

Saddam's Hole

By Llewellyn Toulmin, 2004
Sung to the tune of Garryowen
(adopted as a march by a number of Irish regiments,
and later by the US 7th Cavalry)

Dear Saddam Hussien came from family
high,
He loved them all, I tell you no lie.
But if they betrayed him,
They quickly did die,
And can't help us with our chorus

Chorus:

***Instead of spa, we'll drink brown ale
And pay the reckoning on the nail.
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen in glory.***

Dear King Saddam, he likes to dance
With Iran and Kuwait, he took a chance
But he found his true love -- and of course it
was France!
They'll help us with Le Chorus:

Chorus

Yes, King of Iraq was his role
But when we came to call, he made like a
mole
Our boys soon yanked him out of his hole
To help us with our chorus:

Chorus

He'll go on show, after he's sang
We'll put him on trial, him and his gang
And then on TV, we'll see them all hang!
While we sing out our chorus:

Chorus

So lock up your daughters and lock up your
stores
And bolt your windows and bar your doors
For here come the lads of the Indian Wars
To toast Garryowen in glory

Chorus