

## **Chris Franklin**

### **"Bloke"**

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Bloke - Chris Franklin

I hate the new age guys  
I'm a chauvinist  
I live on beer and pies  
Tried to tell you,  
But you look at me,  
like maybe I'm an angel underneath  
Haven't brushed me teeth.

Yesterday I lied  
But all me mates  
gave me a real good alibi  
Thanks guys  
I really went out drinking,  
I told you I was at work  
Don't ask me for commitment,  
'Cause it's something I will shirk

I'm a bloke,  
I'm an ocker  
And I really love your knockers  
I'm a labourer by day,  
I piss up all me pay  
Watching footy on TV  
Just feed me more VB  
Just pour my beer,  
And get my smokes,  
And go away

Or take me as I am  
This may mean you'll  
have to fetch another can  
Rest assured,  
That if I start to make you breakfast  
I'm going to extremes  
but tomorrow I'll get shitfaced,  
and today won't mean a thing

I'm a bloke  
I'm a yobbo,  
and me best mate's name is Robbo

Winfield is me cigarette  
I dress in flannellette  
Shearer's singlet that is blue  
Throw in a few tattoos,  
You know you wouldn't  
Want me any other way

When you think  
You've got me figured out  
The season's already changing

I think it's cool  
When I act like a tool  
And my mates try to shave me

I'm a bloke,  
I'm an ocker  
And I really love your knockers  
I'm a labourer by day,  
I piss up all me pay  
Watching footy on TV  
Just feed me more VB  
Just pour my beer,  
And get my smokes,  
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