

## 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  
On the outskirts of Europe in Atlantic so dear  
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With the border in her head  
Her face and tail are all her own  
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