

# The Armadillo

Frank Turner

I was taking compass bearings for the Ordnance Survey  
On an army training camp on Salisbury plain  
I had packed up my theodolite, was calling it a day  
When I heard a voice that sang a sad refrain:

'Oh, my darling Armadillo  
Let me tell you of my love  
Listen to my Armadillo roundelay;  
Be my fellow on my pillow  
Underneath this weeping willow  
Be my darling Armadillo all the day.'

I was somewhat disconcerted by this curious affair  
For a single Armadillo, you will own  
On Salisbury plain, in summer, is comparatively rare  
And a pair of them is practically unknown

Drawn by that mellow solo  
There I followed on my bike  
To discover what these Armadillo  
Lovers would be like:

'Oh, my darling Armadillo  
How delightful it would be  
If for us those silver wedding bells would chime  
Let the orange blossoms billow  
You need only say 'I will'-oh  
Be my darling Armadillo all the time.'

Then I saw them in a hollow, by a yellow muddy bank  
An Armadillo singing [?] to an armour-plated tank  
Should I tell him, gaunt and rusting, with the willow tree above  
This - abandoned on manoeuvres - is the object of your love?

I left him to his singing  
Cycled home without a pause  
Never tell a man the truth  
About the one that he adores

On the breeze that follows sunset

I could hear that sad refrain  
Singing willow, willow, willow down the way;  
And I seemed to hear it still, Oh  
Vive L'amore, vive l'Armadillo  
'Be my darling Armadillo all the day  
Be my darling Armadillo all the day.'

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