

ZERO MINUS ONE

The G. O. C. is sitting in his office all alone;
The Brigadier has got his ear glued to the telephone;
The Colonel tunes his nerves up with a modest shot of Scotch;
The Sub up in the trenches takes a dekko at his watch;
While Tommy wallows in the mud and damns things in a heap,
And wonders just what brand of time official watches keep.

For it's just a minute to Zero, just
sixty seconds to wait,
Then we're over the top with the best of
luck to finish the job in state.
We're very fed up and far from home,
though we're doing our best to
smile,
For the sixty seconds before things start
is a hell of a weary while.