mark our place; and in the sky

The larks, still bravely singing, fly

Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago

We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,

Loved and were loved, and now we lie

In Flanders fields. (Repeat)

**Part 2 - We are the fallen,**

**Remember us,**

**In Flanders fields,**

**Where the poppies grow,**

**row by row**

**Sing for peace.**

Take up our quarrel with the foe:

To you from failing hands we throw

The torch; be yours to hold it high.

If ye break faith with us who die.

We shall not sleep, though poppies grow

In Flanders fields.

One hundred years, what have we learnt?

Between the decades, to war we turn.

It marks our time, yet in this place,

We sing for peace, to the human race.

While somewhere now, war rages on.

We are the children, this is our time.

To each and every one of you,

From hopeful hearts we chime.

Sing out for peace, across the earth.

Let those in Flander’s fields, know their worth. (Repeat)

**Part 2 - We are the future,**

**This is our song,**

**We sing to you,**

**As one we stand,**

**The message clear,**

**Sing out for peace.**

Seize the opportunity,

To talk of peace, not travesty.

No more war we say, remember those today,

Where the poppies grow, in Flanders fields.

In Flanders fields.

**MEDLEY LYRICS**

It’s a long way to Tipperary,

It’s a long way to go,

It’s a long way to Tipperary,

To the sweetest girl I know.

Goodbye, Piccadilly,

Farewell, Leicester Square,

It’s a long, long way to Tipperary,

But my heart’s right there. (Repeat)

There were rats, rats,

Big as bloomin’ cats,

In the stores, in the stores,

There were rats, rats,

Big as bloomin’ cats,

In the Quartermaster’s stores.

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,

I have not brought my specs with me.

I have not brought my specs with me.

There was steak, steak,

Tough as cattle cake,

In the stores, in the stores,

There was steak, steak,

To give you bellyache,

In the Quartermaster’s stores.

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,

I have not brought my specs with me.

I have not brought my specs with me.

There was bread, bread,

Harder than your head,

In the stores, in the stores,

There was bread, bread,

Just like lumps of lead,

In the Quartermaster’s stores.

My eyes are dim, I cannot see,

I have not brought my specs with me.

I have not brought my specs with me.

They were summoned from the hillside,

They were called in from the glen,

And the country found them ready

At the stirring call for men.

Let no tears add to their hardship,

As the soldiers pass along,

And although your heart is breaking,

Make it sing this cheery song:

Keep the home fires burning,

While your hearts are yearning,

Though your lads are far away

They dream of Home;

There’s a silver lining

Through the dark clouds shining,

Turn the dark cloud inside out,

‘Til the boys come home.

Those magnificent men in their flying machines,

They go up, tiddlee up, up,

They go down, tiddlee down, down.

They enchant all the ladies and steal all the scenes,

With their up, tiddlee up, up

They go down, tiddlee down, down.

Up! Down! Flying around,

Looping the loop and defying the ground.

They’re all frightfully keen,

Those magnificent men in their flying machines.

They can fly upside-down with their feet in the air,

They don’t think of danger, they really don’t care.

Newton would think he had made a mistake,

To see those strong men and the chances they take.

Those magnificent men in their flying machines,

They go up, tiddlee up, up,

They go down, tiddlee down, down.

They enchant all the ladies and steal all the scenes,

With their up, tiddlee up, up

They go down, tiddlee down, down.

Up! Down! Flying around,

Looping the loop and defying the ground.

They’re all rightfully kings,

Those magnificent men, those magnificent men,

Those magnificent men in their flying machines.

It's a long way to Tipperary,

It's a long way to go, It's a long way to Tipperary

To the sweetest girl I know!

Goodbye, To Picca-dilly,

Farewell, Leicester Square!

It's a long long way to Tipperary,

But my heart's right there.

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,

And smile, smile, smile,

While you've a lucifer to light your fag,

Smile, boys, that's the style.

What's the use of worrying?

It never was worth while, so

Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag,

And smile, smile, smile.