

Bogle Eric

"I Hate Wogs"

Visit "[I Hate Wogs](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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
Soomer 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 Eytalian, 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
Soomer 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 killabarr 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!

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