

## Weddings Parties Anything "Sisters Of Mercy"

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(Thomas)

Oh the winds they were howlin' both ragged and cold  
Through the grey Melbourne streets in the pre-  
Christmas days,  
And the Sisters of Mercy looked out through their tents  
At the fires in petrol drums, they seemed to say  
Have we come to this, is it all we can do,  
To sit here and wait, to see the thing through?  
But to dig in their heels was a thing they'd been taught,  
So they painted a sign and it said, "Blow your horn if  
you support".  
Oh Sister of Mercy, why can't they see,  
That a daughter of charity you'll never be.  
It's a wicked old game that the government plays,  
When they treat you like dogs, then you must have your  
day.  
It's a telephone vote, everyone grab your phones,  
All the people dial in from their luxury homes,  
It was easy to do, far too easily done,  
Well the thumbs they went down, it was three against  
one.  
And none of us now can know how that felt,  
But they strengthened their stance and they tightened  
their belts,  
And the papers they all said "no beer for Christmas",  
It seemed such a shame  
While the nurses sat out in the wind and the rain.  
Oh Sister of Mercy, why can't they see,  
That a daughter of charity you'll never be.  
It's a wicked old game that the government plays,  
When they treat you like dogs, then you must have your  
day.  
Well the girl on the six o'clock news looked concerned,  
As she told of the developments bitter and bold,  
But I could not help wonder what she got for Christmas,  
And was there a story we hadn't been told.  
In the newsroom, at the breakup the whole thing was  
fine,  
But they never drank beer, the bastards drank wine.  
While down on the pickets they cared not for beer,  
Just for health, just for welfare,  
Just for their hard fought careers.

Oh Sister of Mercy, why can't they see,  
That a daughter of charity you'll never be.  
It's a wicked old game that the government plays,  
When they treat you like dogs, then you must have your  
day  
When they treat you like dogs, then you must have your  
day  
You will have your day, someday...

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