Deco's song

(to the tune of Lord of the Dance)

We sang in the morning at the start of the Test
We sang up to lunch then we went and had a rest
We came back from lunch then we sang till tea
It's fun being in the Barmy Army...

(Chorus)
Sing sing wherever you may be
We are the famous Barmy Army
And we'll cheer England on wherever they may be
And we'll sing them on to another victory...

Now an Ashes summer makes us all so proud
It's fun watching England hit the Convicts round the ground
We'll sing for our batsmen and our bowlers too
Cause they make all our dreams come true...

Chorus

Now our ticket prices don't seem to be fair
But look at our faces do you think we even care
We've come in our numbers and we're gonna see
Another famous Ashes victory...

Chorus

At the end of this song I hope the message is clear
We are the fans that will always come and cheer
So thanks everybody for singing with me
Cause we're all part of the Barmy Army...

Chorus
Everywhere we go

Jimmy: Everywhere we go
Crowd: Everywhere we go
The people want to know
The people want to know
Who we are
Who we are
Where we come from
Where we come from
Shall we tell them
Shall we tell them
Who we are
Who we are
Where we come from
Where we come from
We are the England
We are the England
The Mighty Mighty England
The Mighty Mighty England
We are the Army
We are the Army
The Barmy Barmy Army
The Barmy Barmy Army
Joe Root's Barmy Army
Etc Etc
Hey, hey we're the Barmies

(to the tune of Theme from the Monkees)

Here we come, walkin'
down your beach,
get admiring looks from
all the sheilas we meet.

Hey, hey we're the Barmies
and people say we're vulgar and loud.
But we're too busy singing
to put anybody down.

We'll go to the Gabba in Brisbane
and the Wacca in Perth,
we won't have time to be thirsty,
swimming in beer and mirth.

Hey, hey we're the Barmies
and people say we're barmy and proud.
But we're too busy drinking
to put anybody down.

We're just trying to be friendly
come and watch us sing and play,
We're the Mighty England
and we've got plenty to say!

You're just trying to be nasty,
We've come to watch our team play,
You're bad losers and convicts
and you've got nothing to say!

Hey, hey we're the Barmies,
all colour, excitement and sound.
So you'd all better be ready -
We've come to take over your ground!
Jerusalem

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the Countenance Divine
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?
And was Jerusalem builded here
Among those dark Satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold
Bring me my arrows of desire
Bring me my spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire

I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land
Rule Britannia

When Britain first at Heav'n's command
Arose from out the azure main;
Arose, arose from out the azure main;
This was the charter, the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain:

Rule Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!
Rule Britannia! Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be slaves!
Under the scoreboard

Verse 1
On the eve of the Test you'll find us all in the pub, [in the pub]
Walkin' to the match, the heavens opened up from above, [from above]
Under the scoreboard, by the boundary.. [yeah]
We'll be cheering on England to victory!

Chorus
Under the scoreboard, out in the sun,
Under the scoreboard, the Windies on the run,
Under the scoreboard, drinkin' all the rum,
Under the scoreboard, the Barmies havin' fun,
Under the scoreboard, scoreboard!

Verse 2
From the square we hear, the sweet sound of a driven four, [driven four]
by the boundary, the barmies callin' out for more, [out for more]
Under the scoreboard, by the boundary.. [yeah]
We'll be cheering on England to victory!

Chorus
We are the Army

We are the army, the Barmy Army
Oh we are bonkers, and we are mad
We are the loyalest, cricket supporters
That the world has ever had
We are the Barmy boys

I-oh, I-oh
We are the Barmy boys
I-oh, I-oh
We are the Barmy boys
We're England's famous cricket fans
We travel near and far
When we're not singing
You'll find us at the bar

Repeat verse one

I-oh, I-oh
You couldn't fill a fridge
I-oh, I-oh
You couldn't fill a fridge
Your mother's wearing Tupperware
Your father's wearing pants
We're all going to a disco dance
When I was Six

When I was six, I had no sense
I bought a flute for fifty pence
The only tune that I could play
Was Joe Root’s Barmy Army