

## McAlpines Fusilers

It was in the year of 39 when the sky was full of lead  
When Hitler was heading for Poland and Paddy for Hollyhead  
Come all you pincher laddies and you long distant men  
Dont ever work for McAlpine for Whimpy or John Lang  
For you'll stand behind a mixer till your skin is turned to tan

And they'll say good on you Paddy with your boat fare in your hand  
The craic was good in Cricklewood we wouldn't leave the Crown  
With bottles flying and Biddies crying sure Paddy was on the town  
Oh mother dear I'm over here and I'm never coming back  
What keeps me here is the rake of beer the women and the craic

As down the glen came McAlpines men  
With their shovels slung behind them  
'Twas in a pub that they drank their sub  
And out in the spike you'll find them  
They sweeted blood and they washed down mud  
With pints and quarts of beer  
And now we're on the road again  
With McAlpines Fusilers

I stripped to the skin with the darkie Finn  
Way down upon the Isle Of Grain  
With horse face Toole we knew the rule  
No money if you stop for rain  
McAlpines God was a well filled hod  
Your shoulders cut to bits and seared  
And woe to he went to look for tea  
With McAlpines Fusilers

I remember the day when the Bear O' Shea  
Fell into a concrete stairs  
What horse face said when he saw him dead  
It wasn't what the rich called prayers  
I'm a navvy short was the one retort  
That reached onto my ears  
When the going gets rough then you must be tough  
With McAlpines Fusilers

I've worked till the sweat nearly had me bet  
With Russian Czech and Pole  
On shuddering jams up in the hydro dams  
Or underneath the Thames in a hole  
I grafted hard and I got me cards  
And many a gangers fist across me ears  
If you pride your life dont join by cripes  
With McAlpines Fusilers