

The Rumjacks

"Pinchgut"

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If I buy you a drink will you leave me alone?
I'm a bug-eyed young stranger 'round here,
I'll tell ye nowt ye don't already know,
And my brogues too thick for your ear.

See I landed this mornin' unwashed and unfed,
Yer man thought I were Greek, wouldn't give me a bed,
And I've walked all o' Sydney wi' a heart of pure lead,
And a half a warm bottle of beer.

Tho my room lay as quiet as the old guns o' Pinchgut,
My heart beats a lonesome & steady tattoo,
For a smile that I met on the boat frae Southampton,
Oh Christ! What am I gonnae do?

D'ye know I'm a full qualified engineer?
Tho the paper I've got's no good to me here,
We built the damned ships that brought you all here,
All we're good for is digging a hole!

Oh your frosty old evening commands me respect,
And your sun locks its jaws on the back of me neck,
As I pocket me pride & line up for a cheque,
Oh Christ! What am I gonnae do?
Oh Christ! what am I gonnae do?

If you buy me a drink, I'll leave you alone,
I've talked your damned ears off, its time you were
home,
Spare me the floorboards, I'll dig you a hole,
Big enough to swallow the moon.

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