

The last Thursday of the month

On the last Thursday of the month Dad got his bonus wage
If they had worked hard enough
And the bosses had made enough profit.
Then a meagre handout was given to the workers
Why Thursday and not the usual Friday pay day ?
Well Big Dave who did the wages liked the last Friday of the month off
He went to see his Mum in Blackpool
So Thursday it was

On the last Thursday of the month Dad walked in smiling
He placed the brown paper envelope on the table
And withdrew a neatly folded bundle of not quite new notes
Throwing the odd few coppers on the table
He stood tall a King amongst men
The rent would be paid, food would be provided
And maybe enough left then for a jar of ale

On the last Thursday of the month
We kids sat round the afore mentioned table
One which Mam had scrubbed clean only an hour before
Waiting for the division of the spoils
Big work worn fingers tenderly handing out a few pennies
To children eager for a sherbert dab, two flying saucers
Love oozed from those fingers
Although he rarely spoke the words we knew, how well we knew

On the last Thursday of the month tea was special
The walk to the chippy money jingling in his pocket
Two fish suppers and greaseproof bags of scraps for us kids
One of us was allowed to trot beside him
On the way back the acid smell of vinegar wrinkling our noses
Eager anticipation of the treat to come moistened our lips
The radio was switched on, Mam did a little shimmy
And we were allowed to listen to the Ovaltineys.

On the last Thursday of the month he sits now
Like every other Thursday
Grey haired and stooped
Trying to clear the steam filled glasses of his memory
And trying to go once more for two fish suppers and some scraps for the kids
His fingers still work worn but still so tender to us all
When the final pay day comes he will be remembered
With unconditional love
And he will stand tall a King amongst men