

## Stony Broke In No Man's Land

*In nineteen fourteen, a hundred years ago it seems,  
When first the world was awakened from it's peaceful dreams . . .*

The bugle called I went away They said I was a man then  
But ah what am I today

**I can't get the old job can't get the new  
Can't carry on as I used to do  
I look around me and daily I see  
Thousands and thousands of fellows A lot worse off than me  
In Piccadilly friends pass me by,  
I'm absolutely stranded in the Strand  
But I confess I was contented more or less  
When I was stony broke in No Man's Land**

*When I donned the khaki, the people praised me attitude  
They said "my lad, you will earn your country's gratitude*

I chucked my job, I packed my kit,  
Now I'm down and out but still, I'm glad I've done my bit.

**I can't get the old job can't get the new etc**

*When the fighting was at its fiercest And everything looked black  
This is the promise that cheered us up: "You'll get the old job back!"  
When we crossed shell-swept No Man's Land  
Through poison gas attacks This promise heard:  
"If you are spared you'll get the old job back!"  
We were not professional soldiers Fighting was not our game  
We were only peaceful citizens But we fought just the same  
We sacrificed our wives and kids and homes To do our bit  
And now the door is closed to us It seems hard to admit:*

**I can't get the old job can't get the new etc**

*I'm not complaining,  
I know I'm not the only one whose job was promised back.  
That promise came undone*

They cheered us then, their flags displayed,  
Now we are forgotten like the promises they made.

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