

SONGS AND RHYMES

FROM THE

**1ST ROYAL TANK
REGIMENT**

WE ARE THE FIRST ROYAL TANKIES

(To the tune of Lili Marlene)

Cabbing down the autobahn ninety miles an hour
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower
We can't change up and we can't change down
The gear box is in but its upside down
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

Early Monday morning squadron on parade
Our sgt major sings a donkey serenade
Some stupid lance jack shouts right dress
You should have seen the f*****g mess
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

On a Tuesday morning the regimental run
All the officers at the front think it's lots of fun
The men at the back their chests are tight
They cough and spew, it's not a pretty sight
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

Work on a Wednesday used to be very short
In the afternoon it was track suits and sport
But now we work all day on our tanks
With no success and f**k all thanks
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

Now it's Thursday evening in the Sqn bar
Tankies supping Grolsch so morale is on par
We have Zulu warriors who bare their "soul"
And then do the dance of the flaming ar--hole
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

At last we come to Friday the final working day
Only to find that Tankies have spent all their pay
The discos beckon the sights and sounds
But be careful boys 'cos there out of bounds
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

Saturday morning for Tankies simply doesn't exist
Their still in bed after Friday getting pissed
But now after women down town they file
With lots of patter but f**k all style
We are the First Royal Tankies we are a f*****g shower

Now its Sunday evening and were doing all our kit
Very very slowly 'cos we don't like doing it
Boots get polished and we do our best

But tomorrow's Monday and we're all depressed
We are the First Royal Tankies, we are a f*****g shower.

BE KIND TO YOUR WEB FOOTED FRIEND

Be kind to your web footed friend
For the duck maybe somebody's mother
She lives alone in a swamp
Where the air is cold and damp
And if you don't believe what I say
And you're out call me a liar
Just to prove you wrong
I'll sing it just a little bit HIGHER

(Up the scale and go higher for as long as you can)

WE ARE THE FIRST ROYAL TANKS

(To the tune of We Are The Billy Boys)

Ay Oh, Ay Oh we are the First Royal Tanks
Ay Oh, Ay Oh we are the First Royal Tanks
And if you are from 7 Sigs surrender or you'll die
'Cos we are the First Royal Tankies.

LLOYD GEORGE KNEW MY FATHER

(To the tune of Land of Hope & glory)

Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George
Lloyd George knew my father, father knew Lloyd George

(repeat singing it louder and louder)

MY BROTHER SYLVEST

Have you heard about the big strong man?
He lived in a caravan
Have you heard about the Jeffrey Johnston fight?
Oh what a hell of a fight
You can take all the heavyweights you got. (What 'cha got?)
We gotta lad who can beat the whole lot. (Whole Lot)
He used to ring the bells in the belfry,
Now he's gonna fight Jack Dempsey.

That's my brother Sylvest (What's he got?)
He's got a row of forty medals on his chest (Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West
He knows no rest
Bigger the man, Hell's fire, Don't push, just shove, Plenty of room for you and me.
He's got an arm, Like a leg
And a punch that would sink a battle ship (Big ship!)
It takes all the army and the navy
to put the wind up Sylvest.

Well he thought he'd take a trip to Italy
and he thought that he'd go by sea
He jumped off the harbour in New York
and he swam like a man made of cork
He saw the Lusitania in distress (what did he do)
He put the Lusitania on his chest (Big chest)
Drank all the water in the sea
And he walked all the way to Italy

That's my brother Sylvest (What's he got?)
He's got a row of forty medals on his chest (Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West
He knows no rest
Bigger the man, Hell's fire, Don't push, just shove, Plenty of room for you and me.
He's got an arm, Like a leg
And a punch that would sink a battle ship (Big ship!)
It takes all the army and the navy
to put the wind up Sylvest.

Well he thought he'd take a trip to Old Japan
and they turned out the whole brass band
He played every instrument they got
and like a lad sure he beat the whole lot
The old church bells will ring (Hells bells)
The old church choir will sing (Hells fire)
They all turned out to say farewell
To my big brother Sylvest

That's my brother Sylvest (What's he got?)
He's got a row of forty medals on his chest (Big chest!)
He killed fifty bad men in the West
He knows no rest
Bigger the man, Hell's fire, Don't push, just shove, Plenty of room for you and me.
He's got an arm, Like a leg
And a punch that would sink a battle ship (Big ship!)

It takes all the army and the navy
to put the wind up Sylvest.

THE BEASTIALITY SONG

Up the bum of Red Rum chum, up the bum of Red Rum
Sh*g a Wallaby
Up the bum of Red Rum chum, up the bum of Red Rum

Down a throat of a goat mate, down the throat of a goat
Sh*g a wallaby
Down a throat of a goat mate, down the throat of a goat

Sh*g a swan when its on Ron, sh*g a swan when its on
Sh*g a wallaby
Sh*g a swan when its on Ron, sh*g a swan when its on

Shoot a load in a Toad son, shoot a load in a Toad
Sh*g a wallaby
Shoot a load in a Toad son, shoot a load in a Toad

THE SHHOUSE SONG**

Stan, Stan the sanitary man
He was the leader of the sh*thouse gang
He worked all day cleaning sanitary towels
As he listened to the rhythm of the rumbling bowels

All of a sudden a sound was heard
It was the slip slop of a slimy turd
Into the bowl it went slip slop
Oochy coochy coochy its the sh*thouse rock
Na na na na Na
Na na na Na

WHY WAS HE BORN AT ALL

Why was he born so beautiful
Why was he born at all
He's no fu****g use to anyone
He's no fu****g use at all

HOW I LOVE MY MOTHER IN LAW

One night in gay Paree (Paris)
I paid five francs to see
A tattooed French lady
Tattooed from head to knee,
And on her jaw was a British man o' war
And on her back was a Union Jack so I paid five francs more.
And up and down her spine was the 1st Royal Tanks in line
And on her bum was a picture of the rising sun
And on her fanny was Al Jolson singin mammyyyyy
How I luv her, how I luv her, how I luv my mother in law

She's nothing but a shithouse door
I hope she breaks her back, 'cos I do like wearing black
Oh how I luv her, how I luv her, how I luv my mother in law

Last night I greased the stairs
Laid tacks on all the chairs
I hope she breaks her back
'Cos I do like wearing black
How I luv her, how I luv her, how I luv my mother in law

WE'RE GOING ON A LION HUNT

(Chanted, not sung)

We're going on a lion hunt, we're not scared
We got guns, bullets too

Came across a river, can't go round it, can't go under it, got to go through it

We're going on a lion hunt, we're not scared
We got guns, bullets too

Came across a mountain, can't go round it, can't go through it, got to go over it

We're going on a lion hunt, we're not scared
We got guns, bullets too
Came across a virgin, can't go round it, can't go over it, got to go THROUGH it

We're going on a lion hunt, we're not scared
We got guns, bullets too

Came across a lion
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRGHHH!!!! !!!

DINAH, DINAH

Dinah, Dinah show us your leg, show us your leg, show us your leg
Dinah, Dinah show us your leg, a yard above your knee.

A rich girl uses vaseline, a poor girl uses lard
But Dinah uses axle grease because her c**t's so hard

Oh Dinah, Dinah.....

A rich girl wears a brassiere, a poor girl uses string
But Dinah uses sweet f**k all, she lets the bastards swing

Oh Dinah, Dinah.....

IT'S THE POOR WHO GET THE BLAME

It was on the bridge at midnight throwing snowballs at the moon
She said "sir I've never had it"
But she spoke too f*****g soon

It's the same the whole world over
'Aint it all a f*****g shame
It's the rich who get the pleasure
And the poor who get the blame.

It was on the bridge at midnight picking blackheads from her crotch
She said "sir I've never had it"
I said "no not f*****g much"

It's the same the whole world over
'Aint it all a f*****g shame
It's the rich who get the pleasure
And the poor who get the blame.

B***S TO YOUR FATHER**

Singing b****ks to your father
Arse against the wall
If you've never been sh**ged on a Saturday night
You've never been sh**ged at all

The village cripple he was there
He wasn't up to much

He lined the girls against the wall
and f****d them with his crutch.

Singing b****ks to your father
Arse against the wall
If you've never been sh**ged on a Saturday night
You've never been sh**ged at all

The village vicar he was there
dressed in holy shroud
Swinging on the chandelier
and pi***ng on the crowd

Singing b****ks to your father
Arse against the wall
If you've never been sh**ged on a Saturday night
You've never been sh**ged at all

The village magician he was there
doing his favourite trick
pulling his foreskin over his eyes
and vanishing down his pr**k .

Singing b****ks to your father
Arse against the wall
If you've never been sh**ged on a Saturday night
You've never been sh**ged at all

The village farmer he was there
Doing a roaring trade
He lined the lasses against the wall
And f****d with his spade

Singing b****ks to your father
Arse against the wall
If you've never been sh**ged on a Saturday night
You've never been sh**ged at all

THE TALE OF GUNGA DIN

There's a dirty stinking shithouse to the north of Waterloo
There's another one for ladies further down
That's owned by Sally Tucker for a shilling you can f**k her
You can sleep with her for only half a crown

Now she's known by Sally Tucker by those who used to f**k her
But her real name is Tallulah Johnston Black
She's handled many a tool from the day she first left school
She has made a damn fine living on her back

One day she had a rattle by a sailor from Seattle
And she wondered why he hugged her long and close
When he finished with his screwing she knew what he'd been doing
He had gone and left her proper with a dose

She gave it to her father
Who gave it to her mother
Who gave it to the Reverend Percy Brown
Who gave it to a cousin
Who gave it to a dozen
And now its halfway round the bloody town

(sad bit with air violins now)

One day it came to pass
It reached the sailors arse
And it travelled halfway up his bloody back
Well it rotted and it festered and his very life it pestered
'Twas the vengeance of Tallulah Johnston Black

Now there's a dirty stinking sailor to the north of Waterloo
With a dose of syph slowwwwlyyyyy turning green
Though he's hacked it and he's scratched it
If he ever can detach it
He's a better man than I am GUNGA DIN.

ONE BLACK ONE, ONE WHITE ONE

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of sh*te on,
And the hairs on her dicky di do
Hung down to her knees

She married an Italian
With balls like a f*****g stallion
But the hairs on her dicky di do
Hung down to her knees

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of sh*te on,
And the hairs on her dicky di do
Hung down to her knees

I've felt it, I've felt it
I just wish I hadn't smelt it
And the hairs on her dicky di do
Hung down to her knees

One black one, one white one,
And one with a bit of sh*te on,
And the hairs on her dicky di do
Hung down to her knees

THE GOOD TANK VENUS

'Twas on the good TANK Venus
By god you should have seen us
The figurehead was a nude on a bed
Sucking the Commander's p***is.

The Commander's name was Hopper
By god he had a whopper
Twice round the tank deck
Once round his neck
And up his arse forra stopper

The loader's name was Kipper
(The dirty little nipper)
We filled his ass
With broken glass
And circumcised the skipper

SING US ANOTHER ONE JUST LIKE THE OTHER ONE

That was a dirty ol' song,
So sing us another one just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

There was an old woman called Annie
Who had fleas lice 'n crabs up her fanny
To get up her flue
Was like touring the zoo
There was wild beasts in each nook 'n cranny

That was a dirty ol' song,
So sing us another one just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

There was a young man from Nantucket
Whose d**k was so long he could suck it
He said with a grin as he wiped off his chin
If my ear was a c**t, I could f**k it

That was a dirty ol' song,
So sing us another one just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

There was a young man from Newcastle
Who had a collapsible arsehole
'Twere handy you see
When he crapped at tea
He could bend down and make up a parcel

That was a dirty ol' song,
So sing us another one just like the other one
Sing us another one do.

HEY HO SAID ROLY

A is for ar**hole all covered in s**t
Hey ho said Roly
And B is for bastard who revels in it
Singing roly poly up 'em and stuff 'em
Hey ho said Antony Roly

C is for c**t all dripping with p**s
Hey ho said Roly
and D is for drunkard who gives it a kiss
Singing roly poly up 'em and stuff 'em
Hey ho said Antony Roly

E is for eunoch with only one ball
Hey ho said Roly
and F is the f***er with no balls at all
Singing roly poly up 'em and stuff 'em
Hey ho said Antony Roly

G is for gunner ear, goiter and gout
Hey ho said Roly
And H is the harlot who spreads it about
Singing roly poly up 'em and stuff 'em
Hey ho said Antony Roly

OH WHEN I DIE

Oh when I die (oh when I die)
Don't bury me alone (don't bury me alone)
Just lay my bones (just lay my bones)
In alcohol (in alcohol)
And on my chest (and on my chest)
Lay a barrel of the best (lay a barrel of the best)
Tell all my friends (tell all my friends)
I've gone to rest (I've gone to rest)

Oh we're all teetotal singing as we go
We're off to the land where the beer and whiskey flow
And you can tell us by the colours that we show
We are the First Royal Tankies.

DEAD EYE DICK, L/A PETE AND ESKIMO NELL

Gather round you hoahry
And listen to this story
When a man grows old
And his balls grow cold
And the end of his pr**k turns blue

When it bends in the middle
Like a one stringed fiddle
Then he'll tell you a tale or two

So pull up those stools
And stand me a drink
And this tale to you I'll tell
Of Dead Eye Dick, L/A Pete
And a harlot called Eskimo Nell

When Dead Eye Dick and L/A Pete go forth in search of fun
It's Dead Eye Dick what swings his pr**k
And L/A Pete his guns

When Dead Eye Dick and L/A Pete
Are sore, depressed and sad
It's always a c**t what bears the brunt
But the shootings not to bad

Now Dead Eye Dick and L/A Pete
Lived down by Deadman's Creek
And it was just their luck
They'd had no f**k
For nigh on half a week

Just a sheep or two,
A caribou,
A bison cow or so
And to Dead Eye Dick and L/A Pete
This sort of screwing was low

Dick pound on his c**k with a big piece of rock
And said "I want you to play "
It's been almost a week in this poxy creek
With no c**t coming my way

So do or dare
Our horny pair
Set forth for the Rio Grande
Dead Eye Dick with his mighty pr**k
And Pete with a GUN in each hand

As they blazed their noisy trail
No man there way withstood
And many a bride
Her hubby's pride
A pregnant widow stood

They reached the strand of the Rio Grande
At the height of a blazing noon
And to slake their thirst
They made for Dinger's saloon

As they pushed those doors wide
Both guns and pr**k flashed free
"According to sex you poxy wrecks
You drink or screw with me"

Now they'd heard of this pr**k called Dead Eye Dick
From Maine to Panama
And with scarce a word than a muttered curse
The dago's sought the bar

When Dick walked in to a house of sin
The whores all cursed their luck
Not even a tar dare let out a fart
When he said I WANNA F**K

The girls too knew his winsome ways
Down on the Rio Grande
And 40 whores let loose their drawers
At Dead Eye Dick's command

They saw the finger of L/A Pete
Move on the trigger grip
So they didn't wait at a fearful rate
The whores began to strip

Now 40 butts and 40 c**ts
And if you can use your wits
And if your good at arithmetic
Makes exactly 80 tits

Sure 80 tits are a gladsome sight
For a man with a raging stand
It may be rare in Berkley square

But not in the Rio Grande

Now Dead Eye Dick had screwed a few
On the last preceding night
This he had done just to have some fun
And whet his appetite

When Dead Eye Dick let loose his p**ck
He has no time to spare
With speed and strength
Combined with length
He fairly did singe hair

He threw one to the sandy floor
And there he sh****d her fine
And though she grinned
It put the wind
Up the other 39

He made a dart at the next spare tart
And scored a HOLE IN ONE
When in to that harlot's hell
Strode a gentle maid quite who was unafraid
Her name was Eskimo Nell

But Dead Eye Dick had got his pr**k
Well into number 2
When Eskimo Nell let out a yell
She bawled at him HEY YOU

Dick gave a flick
Of his muscular pr**k
And the whore flew over his head
He then wheeled about with an angry shout
His face and his nuts were red

It was Eskimo Nell who broke the spell
In an accent clear 'n cool
"You c**t struck shrimp of a Yankee pimp
You call that thing a tool"

"If this here town can't take that thing down"
She said to those cowering whores
"There's another c**t
That'll do the stunt
And its Eskimo Nell'snot yours"

She eyed our heroes up and down
Their looks she seemed to decry

With withering scorn
She looked at his horn
That rose from his hairy thigh

She blew the smoke from her cigarette
Over his steaming knob
L/A Pete was so utterly beat
He failed to do his job

She stripped her garments one by one
With an air of conscious pride
And as she stood
In her womanhood
They saw the great divide

She seated herself on a table top
Where someone had left a glass
With a twitch of her tits she crashed it to bits
Between the cheeks of her a**e

She flexed her knees with supple ease
And spread her thighs apart
With a friendly nod to the Yorkshire sod
She gave him the cue to start

Now Dead Eye Dick knew more than one trick
And he meant to take his time
For a woman like this was orgasmic bliss
And he played to the pantomime

Dick flexed his a**ehole to and fro
He made his nuts inflate
Until they looked like 2 granite rocks
On top of a garden gate

He blew his a**ehole in and out
His nuts increased in size
His mighty pr**k grew twice as thick
And reached up to his eyes

Then he polished his tool with alcohol
Until it was steaming hot
To finish the job
He sprinkled his knob
From a cayenne pepper pot

And neither did he take a run
And nor did he take a leap
But took a stoop

And a steady forward creep

As a marksman might he took a sight
Along his poxy tool
And his steady grin as he eased it in
Showed a calculating cool

Well you've seen those mighty pistons
On the giant C P R
With the driving force of a thousand horse
Well you know what pistons are

Well you think you do
But you've yet to learn
The ins and out's of the trick
Of the work that's done on a non-stop run
By a guy like,,,, Dead Eye Dick

But Eskimo Nell was no infidel
As good as a whole harem
With the strength of 10 in her abdomen
And the rock of ages between

With nary a scream she could take the stream
Of a gushing water closet
Now she gripped his pr**k like a chubwood lock
On the national safe deposit

But Dead Eye Dick would not come quick
He meant to conserve his powers
For if he'd a mind he would grind n grind
For 16 solid hours

Nell lay for a while
With a subtle smile
And the grip of her c**t grew keener
Then in the twink of an eye
She sucked him dry
With the ease of a vacuum cleaner

She performed the trick
In a way so slick
As to set in complete defiance
The principle cause and the basic laws
That govern sexual science

She calmly took through his poxy c**k
Which for years had withstood the test
And the ancient rules of the classic schools
In a moment or two went west

Right here my friend we come to the end
Of copulation classic
The effect on Dick was sudden and quick
and akin to anaesthetic

Dick fell to the floor and knew no more
His passion extinct and dead
And he didn't shout as his tool fell out
Though it was stripped right down to a thread

Then L/A Pete he jumped to his feet
To avenge his pals affront
With a jarring jolt of his blue nosed colt
He rammed it up her c**t

He rammed it up to the trigger grip
And pulled it 3x3
But to his surprise
She just closed her eyes
And smiled in ecstasy

Nell got to her feet with a smile so sweet
Bully she said for you
Though I might have guessed
That that was the best
YOU 2 USELESS C***S COULD DO

When next my friend, that you intend
To sally forth for fun
Buy Dead Eye Dick a sugar stick
And Pete an elephant gun

I'm going forth to the frozen north
Where the peckers are hard and strong
Back to the land of the frozen stand
Where the nights are 6 months long

It's as hard as tin when they put it in
In the land where spunk is spunk
Not a trickling stream of lukewarm cream
But a solid frozen chunk
Back to the land where they understand
What it means to fornicate
Where even the dead sleep 3 in a bed
And the kids are called Master Bates

They'll tell this tale on the Arctic trail
Where the nights are 60 below
Where its so damn cold the johnnies are sold

Wrapped up in a ball of snow

Back to the land where men are men
I'll say terra bellicum
And there I'll spend my worthy end
For the north is callingcome

So Dead Eye Dick and L/A Pete
Slunk out of the Rio Grande
Dead Eye Dick with his useless pr**k
and Pete with no gun in his hand

When a man grows old and his balls grow cold
And the tip of his pr**k turns blue
And the hole in the middle
Refuses to piddle
I'd say he was FU***Dwouldn't you?

(Sung to the tune of the Eton Boating Song)

The sexual urge of a camel
Is greater than anyone thinks.
When crossing the sands of the desert
It tries to bugger the Sphinx
But the Sphinx's back passage is narrow
And filled with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the camel
And the Sphinx's inscrutable smile.

AN ENGINEER TOLD ME BEFORE HE DIED

An Engineer told me before he died
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
An Engineer told me before he died
And I've no reason to believe he lied
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

He had a wife with a c**t so wide
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
He had a wife with a c**t so wide
That she could never be satisfied
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

So he built a pr**k of steel
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

So he built a pr**k of steel
Two brass balls and a f***ing great wheel
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

In and out went the pr**k of steel
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
In and out went the pr**k of steel
Round and round went the f***ing great wheel
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

The two brass balls he filled with cream
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
The two brass balls he filled with cream
The whole f***ing ish was driven by steam
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Up and up went the pressure of steam
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Up and up went the pressure of steam
Down and down went the level of cream
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Slowly

Now we come to the tragic bit
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Now we come to the tragic bit

Original Speed

There was no way of stopping it!
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

She was split from arse to tit
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
She was split from arse to tit
The f***ing ish was covered in shit
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

Up in Heaven she did wind
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Up in Heaven she did wind
The Lord Himself had a f***ing good grind
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum
Arrumm, titty bum, titty bum, titty bum

THREE GERMAN OFFICERS

Three German officers crossed the Rhine, Parley-voo
Three German officers crossed the Rhine, Parley-voo
Three German officers crossed the Rhine
To f**k the women and drink the wine
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

They came upon a wayside inn, Parley-voo
They came upon a wayside inn, Parley-voo
They came upon a wayside inn,
Pissed on the mat and walked right in
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

"Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair?" Parley-voo
"Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair?" Parley-voo
"Oh, landlord, have you a daughter fair?"
With lily white tits and golden hair
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

"My daughter, Sir, is much too young," Parley-voo
"My daughter, Sir, is much too young," Parley-voo
"My daughter, Sir, is much too young,"
To be f***ed about by a son-of-a-gun
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

"Oh, father dear, I'm not too young," Parley-voo
"Oh, father dear, I'm not too young," Parley-voo
"Oh, father dear, I'm not too young,"
I've been to bed with the Parson's son
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

They laid her on a feather bed, Parley-voo
They laid her on a feather bed, Parley-voo
They laid her on a feather bed,
And f***ed her till she was nearly dead
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

And now she lives in London town, Parley-voo
And now she lives in London town, Parley-voo
And now she lives in London town,
You can f**k her there for half a crown
Hinky, dinky, parley-voo

IN MY LIVERPOOL HOME

I was born in Liverpool, down by the docks.
My religion was Catholic; occupation - hard knocks.
At stealing from lorries, I was adept, and
Underneath overcoats each night I slept.

In my Liverpool home, la, la, la in my Liverpool Home,
We speak with an accent exceedingly rare
Live under a statue exceedingly bare.
If you want a cathedral, we've got one to spare,
In my Liverpool home.

Back in the Forties the world it went mad,
and Hitler he threw at us all that he had.
When the smoke and the dust had all cleared from the air,
"Thank God," said my old man, "the Pier Head's still there."

Over at Anfield* the shirts they are red. *LIVERPOOL.
And the players play football as though they were dead.
While over at Goodison* the shirts they are blue, *EVERTON.
And the football they play is fantastic to view.

If it's football you're wanting, the team at the top,
Is the team that they're singing about in the Kop;
this city has got two great teams it deserves;
Liverpool ... First Team, and Liverpool Reserves.

I took a walk along Lime Street one day,
I saw a "Young Lady" a-heading my way;
"Have you got the right time, love", says I to the lass,
She said, "I've got the time, Jack, if you've got the brass."

When I grew up, I met Bridget Mc Cann;
she said, "You're not much, but I'm needing a man;
I want sixteen kids, and a house out in Speke;
Well the flesh it was willing, but the spirit was weak.

Walton Gaol is the place for a quiet weekend.
Climb over the wall, and you'll meet all your friends.
You can sit and watch telly, drink whisky and beer
And chalk on the prison walls; "Kilroy was here".

We've got wide open spaces like the Wavertree Park,
where it's unsafe by daylight and more so by dark
We've got places of culture like Dingle and Speke,
Where they play "tick" with hatchets, and fight with their feet.

We've got romantic places like the Cast-Iron Shore,
Where you can find someone else's back door,

We had John, we had George, Ringo and Paul,
The Liverpool Spinners and the St George's Hall.

Oh, the Green and the Orange they battled for years.
They gave us some laughs and they gave us some tears.
But the Wacker don't want no spiritual rewards;
All he wants is a Green Card to get into Ford's

Our Liverpool Ladies will HUG and kiss Men,
But a TRUE virgin Lady you'll FIND now and then
Our eighteen-foot Lyver Birds perched up on high,
Will FLAP their great wings every time one goes by.

Way out in Kirkby, the kids they wear clogs,
There's eight million kids and there's ten million dogs.
They play "tick" with hatchets, I tell you no lie,
And they call you a "cissy" if you've more than one eye.

When my last whistle blows & the "Ref Up There" says;
"You've supped your last Guinness, lad, it's the end of your days,"
Take my ashes to **Old Trafford**(*dramatic pause!*) and spread them around,
And they won't win a match while I'm haunting the ground.

LIVERPOOL TOWN WHERE I WAS BORN

Wish I was back in Liverpool. Liverpool town where I was born
Where there isn't no trees, no scented breeze no fields of waving corn.
But there's lots of girls with peroxide curls And the "black & tan" flows free,
With six in a bed by the old Pier head And its Liverpool Town for me.

Its seven long years since I wandered away, To sail the wide world o'er,
My very first trip in an old tramp ship that was bound for Baltimore.
I was seven days sick, and I just couldn't stick all that bobbing up and down,
So I told them, jack, to turn right back To dear old Liverpool Town.

We dug the Mersey Tunnel, boys, way back in '33
Dug a hole in the ground until we found a 'ole called Wallasey.
The foreman cried, "Get on outside; the roof is falling down"
And I'm telling you, Jack, we all SWAM back To dear old Liverpool Town

There's every race and colour of face And every kind of name,
But the pigeons there in Clayton Square Treat everyone the same.
If you walk up Upper Parliament Street, You'll see faces black & brown,
And I've even seen them orange & green In dear old Liverpool town,

LIVERPOOL LOU

Oh Liverpool Lou, lovely Liverpool Lou
Why don't you behave just like other girls do
Why must my poor heart keep following you
Stay home and love me, my Liverpool Lou

When I go a-walking I hear people talking
Schoolchildren playing, I know what they're saying
They're saying you'll grieve me, that you will deceive me
Some morning you'll leave me, all packed up and gone

The sounds from the river keep telling me ever
That I should forget you like I'd never met you
Tell me this song, love, was never more wrong, love
Say I belong, love, to my Liverpool Lou

HEY JIG A JIG

Our next port of call it was Aden, Aden
Where the girls wouldn't f**k so we made 'em

Ten dollars a day and a bunk up each way
And a tune on my Spanish guitar
Tra la la, tra la la, f*****g tra la la
Singing hey jig a jig, f**k a little pig sideways, backwards, cush cush
Shitbags, jamrags
my ideal woman's got a big brown arse

Our next port of call it was Cardiff, Cardiff
where the girls wouldn't f**k 'cos they'd got syph

Ten dollars a day and a bunk up each way
And a tune on my Spanish guitar
Tra la la, tra la la, f*****g tra la la
Singing hey jig a jig, f**k a little pig sideways, backwards, cush cush
Shitbags, jamrags
my ideal woman's got a big brown arse

THE VINO SONG

I like the schnapps it gives me the craps

but it doesn't compare with my vino
I like my vino, it gives me a standing supremo
Aye, aye aye aye si si senora

my sister Belinda she pissed out the window
and filled up my brand new sombrero

I like the brandy it makes me feel randy

but it doesn't compare with my vino
I like my vino, it gives me a standing supremo
Aye, aye aye aye si si senora
my sister Belinda she pissed out the window
and filled up my brand new sombrero

I like the whisky it makes me feel frisky

but it doesn't compare with my vino
I like my vino, it gives me a standing supremo
Aye, aye aye aye si si senora
my sister Belinda she pissed out the window
and filled up my brand new sombrero

I like the gin it helps me get it in

but it doesn't compare with my vino
I like my vino, it gives me a standing supremo
Aye, aye aye aye si si senora
my sister Belinda she pissed out the window
and filled up my brand new sombrero

I like the rum it helps me to come

but it doesn't compare with my vino
I like my vino, it gives me a standing supremo
Aye, aye aye aye si si senora
my sister Belinda she pissed out the window
and filled up my brand new sombrero

OUR SGT MAJOR JUMPED FROM THIRTY THOUSAND FEET

Our sgt major jumped from thirty thousand feet
Our sgt major jumped from thirty thousand feet
Our sgt major jumped from thirty thousand feet
and he 'aint gonna jump no more

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
And he 'aint gonna jump no more

They scraped him off the runway like a lump of strawberry jam
They scraped him off the runway like a lump of strawberry jam

They scraped him off the runway like a lump of strawberry jam
and he 'aint gonna jump no more

Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
Glory glory what a hell of a way to die
And he 'aint gonna jump no more