

Whitlams

"Gough"

Visit "[Gough](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Little song about a man called Gough
And a little boy who wanted to be tarred with the same
brush
He learnt Latin, held his head up high
And he hated the Liberals though he didn't know why

There were reasons
How long have you got?
There are always reasons
How long have you got?

Little boy he's on the stage tonight
His name is Anthony Hayes and he's doing alright
They both went to the same local Canberra school
But Stevie was nine in 1972

What a party
A big day for both of us
Big reason to party
A big day for both of us

Come over, dinner with me
We'll play chess and drink claret
Walk slowly down my little street
You can bring Margaret

Play chess and drink claret

November 11 was Armistice Day
A bush ranger was slaughtered and Gough was
betrayed
November 11 he wouldn't survive
The Governor General in '75

November 11
A big day for all of us
I said November 11, Ned Kelly died
Shame Fraser shame, we all cried

For you Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Edward Gough Whitlam
You Gough, you Gough, you Gough

Edward Gough Whitlam

Come over, dinner with me
We'll play chess and drink claret
Walk slowly down my little street
You can bring Margaret

Play chess and drink claret

It's for you Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Edward Gough Whitlam
You Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Edward Gough Whitlam

You Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Days of wine and roses, roses, roses

Days of wine and roses
All the artists flew in and
And all the assholes flew out
All the artists flew in and
And all the assholes flew out

For you Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Edward Gough Whitlam
You Gough, you Gough, you Gough
Yeah

Visit [Whitlams](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.