

John Williamson

"Big Bad Bushranger"

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You've heard about Ned Kelly and those other famous crooks
I've seen them on the TV, I've seen them in my picture books
Well, here's a little song about a bloke so bad and mean
An evil, vicious outlaw, the worst there's ever been
Oh, out in the bush where the kookaburras fly where the gum trees reach to the clear blue sky
There's a cave in the hillside where I hide, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger
Deep in the cave there's a big, black hole that's filled to the brim with locks of gold
And diamond rings and things I stole, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger
Late at night when the sun goes down and everyone's asleep in town
I count all my money in my dressing gown, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger
I'm a bush, I'm a bush, I'm a bush-bushranger
Runnin' from the law, livin' on danger
Bang, bang, hands up, stick'em up straight
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger
Got a rope and a whip and a gun, of course, I'm chased everywhere by the bush policeforce
While I ride through the night on my big black horse, I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger
And when the townsfolk see me ride they lock all the doors and stay inside
And find a place that's safe to hide, I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger
I ride thirty miles through the wind and hail to hold up a bank or the Royal Mail
I give all my money to my girlfriend, Gayle, I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger
I'm a bush, I'm a bush, I'm a bush-bushranger
Runnin' from the law, livin' on danger
Bang, bang, hands up, stick'em up straight
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger
I sleep every mornin' till half past nine, have m'brekky in bed, then rise and shine
Get dressed in my best for my life of crime,

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