

Salonika

Me husband's in Salonika, I wonder if he's dead
I wonder if he knows he's got a kid with a foxy head
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

Now when the war is over, what will the slackers do
They'll be all around the soldiers for the loan of a bob or two
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

Now when the war is over, what will the soldiers do
They'll be walking around on a leg and a half
And the slackers they'll have two
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

They taxed our pound of butter; they taxed our half-penny bun,
But still with all their taxes they can't beat the bloody Hun
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

They taxed the Coliseum; they taxed St. Mary's Hall
Why don't they tax the Bobbies with their backs against the wall
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy

Now when the war is over, what will the slackers do
For every kid in America in there will be two
So right away, so right away,
So right away Salonika, right away me soldier boy