

[EN] Poor Scouser Tommy

Poor Scouser Tommy

Let me tell you the story of a poor boy,
Who was sent far away from his home,
To fight for his king and his country,
And also the old folks back home

So they put him in a highland division,
Sent him off to a far foreign land,
Where the flies swarm around in their thousands,
And there's nothing to see but the sand.

As the battle was starting next morning,
Under the Libyan sun,
I remember that poor Scouser Tommy,
Who was shot by an old Nazi gun

As he lay on the battlefield dyin-dyin-dying,
With the blood gushing out of his head (out of his head)
As he lay on the battlefield dyin-dyin-dying,
These were the last words he said:

Oooh, I am a Liverpudlian,
I come from the Spion Kop,
I like to sing, I like to chant,
I go there quite a lot.

Support a team, that plays in red,
A team that we all know,

A team that we call Liverpool,
To glory we will go.

We won the league, we won the cup,
We've been to Europe too,
We played the Toffees for a laugh,
And left them feeling blue 5-0

1-2, 1-2-3, 1-2-3-4, 5-0!

Rush scored one,
Rush scored two,
Rush scored three,
And Rush scored four!
Na na na naa, na na naa!
All we need is Rush
All we need is Rush
All we need is Rush
Rush, Rush is all we need



Song Info

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| Erstveröffentlichung | 2020 |
| Erstveröffentlichung (original) | tba |

Coversong Info

Musik by

Gesang: Campino, Gitarre & Chorgesang: Kuddel, Bass: Andi Meurer,
Gitarre: Michael Breitkopf, Schlagzeug: Vom Ritchie, Saxophon: Richard
Bracht

sonstiges

Erschienen auf dem Hörbuch "Hope Street wie ich einmal englischer Meister
wurde"