

Eric Bogle

"I Hate Wogs"

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I Hate Wogs
-Eric Bogle

I'm a dicky-dye Australian guy and me name is Blooey Schmidt.
I love this sunburned country and I'm bloody proud of it
And I love our simple way of life and the things we all hold dear
Like V.F.L. and Big Ben Pies and foamin' Tueeze beer
I love our open friendliness where a man can make good mates
In fact in all Australia there's just one thing I hate:

I hate Wogs, they live like dogs
Some eat bananas and some eat frogs
Soome wear turbans some wear clogs
All the bloody same to me 'cause I hate Wogs.

They can't speak proper English and they never seem to learn
And the awful guff that they call food would make your stomach turn
It's always dipped in garlic sauce or fried in olive oil
I've never tasted any meself, but I bet it all tastes vile!
What's wrong with good Australian food, you Slovaks and you Poles?
Good healthy stuff like pie and sauce and chips and chigger rolls

'Cause I hate Wogs, they live like dogs
Some eat bananas and some eat frogs
Soome wear turbans some wear clogs
All the bloody same to me 'cause I hate Wogs.

And the local chip shop down the street is run by a bloody Greek
He's open sixteen hours a day and seven days a week
And every cent that you spend there on a pie or on dumsim
Helps to send back home to Greece for a bastard just like him!

Oh, I never eat there meself 'cause I couldn't touch
Wog meat
I usually eat at the Chinese caf' that's just across the
street!

'Cause I hate Wogs, they live like dogs
Some eat bananas and some eat frogs
Soome wear turbans some wear clogs
All the bloody same to me 'cause I hate Wogs.

I was queueing down at the Registry, a-pickin' up me
dole
In front of me was a Yugoslav, in front of him a Pole
Behind me was a Eyetalian, behind him was a Turk
Those lazy migrant bastards do, they never bloody
work!
But in spite of what the papers say, there's work for
those who want to
The wife and twenty-seven kids is all the work I'm going
to!

'Cause I hate Wogs, they live like dogs
Some eat bananas and some eat frogs
Soome wear turbans some wear clogs
All the bloody same to me 'cause I hate Wogs.

So send the bastards home to Spain, and Italy and
Greece
And maybe when they've all gone home, we'll get some
bloody peace
To sit in the shade of the killabar tree and drink beer all
day long
And run amok with a flat-bed truck, down by the
billabong
And every night at twelve o'clock to show that we're not
slaggards
We'll stand and sing our national song, "Advance
Australia", backwards!

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