

## Tism

### "The Last Australian Guitar Here"

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in a tiny inner-city pub, the amps were being stacked  
leads were getting wound up, it was full of pissed  
anzacs  
got no more gigs for tuesday nights, said the barman  
to the star  
we're putting pokies in the lounge and strippers in the  
bar  
the star, he raised his fingers and said, "fuck this  
fuckin hole"  
but to his faithful roadie he says, it's the death of rock  
and roll

there ain't a single place that's left to play amplified  
guitar  
every place is serving long blacks and become a  
become a tapist bar  
his dirty denim jacket was gaffered and turning black  
hair was missing on his forehead but it reached right  
down his back  
i don't blame that barman bastard he told his roadie,  
"hey, fuck no"  
i blame all those faggot wankers, who are playing this  
techno

brothers couldn't work it out, get fucked, they can kiss  
my rotten ass  
work out what happened to real music, is what i'd like  
to ask  
everything is all machine, run with middy and lay dash,  
but all they do is go ping ping ping like a truck that's  
backing back  
who the fuck are the chemical brothers, that they now  
call the shots  
goldies the name of the light beer, elastica holds up  
socks  
the roadies sat there silent next to the ejaculating star  
what's the fucken point of drum and bass, if no one can  
play guitar?

CHORUS

aussie, (aussie guitar)

aussie, (aussie guitar)

have you seen those fucken clubbers, with their  
peroxidised dreads?  
dressed up in fucking adidas, like fucking fucked  
fuckheads  
i wouldn't drop a tab of E, if you fuckin paid me man  
i got the guts for LSD, and the only jungle i know is man  
these roadies sat still silent, but then he finally began  
to speak  
actually star, i maybe shoulda told you this last week  
but i scored a job as DJ at the latest techno club  
i'm sick of working with a loser, see ya later bob

well the roadie owned the PA and the roadie owned the  
ute,  
the roadie told star to get out or he'd bash one up his  
shoot  
and there on that cold freeway, star walked along  
alone  
of course he got kicked out halfway between  
emergency telephones

#### CHORUS

aussie  
aussie, (aussie guitar)  
aussie, (aussie guitar)  
aussie, (aussie guitar)  
aussie, (aussie guitar)  
aussie, (what a man, what a man, what a man)

"fuck ya's all", said star aloud in the emergency  
stopping lane  
to quote from that chick juliet, hey what's in her name?  
a good song's just a good song, just the same as long  
ago  
but dressing up as something new and suddenly you're  
picasso  
every white bald pommy cunt, thinks that you're so hip  
read MNE from ten years ago and there's all the same  
dickslip  
prodigy are just the band who are getting it just this  
year  
rolling stones got no more cred. than fucken new idea

stars anguish voice rolls in grief as he cried unto the  
moon  
in the end when all is said and done, a tune's just a  
fucking tune  
star played his amp far too loud, his hearing was sorta  
gone

so he never heard the grinding squeal as the truckie  
put the brakes on  
26 road train wheels, played a tune upon his head  
"he just wondered into the traffic", the distraught  
driver said  
the cops had seen it all before, the ambels washed the  
freeway clean  
there ain't no contest when you put a man against a  
machine

aussie  
aussie (aussie guitar)  
aussie (aussie guitar)  
aussie (what a man, what a man, what a man)  
aussie  
aussie  
aussie, (aussie guitar)  
aussie,  
aussie,  
aussie, (it's a man against machine)

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