

## **The Town Pants "New South Wales"**

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Here we are in New South Wales  
Shearing sheep as big as whales  
With leather necks and jaggy tails  
And hides as tough as rusty nails

When shearing comes lay down your guns  
Step to the board you brand new chums  
With a ratum ratum rub a dub dub  
We'll send you back on the lime juice tub

These brand new chums and chappie sons  
Fancy their the greatest guns  
Fancy they can shear the wool  
The beggars can only tear and pull

Though we live beyond our means  
Our daughters wear no crinolines  
Nor are they bothered by boots or shoes  
But live wild in the woods with the kangaroos

Home it's home I'd like to be  
Far from the woods and the back country  
Sixteen thousand miles I've come  
To spend my life as a shearing bum

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