

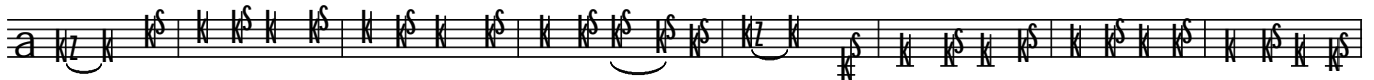
Rolling to Jerusalem

G=160

Words: Brom Blackhand Music: Gallant Forty Twa



We were hang-in' out near Lon-don, chas-in' Maids and rais-in' hell, We'd rob'd a coup-le of churches, we were do-in' pret-ty



well, We got a note from Li-on-heart, these were the words it bore: "Your King says get your ass-es out and fight the Ho-ly



War" Hey! Roll-in' to Jer - u - sa - lem on a sum-mer's day Hack-in' on the In - fi - dels, get-tin' in the way We're



get-tin' rich and fa-mous and it's God we're fight-in' for. We are blood-y hot, and thirs-ty, but by God we're ne-ver bored.

We were hangin' out near London, chasin' Maids and raisin' hell,
We'd rob'd a couple of churches, we were doin' pretty well,
We got a note from Lionheart, these were the words it bore:
"Your King says get your asses out and fight the Holy War"

*Hey! Rollin' to Jerusalem on a summer's day
Hackin' on the Infidels, gettin' in the way
We're gettin' rich and famous and it's God we're fightin' for.
We are bloody hot, and thirsty, but by God we're never bored.*

Oh, we saddled up and rode and crossed the ocean with the fleet.
And we rode swiftly eastward for the enemy to meet,
We battled with the Paynim and we killed them by the score,
They did the same to us next month. (It was that kind of War!)

Chorus

Oh, we met them on the battlefield, to see who was the best,
When we weren't fightin' with them, we were playin' 'em at chess.
Now they wear chain-mail, we wear robes, we all sit on the floor;
There's times like this I wonder what the hell we're fightin' for?

Chorus