

Bunches of Flowers tied to a tree

Bunches of flowers tied to a tree,
Bright coloured ribbons,
A little teddy,
Been there for months,
Been there for years,
The pain never goes, nor do the tears.

Witness appeal, what did you see?
Is anyone out there,
Please speak to me.
Tell me what happened,
What was it for,
Isn't it true
they were breaking the law?

Somebody's daughter, somebody's son,
Somebody's nanna,
Perhaps somebody's mum.
Taken forever, will never come back,
That was the place,
Right on the tarmac.

Where are the cameras, the CCTV,
Ten million more cars
Than in seventy three,
Look at that driver,
He is using the phone,
Look at that child
Crossing all on her own

And as I drive past
I think of those who
Died on that night that I never knew.
I pray for the day,
When we as a nation,
Can respect and protect
God's greatest creation.

I remember the day of that fatality
And the bunches of flowers
I tied to the tree,
It wasn't my nanna,
My mum or my dad,
I was the policeman ever so sad.

A Liverpool policeman, 2002