

Uncle Tommy

The Rumjacks

Early one November me Uncle Tommy joined the army,
Kitted him out for danger & ferried him o'er the sea,
He threw me o'er his shoulder, sang to me a dirty ditty,
Telling me when I were older "you'll be just like me",
A half a bottle o' whisky, tattoo of a pretty lady,
Half a dozen Havana's & his Aunties rosary,
A-thunderin' oe'r the border, guns a-blazin', hells a-raisin',
"Here I am ya bastards, ye'll no be havin' me!"
Tommy was a rifle, Tommy was a razor,
Tommy was a ramblin' man,
A silver blade in the dyin' shade,
Oor Tommy was a fightin' man!

The following December he sent a card to Auntie Annie,
Tellin' her he were frozen half to death upon a hill,
Sick o' the sound o' trash cans, kickin' in doors on dear old ladies,
Sick o' the screamin' babies, he had lost the bottle tae kill.
He earn't his scars in German bars,
And breakin' the hearts o' the maids o' Norway,
Trained his guns upon the Huns,
And boxed the sons o' proud old Galway,
Tommy was a rifle, Tommy was a razor,
Tommy was a Ramblin' man,
Quick with a pound when yer luck was down,
Oor Tommy was a Jerry can.

Early one November me Uncle Tommy left the army,
Stripped him o' his regalia & ferried him o'er the main,
He took me by the shoulder, sang to me a dirty ditty,
"bastard's only love ye when ye're shootin' at yer ain!"