

Grateful Dead

"Bondi Pier"

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I was down by Bondi Pier, drinkin' tubes of ice cold
beer,
With a bucket full of prawns upon my knee,
When I swallowed the last prawn,
I had a technicolor yawn and I chundered in the old
Pacific Sea.

Drink it up, drink it up, crack another dozen tubes and
prawns with me,
If you want to throw your voice, mate you won't have
any choice,
But to chunder in the Old Pacific Sea.

I was sittin in the surf, when a mate of mine called
Murf,
Asks if he can crack a tube or two with me.
The bastard barely swallowed it,
When he went for the big split, and he chundered in the
Old Pacific Sea.

Drink it up, drink it up, crack another dozen tubes and
prawns with me,
If you want to throw your voice, mate you won't have
any choice,
But to chunder in the Old Pacific Sea.

I've had liquid laughs in cars, and I've hurled from
moving cars,
And I've chuckled when and where it suited me.
But if I could choose the spot,
To regurgitate me lot, then I'd chunder in the Old
Pacific Sea.
Drink it up, drink it up, crack another dozen tubes and
prawns with me,
If you want to throw your voice, mate you won't have
any choice,
But to chunder in the Old Pacific Sea

