

The Ballad of Robbie Jones

The Levellers

There was Robbie Jones
He used to walk so tall
You know he'd hurt no one at all
Chased the girls around the world
Danced them round the dance halls
We'd have a drink and then he'd sink
Into nostalgic talk
We carried him home in the fallen snow
When he was too drunk to walk
Then came the day
We were sent away
We got our papers
Posted through the door
And sent off to war
Dear old Tom
He'd sing a song and he'd play the guitar
He'd tell you all the stories
Of his travels near and far
Signed up one day to learn a trade
But that dream didn't go far
He'd be fighting Argentinians
With his gun not his guitar
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