

Ian Gillan, Gunga Din

If the nets were full of holes
And all the holes were full of dreams
And the dreams were full of fortune
They'd be bursting at the seams
And if the seams were made of gold
And you could understand the signs
Would you bet your easy money
On the Christians or the lions?

I'll be true to you
No matter what you do
How you didlin'?
Fair to middlin'
I'll be true to you

If you put into the history books
The writings on the wall
You'll turn them into mystery books
And they're no use at all
No one listens to the losers
Or the prophets or the boys
If you wanted to you couldn't
'Cause they're making too much noise

I'll be true to you
No matter what you do
How you diddlin'?
Fair to middlin'
I'll be true to you

Through the whistlin' and the dancin' and the flyin' of the feet.
The drinkin' and the fightin' and the cryin' in the street.
There's something I must tell you boy before I jack it in.
You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din

My daddy was from Scotland
And I couldn't understand
A single word he said to me
Until I was a man
It was about the time
I had me wisdom tooth put in
'Twas then I saw the whiskers
Growing on a dead man's chin

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How you diddlin'
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