

Song from Crete in World War II written by an unknown Australian soldier.

The Isle of Doom

Here I sit on the Isle of Doom
Bludging my way on blistered feet.
Little wonder we had the blues
With feet encased in big canoes.

Khaki shorts instead of slacks
Living like a tribe of blacks,
Except that blacks don't sit and brood
And wait throughout the day for food

'Twas just a month ago or more
We sailed to Greece to win the war.
We marched and groaned beneath our load
While Jerry bombed us off the road.

They chased us here, they chased us there,
The blighters chased us everywhere
And while they dropped their loads of death,
We cursed the bloody R.A.F.

Yet the R.A.F was there in force,
They left a few at home of course.
We saw their entire force on day
When a Hurricane hurried the other way.

And when we heard the wireless news
When Porky Winston gave his views
The R.A.F. are now in Greece
Fighting hard to win the peace

We scratched our bloody heads and spat
This smells distinctly like a rat
For if in Greece the air force be
Then where the bloody hell are we?

And then at last we met the Hun
At odds of thirty three to one
And though he made it pretty hot
We gave the blighter all we'd got.

The bullets whizzed, the big guns roared
We howled for ships to get aboard.
At last they came and on we got
And hurried from that cursed spot.

And then they landed us at Crete
And marched us off our bloody feet.
The food was light, the water crook.
I got fed up and slung my hook.

Returned that night full up with wine
And next day copped a fiver fine.
My pay book was back to hell.
When payday came I said, "Oh well,
They won't pay me, I'm sure of that,

But when they did, I smelt a rat
For next day when our rations came
I realised their wily game
We spent our rent on food supply.

So now it looks like even bettin'
A man will soon become a Cretan
And spend his days in blackest gloom
On Adolph Hitler's "Isle of Doom".