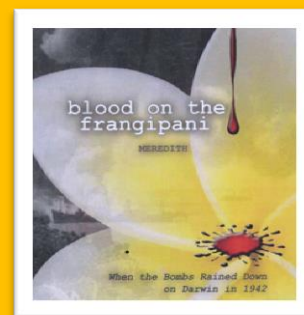


## *Blood on the Frangipani*

By Gary Luck

Dedicated to his father and all service people and civilians who were in Darwin on 19 February 2012.



I was standing at the corner of the pub on Cavanagh  
It was 4 to 10am and men were waiting in the bar  
When I heard a siren wailing and a droning from afar  
Red zeros coming in from the blood of Pearl Harbour

Then the bombs rained down on Darwin in 1942  
We fought them from our rooftops with mates that I once knew  
But if you weren't in Darwin how could you have a clue?  
When the bombs rained down on Darwin in 1942.

And a lonely Wirraway scrambled for the sky  
Never had a chance to challenge, never got the chance to fly  
She was blown to smithereens right before my bloody eyes  
Australia was at war and Darwin was the prize.

At the end of Stokes Hill Road, sixteen wharfies lay  
Their bodies burnt and battered in the fire and oily haze  
While out there on the harbour the *Manunda* was ablaze  
As the *Peary* and *Neptuna* disappeared beneath the waves.

Did they know it in the south, what we all went through?  
Did it spread by word of mouth, the things that we all knew?  
The day they bombed old Darwin turned the Top End upside down  
But the battle lines were drawn away from Brisbane and the south.

And I never thought I'd see our blood on the frangipani  
Or tears streaming down the face of a dear old Chinese nanny  
As the tracer bullets screamed from the cannon on their wings  
And ripped our flesh and bones apart, tore at our heartstrings.

Cos the bombs rained down on Darwin in 1942  
And we fought then with Lee Enfield for the likes of me and you  
And yet here in Australia did we really have a clue?  
When the bombs rained down on Darwin in 1942.

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