



## My Mate

T'was long ago, or so it seems, I can't recall the date (March 1977)  
When I bumped into this geezer here, who I love to call 'my mate'  
When hair was long, or was for some, and the world just smelled of two-stroke  
And when the price of fuel and Mary Ann each week would leave us broke.

T'was in the 80's I do recall, with a blast along Route Orange... up there  
Pool cue strapped to the seat and rack, off to do battle at Corbiere  
An afternoon of fun and games, a welcome break for us young sinners  
And from memory, it seems to me, I think I was always the winner...?

T'was day after that, I think it was, that he was hit by true loves arrow  
An angel came into his life, to keep him on the straight and narrow... (ish)  
Was a great privilege back in that day, like this, with my notes in hand  
I got to say a few words, and share the love, for my mates, and to be 'Best Man'

T'was just yesterday, I land back here, think back to our formative years  
Through all the love, all the beer and fun and sadly through all the tears.  
And now so many years have flown by "by Chri.. Hell! - where'd they go there"?  
They were full of life, and love and stuff, memories that we all can share.

So... Fred, my mate, it's over to you to speak on your "Special Day"  
But before you do, lets all raise a glass... to you mate a big 'Hooray!!'