

Eton Rifles

The Rifles

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-hurrah, what a nice day, for the Eton rifles,
Hello-hurrah, I hope rain stops play, with the Eton rifles.

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

Hello-hurrah, cheers then mate, its the Eton rifles,
Hello-hurrah, 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 (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'll be back next week.

Hello-hurrah, there's a price to pay, to the Eton rifles,
Hello-hurrah, I'd prefer the plague, to the Eton rifles.

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