

Fall

"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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