The Shores of Old Blighty

The Shores of Old Blighty
(Graham Miles)

The shores of old Blighty we're leaving behind,
The dock lights of Harwich are fading away,
When we get to Germany how will we find
Life on a few bob a day, Sergeant, life on a few bob a day.

We've waved our good-byes to the girls on the quay,
And it's with heavy hearts that we lean on the rail,
The roll-call's been taken, the siren has blown,
And that means we're ready to sail, Sergeant, that means we're ready to sail.

We're a boatload of squaddies all barely but men,
With numbers instead of our names,
I wish this old steamer would turn back for home,
And the lads are thinking the same, Sergeant, the lads are thinking the same.

We're unwilling conscripts, two hundred or so,
All dressed in our uniforms brown,
Bound o'er the seas on an overnight trip,
For the sake of our country and crown, Sergeant, for the sake of our country an
d crown.

We're all tired soldiers, who kip down below,
'Til the Corporal bawls at us at dawn,
"Get out of your pits, get your kit up on deck",
Then it's down on the quay we will form, Sergeant, down on the quay we will form
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