

Fiddler's Green, Salonika

Oh my husband's in Salonika and I wonder if he's dead
I wonder if he knows he has got a kid with a foxy head
And when the war is over, what will the slackers do?
They'll be around the soldiers for the loan of a bob or two

So right away, so right away
So right away, Salonika
Right away, my soldier boy

And when the war is over, what will the soldiers do?
They'll walk around with a leg or two and the slackers they'll have two
And when the war is over, what will the slackers do?
For every Kid in America, in Cork there will be two

So right away, so right away
So right away, Salonika
Right away, my soldier boy

Now they taxed their pound of butter and they taxend their ha'penny bun
And still with all their taxes they can't beat the bloody hun
They taxed the Coliseum, and they taxed St. Mary's Hall
Why don't they tax the bobbies wi' their backs against the wall?

So right away, so right away
So right away, Salonika
Right away, my soldier boy

For they takes us out to Blarney and they lays us on the Grass
Puts us in the familiy way and leaves us on our ass
And never marry a soldier, a sailor or a Marine
Keep your eyes on the Irish boy, his yellow, white and green

So right away, so right away
So right away, Salonika
Right away, my soldier boy