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!
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