

Eric Bogle

"Aussie Bbq Song"

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When the summer sun is shining on Australia's happy
land
Round countless fires, in strange attire in many solemn
bands
of glum Australians watching as the lunch goes up in
flames
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell, that it's
barby time again

Chorus: When the steaks are burning fiercely, when the
smoke gets in your eyes
When the snags all taste like fried toothpaste and your
mouth is full of flies
It's a national institution, it's Australian through and
through
So come on mate and grab your plate, let's have a
barbeque

The Scots eat lots of haggis, the French eat snails and
frogs
The Greeks throw kakis on their mousakis, and the
Chinese love hot dogs
The Welshmen love to have a leek, the Irish like thier
stew
But you just can't beat that half-cooked meat at an
Aussie barbeque

Chorus

There's flies stuck to the margarine, the bread has
gone rock hard
The kids are fighting and the mossies are biting, who
forgot the Aeroguard?
There's bull ants in the eskie, and the beer is running
out
And what you saw in Mom's cole slaw, you just don't
think about

Chorus

And when the barby's over and your homeward way

you wend

With a queezy tummy on the family dunny, many lonely
hours you'll spend

You might find yourself reflecting, like many often do

Come rain or shine that's the bloody last time that you'll
have a barbeque!

Chorus

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