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?

Hurrah, hooray! what a nice day for the Eton Rifles.
Hurrah, hooray! I hope rain stops play for the 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.

Hurrah, hooray! cheers then, mate. It's the Eton Rifles.
Hurrah, hooray! an extremist scrape with the 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.

Hurrah, hooray! it's the price to price to pay to the Eton Rifles.
Hurrah, hooray! I prefer that way to the Eton Rifles.

Hurrah, hooray! it's the price to pay to the Eton Rifles.
Hurrah, hooray! I prefer that way to the Eton Rifles.

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