

## Weddings Parties Anything "A Tale They Won't Believe"

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We left Macquarie Harbour it was in the pouring rain  
none of us quite sure if we would see England again  
some fool muttered death or liberty  
there was six of us together a jolly hungry crew  
and as the days went by you know our hunger quickly  
grew  
some fool muttered death or liberty

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark  
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the  
night so dark  
we were only trying to keep ourselves alive  
but when the sun came up next morning well the six  
had turned to five

And I said, right there's another one, don't you  
frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, it's a tale they  
won't believe,  
When I get down to Hobart town

All five of us were nervous and I'll tell you that's a fact  
but you should have seen the bastard who was carrying  
the axe  
He was a sick man he had murder in his heart

And then we reached the Franklin River, and it took two  
days to cross  
we were wet and almost starvin' and for food were at  
a loss  
we were hungry men with murder on our minds.

So that night we made a fire out of twigs and out of  
bark  
and our stomachs they were rumbling all through the  
night so dark,  
And they were making noises the dead could not  
ignore  
and when the sun came up next morning,  
the five had turned to four!

And I said, right there's another one, don't you

frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they  
won't believe,  
When I get down to Hobart town

Well the four of us kept marching to a place called  
Western Teirs  
A country full of tasty game but for us it held no cheer  
we had no guns we were traveling without hope.  
But the axe it loomed so ominous and God's hand was  
at play  
a sick man is a type of game which can not run away  
so stay easy, my poor man, your time's at hand.

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark  
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the  
night so dark  
I can't say I feel guilty, after all it wasn't me  
but when the sun came up next morning the four had  
turned to three

And I said, right there's another one, don't you  
frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they  
won't believe,  
When I get down to Hobart town

well the three of us kept moving but one was fading  
fast  
he had been bitten by a snake and you could see he  
would not last  
stay easy my good man your time is at hand  
and when he could last no longer his days were fading  
fast  
we were far to weak to carry him subsistancy comes  
first  
stay easy my good man your time is at hand

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark  
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the  
night so dark  
It was a messy job but it was one we had to do  
but when the sun came up next morning the three had  
turned to two

And I said, right there's another one, don't you  
frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they  
won't believe,  
When I get down to Hobart town

Now he had been looking at me funny, sort of eyeing  
me for days,  
And you would not need to be too bright to know that  
bastard's ways:  
He was a sick man, he had murder in his heart.  
But even bastards have to rest, and even bastards  
have to sleep,  
And when he was in the land of Nod straight over I did  
creep,  
and the axe that he had wielded now was mine.

So that night, I made the fire, out of twigs and out of  
bark,  
and my stomach it kept rumbling all through the night  
so dark.  
I can't say that I enjoyed it, and it wasn't exactly fun,  
but when the sun came up next morning, the two had  
turned to one!

And I said, right there's another one, don't you  
frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they  
won't believe,  
When I get down to Hobart town

Well now history is a pack of lies, as any fool can tell,  
So when I got down to Hobart town I told my story well,  
But do you think they would believe one word I said?  
For they thought that I was covering for my mates still  
at large,  
Said they'd be roaming in the bush so wild and free,  
And back to old Macquarie Harbour they sent me

But I remember the fires made out of twigs and made  
of bark  
and my stomach it was grumbling all through the night  
so dark  
And this young fool he just said to me it's liberty or  
death  
and he looked a rather tasty one, I just could not help it  
singing

And I said, right there's another one, don't you  
frown,  
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they  
won't believe  
When I get down to Hobart town

A tale they won't believe

Chords

em d c d am d em em d c d

based on Australia's colonial past  
a macabre account of escaped men making  
their way across Tasmania, resorting to  
cannibalism to survive the long trek in the bush.  
from a passage in Robert Hughes' The Fatal Shore

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