

The Eton Rifles

The Jam

Sup up your beer and collect your fags -
There's a row going on down near Slough
Get out your mat and pray to the West
I'll get out mine and pray for myself

Thought you were smart when you took them on,
But you didn't take a peep in their artillery room
All that rugby puts hairs on your chest
What chance have you got against a tie and a crest?

Hello-Hurray - what a nice day for the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
Hello-Hurray - I hope rain stops play for the Eton Rifles, Eton
Rifles

Thought you were clever when you lit the fuse,
Tore down the house of commons in your brand new shoes,
Composed a revolutionary symphony,
Then went to bed with a charming young thing

Hello-
Hurray - cheers then, mate. It's the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
Hello-
Hurray - an extremist scrape with the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles

What a catalyst you turned out to be:
Loaded the guns, then you run off home for your tea -
Left me standing like a guilty schoolboy...

What a catalyst you turned out to be:
Loaded the guns, then you run off home for your tea -
Left me standing like a naughty schoolboy...

We came out of it naturally the worst:
Beaten and bloody, and I was sick down my shirt.
We were no match for their untamed wit,
Though some of the lads said they'd be back next week.

Hello-
Hurray - it's the price to pay to the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles
Hello-
Hurray - I'd prefer the plague to the Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles

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Eton Rifles, Eton Rifles!

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