Bogle Eric "Aussie Barbeque"

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Aussie Barbeque -Eric Bogle

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

When the steaks are burning fiercely, when the smoke gets in your eyes

When the snacks 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

When the steaks are burning fiercely, when the smoke gets in your eyes

When the snacks 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

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 ___ again?

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

When the steaks are burning fiercely, when the smoke gets in your eyes

When the snacks 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

And when the barby's over and your homeward way you wend

With a queezy tummy on the family dummy, 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!

When the steaks are burning fiercely, when the smoke gets in your eyes

When the snacks all taste like fried toothpaste and your mouth is full of flies

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So come on mate and grab your plate, let's have a barbeque

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