

Men They Couldn't Hang "Shirt Of Blue"

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Hey now Tommy have you got a new shirt
Is it the colour of fine bright blue?
Has your mother sent you off to your school?
From the street with a pretty view

Shall we wrestle in the old school yard
Like the other children do?
We can scuff these shoes You can tear your hands
And I'll rip that shirt off you

Hey there Tommy since you moved away
They've taken our town and they've made it new
And now there stands a chemical plant
Where the cherry orchard grew
And I married Lucy from the back of our class
Who once wrote letters to you
And we've got kids and we send them to school
From the street with a pretty view
Oh in your shirt of blue
Oh in your shirt of blue

(Chorus...)

Maybe Tommy
We grew up too quick
From the fields
Where the flowers grow
From a butterfly stick
To a baton and a brick
You changed your uniforms far too soon

Hey there Tommy shall we meet again
In the morning wet with dew
Me at the gates of the colliery
And you in your shirt of blue
Shall we wrestle in the muddy patch
Like the other poor men do?
We can scuff our boots we can tear our hands
And I will rip that shirt off you
Oh in your shirt of blue
Oh in your shirt of blue

Chorus to End...

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