

M.O.P. & Snowgoons

"Kilroy Was Here"

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There's a fellow roaming round the street
I think most of all I'd like to meet
I must consider him a clever lad
Making like a young Sir Galahad
Everywhere I go I think he's been
He autographs the walls around the scene
If you look hard enough you'll find him there
In rooms of public places everywhere
*Kilroy was here
Left his name around the place
Kilroy was here
Thought I've never seen his face
On a short vacation with my friends
I found I had time on my hands to spare
Surveyed my telescope around the land
And saw his name imprinted in the sand
(*repeat)
I wonder could he be a cavalier
Or a roving musketeer
Or just a dustman who's insane
Everyplace regardless where or when
.... strikes again and again and again
If I ever meet that man at all
I'll hang a plague upon my bedroom wall
A monument erected in his name
Would help to contribute his name
(*repeat)
Kilroy was here
Though I've never seen his face

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