

## Tism

### "Mr. Ches Baragwanath, State Auditor-General"

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Been reading The Age; there on the page is a rebel  
without applause -  
In the State politics game things wont be the same and  
you know that's because  
Of the man who's black; by Christ he's back - if you're  
vegetable, animal, mineral,  
He'll give you a bath - he's Ches Baragwanath, the  
State Auditor General.

He's auditing's Brando, accountancy's Rambo, his  
calculator's full of malice;  
If you've a dodgy practise, buddy you're cactus if your  
books don't fucking balance.  
If you think I'm kiddin' ask Jim Kennan, who retreated  
into his kennel  
When he got in the path of Ches Baragwanath, State  
Auditor General.

Beware lest he's after your testes - if you've got a  
current account deficit,  
He'll lock you in a room, hand you a spoon, make you  
eat peanuts out of his shit -  
There ain't nothin' colder than a tap on the shoulder  
and a voice of authority says:  
"Name's Baragwanath, I'll cut you in half - my friends,  
they call me Ches."

Chorus  
The Republic's coming  
And it needs a pres'  
No Kennett, no Keating -  
All power to Ches.

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