

## Falkenbach

### "Gross Chapel - Gb Grenadiers"

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Porterage down  
The dark gross chapel  
He stepped streets around now  
Sales person mobile

Porterage down  
Dark gross chapel  
He stepped streets around now  
Was introduced by a woman loose-limbed, slim

One woke up to a whitewashed ugly wall - whoosh!  
Made worse by dirty postcards  
Trapped in their town

They're embracing criminals in panicky hall  
No temper for fall group

Ill put you down  
Porterage down  
To the dark gross chapel  
He stepped streets around now  
Sales-person, mobile

Ill put you down  
To the gross chapel

You were right said peter  
Dying for a smoke  
But you shouldn't have said to the police  
Jobs I do are little things  
Like the chemist coming on insulted  
They were as fed up as I was  
Waiting outside after putting blame on you

Porterage down  
Ask him! I am ailing  
Porterage down

Then let us fill a bumper,  
And drink a health to those  
Who carry caps and pouches,

And wear the louped clothes.  
May they and their commanders  
Live happy all their years

Whenever we are commanded  
To storm the palisades  
Our leaders march with fusees,  
And we with hand grenades.  
We throw them from the glacis,  
About the enemies ears.  
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row,  
For the british grenadiers.

Ill put you down

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