

113 CONCERTPARTY

It's a long way to Tipperary it's a long way to go.
It's a long way to Tipperary to the sweetest girl I know.
Goodbye Piccadilly, farewell Lestersquare.
It's a longlong way to Tipperary but my heart's right there.

Three German officers crossed the Rhine parlez vous.
Three German officers crossed the Rhine parlez vous.
Three German officers crossed the Rhine to fuck the
women and drink the wine. Inky pinky parlez vous.

They came to the door of a wayside Inn parlez vous.
They came to the door of a wayside Inn parlez vous.
They came to the door of a wayside Inn pissed on the mat
and walked right in. Inky pinky parlez vous.

Oh landlord have you a daughter fair parlez vous.
Oh landlord have you a daughter fair parlez vous.
Oh landlord have you a daughter fair with lilywhite tits
and golden hair. Inky pinky parlez vous.

Old king Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul
was he.
Called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called
for his privats three.

*Beer beer beer said the privats,
merry man are we there's none so fair as can compare
with the fighting infantry.
HUP TWO THREE FOUR HUP TWO THREE FOUR*

Old king Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul
was he.
Called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called
for his corporals three.

*Hup two said the corporals.
Beer beer beer said the privats,
merry man are we there's none so fair as can compare
with the fighting infantry.
HUP TWO THREE FOUR HUP TWO THREE FOUR*

Old king Cole was a merry old soul, and a merry old soul
was he.
Called for his pipe and he called for his bowl and he called
for his sergeants three.

YEAAAAAH said the sergeants. Hup two said the corporals. Beer beer beer said the privats, merry man are we there's none so fair as can compare with the fighting infantry.

Pack all your troubles in your old kitbag and smile smile smile

While you've a lucifer to light your fag smile boy that's the style.

What's the use of worrying it never was worthwile.

So pack all your troubles in your old kitbag and smile smile smile.

Quand Madelon vient nous servir à boire
sous la tonnelle on frôle son jupon
et chacun lui raconte une histoire
une histoire à sa façon.

La Madelon pour nous n'est pas sévère
quand on lui prend la taille ou le menton
elle rit, c'est tout le mal qu'elle sait faire

Madelon, Madelon, Madelon!

Madelon, Madelon, Madelon.