

A hundred years comes and goes,  
a century you could say.  
A hundred years with ten decades,  
waiting at the bay.

It rocks about on the sea,  
just like a ship.  
With memories aboard everywhere,  
we should all get a grip.

Spanish flu first,  
a hundred years before.  
The present holds Covid,  
the future has more.

We'll find our way somehow,  
we'll try no more war.  
Do your part in the play,  
so no one starts to roar.

We've nearly reached the end of the voyage,  
So snuggle up and hold on tight.  
Together we'll reach our goals,  
with peace and no more fight.