

## **Rolf Harris**

### **"Jumbuk"**

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Jumbuk, Jumbuk, It's got to be a sin,  
That you can't go back and start your life again.  
I used to be a shearer, woo-ba-deep-ba-dee-dum,  
Shore one fifty odd a day.  
I was never a 'top gun' shearer but I'll tell you this, I  
earned my pay.  
I miss those wooly jumbuks, I miss their jumbuk smell,  
It'll never be the same here without 'em, mate,  
They don't shear sheep in hell,  
No, they shear no sheep in hell.  
Jumbuk, jumbuk, the wool rolls off the shears,  
Jumbuk, jumbuk, sheep as big as steers.  
I got a kick in the eye from one, ooh!  
One poked me under the chin, ssss!  
Jumbuk, jumbuk, it's got to be a sin,  
That there's only skin and bone between the ears.  
You'd hear the sound of bleating, baaa-ba-deep-ba-  
dee-dum,  
And every pen was full.  
You;d drag out a sheep and start your run  
With the one straight cut down the belly wool.  
I miss that concentration,  
I miss the noise as well.  
You could never find a job that'll match it, mate,  
They don't shear sheep in hell,  
No, they shear no sheep in hell.

You wanna watch those sheep slide down the chute,  
One by one as they're done, they're all huddled there,  
all thin and bare, all shivering in the sun.  
And your aching back you've gotta just ignore, you;re  
tryin' to pace yourself up against the 'gun,'  
You keep snatchin' a look at your clock on the wall,  
Timing your run.

And when the contract's over, woo-ba-deep-ba-dee-  
dum,  
There's nothing left to tell.  
Hang up your shears and crack a smile, but gee it's  
hard, that last farewell.  
I miss those jolly jumbuks more than I can tell.  
You can never get the same satisfaction, mate,

They don't shear sheep in hell,  
No, they shear no sheep in hell.

Jumbuk, jumbuk, the wool rolls off the shears.  
Jumbuk, jumbuk, Sheep as big as steers.  
I got a kick in the eye from one,  
Didn't mind it at all.

Jumbuk, jumbuk, it's got to be a sin,  
That you can't go back and start it all again.  
Gee, I'd love to live my shearing days again.

Jumbuk, jumbuk, the wool rolls off the shears.

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