

## THE VELVET CAVER

I am just but a man, but a real hardened caver  
My poems are my diary, to all my hours of labour  
There are those who say, I'm not right in the head  
But I'm still here as proof, to say caving's not dead

So to all you people out there, with something to say  
Put on your gear and come with us, to see how we play  
And after your caving trip, you may question what we do  
You may just reply what you said before, may not be so true

So if you have changed your outlook, you might just join the team  
Our club is like the biscuit, and we are all the cream  
I can't help but wonder, how I ended up this way  
But one thing for sure, my caving's here to stay

I'm now sixty nine, and I'm still marking time  
In a cave down a mine, like my lamp I always shine  
But this cannot last forever, one day my time will come  
I will make my last descent, and never again to see the sun

But caver's never really die, its just there ghostly soul  
They become the velvet caver, the one they call the mole.