



## The Gibson Explorer

### A tribute to Lee Caddick

The stage was set, the crowds they assembled,  
The lights were dimmed and the band they trembled,  
The drummer sat and the bassist stood proud,  
The rhythm poised, the singer facing the crowd,  
On this day amp volumes were strangely at eleven,  
The Gibson Explorer was destined for heaven.

The click of the sticks and the drummer drummed,  
The bassist boomed and the rhythm strummed,  
The singer sang there was no fear,  
The music rang out from ear to ear,  
The volume at eleven was pleasing the crowd,  
The Gibson Explorer was louder than loud.

The stage it rumbled and the cymbals rang,  
The bassist delivered and the singer sang,  
The rhythm strutted as a strummer might,  
The lights shone brighter on this particular night,  
The Gibson Explorer was starting to glow,  
We all somehow knew it was time to go.

The finale beat was in perfect time,  
The bass so loud, the singer delivering his final line,  
The rhythms show was almost done,  
We somehow knew our friend was gone,  
The Gibson Explorer was brighter than bright,  
With its final note it stole the night.

The Gibson Explorer was the star of the show,  
It had played its part but was time to go,  
It's now harder than ever to say farewell,  
To a music maestro and our true friend as well,  
We lived the dream and will always be thankful,  
To the big man Lee, our friend of Rock "N" Roll.

Written by Mike Osmond for and on behalf of The Painkillers