



## FAGS AND RUM OR KINGDOM COME?

When you're shaking like a jelly, and your  
foot is on the step,  
And you're sure a drop of rum would help  
you out,  
Just murmur "PROHIBITION!" It will fill you  
full of PEP,  
'Cos you'd kill the guys what brought the  
stunt about.

When your lying in a shell-hole, and your  
thoughts are far from sweet,  
And you're soaked from Hell to Breakfast  
to your skin,  
Get up and suck your fingers, boys, and give  
yourself a treat,  
But PASS THE RUM JAR UP—'cos that's  
a SIN.

When your nerves are all a-tremble, and your  
feet are dead as stones,  
And your knees begin to wobble with your  
fright;  
When the cold is making ice-cream with the  
marrow of your bones,  
Just TURN THE RUM JAR DOWN—'cos that  
ain't right.

When your spine is all a-shiver, and your  
stomach's on the bum,  
And your system's full of blooming pains  
and aches,  
Why, that's the time to chuck it, and prepare  
for Kingdom Come,  
'Cos Fags and Rum are Nap-Poo! Simply  
Fakes.

When the gas alarm is sounding, and the shells  
begin to whine,  
And Fritz is coming over with a rush,  
Just murmur "PROHIBITION," and you'll sure  
be feeling fine,  
But if that won't brace you up, just try the  
MUSH.