

When I signed on
I was sixteen
Had to lie about my age
Had me hair cut short already
At the time 'twas all the rage
I heard so many stories
About the crack in Mullingar
And the glen ablow in Wicklow
Keepin watch under the stars

I was bored, broke, oblivious
So I joined the F.C.A.

I got fitted for the uniform
One sunny summers night
The trousers never fitted
And the beret was 'nt right
But the boots were strong and powerful
I still have them to this day
Though the shine is long deserted
They still keep out the rain

I was bored, broke, oblivious
So I joined the F.C.A.

The tightest trousers
Come from Tuam
In Milltown they have
No ballroom
Oh I was so drunk and
disorderly
I don't know what I did
But I have the strangest
feeling
I owe Tom Wholihan 25 quid

I was bored, broke, oblivious
So I joined the F.C.A.

The night before we left
I met my favourite girl uptown
I felt like I was leaving
For some war on foreign ground
We promised love, kissed goodbye
Like we never did before
For the cause of Mother Ireland
She could'nt have dunmore

Copyright: Moran/Carton