

The Teddy Bear's Head

The Wolfe Tones

Here's up the rebels, get back our teddy's head
Her face and tail are all her own
But her brains are foreign led
On the outskirts of Europe in Atlantic so dear
There's a country called old Ireland
That looks like a teddy bear
It's an island that splits in two
With the border in her head
Her face and tail are all her own
But her brains are foreign led
Her face is o'er in Donegal
Her brains are in Belfast
Her arms outstretched in Galway
For her friends that do go past
Her hair is on the north coast
In Derry, Antrim, Down
I'm sure this head would be better off
Without the bloody crown
Her backbone's on the east coast
From Dublin to Dundalk
Her legs and feet in Kerry
They have shoes that never walked
Her backside's in Cork and Wexford
Her heart in Midlands
Where facing towards America
With her head to England
So listen proud Britannia
To what I say to you
Would you like if your head was owned
By someone quite untrue
And they planted foreign fleas
To mix in with your breed
Before another year has passed
You'd never know your creed
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