

Don't Call Me

Chorus

Call out the members of the Queens marines
 Call out the King's artillery
 Call out me mother, me sister and me brother
 But for Gods sake, don't call me

1 I don't want to join the navy
 I don't want to go to war
 I just want to hang around
 Picadilly's underground
 Making all me living off a high class lady
 I don't want to join the army
 I don't want me bleeding knockers shot away
 I want to stay in England, jolly jolly England
 And fornicate me blooming life away (Oh Blimey!)

Chorus

2. Now I don't a-want to be a soldier
 I don't a-want to be a man of war
 I just want to go
 down to old Soho
 Pinching all the ladies in their bumbershoots
 I don't need no foreign women
 London's full of girls I've never had
 I want to stay in England, jolly jolly England
 And follow in the footsteps of me dad (Oh Blimey !)

Chorus

3. Now Monday night me hand was on her ankle
Tuesday night me hand was on her knee
Wednesday night success,
I lifted up her dress
Thursday night I lifted up her silk chemise
Friday night I got me hand upon it
Saturday night I gave it just a tweek
Then Sunday after supper, I finally got it up 'er
And now I'm paying seven bob a week (Oh Blimey !)
Chorus

John's sister never knew, or couldn't remember, the title of this so when she asked for us to sing it she always asked for "Getting It Up in England". We knew what she meant. This is known as "Don't Call Me", "The Queens Marines", "I Don't Want to Be a Soldier" or "I Don't Want to Join the Army". I suspect it's an old music hall song but have yet to find documentation for it. I can't remember where, when or from whom I learned it.