

Dubliners, The

"Join The British Army"

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When I was young, I used to be,
As fine a man as ever you'd see,
'til the Prince of Wales, he said to me,
Come and join the British army.

Too-ra loo-ra loo-ra loo,
They're lookin' for monkeys up in the zoo,
And since when have I had a face like you?
I'd join the British army.

Sarah Comden baked a cake,
It's all for poor old Slattery's sake,
She threw meself into the lake,
Pretendin' I was balmy.

Too-ra loo-ra loo-ra loo,
I've made me mind up what to do,
Now I'll work me ticket home to you,
And *pfft* the British army.

Sergeant Heeley went away,
And his wife got in the family way,
And the only words that she could say,
Was blame the British army.

Too-ra loo-ra loo-ra loo,
Me curse upon the Labour blue,
That took me darlin' boy from me,
To join the British army.

Corporal Sheen's a turn o' the 'bout,
Just give him a couple o' jars o' stout,
He'll bake the enemy with his mouth,
And save the British army.

Too-ra loo-ra loo-ra loo,
I've made me mind up what to do,
Now I'll work me ticket home to you,
And *pluck* the British army.

