

Home Rule

The Rumjacks

She bore half a ton o' sons & had to bury all but one,
Who's locked away in prison for not takin' up his gun,
Now all she has to comfort her from this day to her last,
Are a box of old white feathers some lumps o' brass,

She sings 'keep yer boys at home by fires warm & bright,
Let the generals look stupid when there's no one there to fight
,
Let 'em sort it out among 'emselves, or kill each other tryin',
So that better men than they are kept from dyin''

(Chorus.)

Home rule! (Keep 'em at home) rule,
Put pressure where it bleeds,
We're rippin' out the roses with the weeds.

The walls are all bruised with the damp,
The curtains are drawn all 'round,
There's great piles o' leaves, paint flakes from the eaves,
Where they've hung like her poor worried brow,

"Oh where did you go to my lovely?
This house is no longer a home,

It'll rot like a shell each day you're in hell,
Oh why'd you go leave me alone?"

Their pictures hang crooked, no glass in the frame,
They've been stuck back together though they're never the same,
"Choked wi' pride,
I'm buckled with shame!"