

Men They Couldn't Hang

"Rabid Underdog"

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We left our aching hearts
On that lonely pebbled shore
In the cold sea breath
And the light of the winters sun
I'll see you when we're both
A wee bit older
To drink and boast the things
I've never done,
A chemical plant belching
Sulphur over France
Like Trostre and Port Talbot
Works back home
And were all the girls bowled over,
By the handsome dashing soldiers
Who took an early bath at the Somme?

I never dreamt of home
In the bars of Amsterdam
My head was wild in the light
Of the winters sun
I was stoned out of my face,
And at one with the human race
In the company of policemen
Armed with guns
Stop the people's dance
The proles and paupers dance
From the Berlin wall
To the battlefields of France
All good people hide your shame,
For you know who takes the blame
Tomorrow they won't get another chance

Squandered all my guilders,
And my deutchmarks I had none
In Zurich I was milked
Of all my Francs
A timbered bar I staggered in,
By the wall in West Berlin
The barman looks and shoots
A steely glance
"Are you a friend

Of the British Government?"
I proudly reply "Not a chance!"
Das is good he says with cheer,
And fills me up with beer
Tonight we're going to celebrate the dance!

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