

BLESS 'EM ALL!

Bless 'em all! Bless 'em all!

As back through the Customs they crawl,
Nine days of sunburn and eight rights of pain,
Now they are back where they started again.

They are seasick and full of despair

And haven't a thing to declare;

You get no promotion for after-shave lotion,

So give 'em a bit of a scare.