

Tism

"The Last Australian Guitar Hero"

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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 A-DAT,

But all they do is go ping ping ping like a truck that's
backing back

Who the fuck are the chemical brothers, but 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
peroxidized dreds?

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 NAM

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 bub

Well the roadie owned the PA and the roadie owned the
ute and

The roadie told star to get out or he'd bash one up his
schute

And there on that cold freeway, star walked along
alone

Because he'd been 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 a name?

A good song's just a good song, just the same as long
ago

But dress it up with 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 it'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 ideas

Stars anguish voice rolls in grief as he cryed 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 ambos 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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