

Three O'Clock Parade

Afternoons we'd go there
My grandparents place
Grandpa walked the three blocks home
With a lunch pail
At a leisurely pace
A couple kids, anticipation
And a smile on our face
Drinking cokes from glass bottles we got at the service station

On the porch
When the mill let out
We'd hug grandpa and we'd wave
At pickup trucks and muscle cars
The 3 o'clock parade
They'd honk their horns and gun the motor
In the home of the brave
What a thrill every afternoon
The 3 o'clock parade

The last of the vets
Who fought in World War II
Were winding up their working years
They were a hell of a crew
Working right beside them
Younger women and men
High school graduation
A paycheck and a pension

Everybody in that mill
Had a nickname
Moose-y, Bobo, Dougie
Each had a claim to fame
Like a big old family
On the floor of that workplace
There were marriages and break-ups
Lunch with Jack, Queen, King and Ace

Grandpa got a gold watch, 1979
Sixty five years old
The whistle blew at quitting time
He'd go out at 3 o'clock
See the old gang drive by
They'd yell and rev their engines
Just like the old times
A car pulled in the drive, in 1982
They're closing down the mill, Dab
What the hell we gonna do?

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