

# Watzing Matilda

When I was a young man I carried my pack, And I lived the free life of a rover  
 From the Murrays green basin to the dusty outback, I waltzed my Matilda all over  
 Then in nineteen fifteen my country said Son  
 It's time to stop rambling 'cause there's work to be done  
 So they gave me a tin hat and they gave me a gun, And they sent me away to the war  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda, As we sailed away from the quay  
 And amidst all the tears and the shouts and the cheers  
 We sailed off to Gallipoli  
 How well I remember that terrible day  
 How the blood stained the sand and the water  
 And how in that hell that they called Suvla Bay  
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter  
 Johnny Turk he was ready, he primed himself well,  
 He chased us with bullets, he rained us with shells  
 And in five minutes flat he'd blown us all to hell,  
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia  
 But the band played Waltzing Matilda, As we stopped to bury our slain  
 We buried ours and the Turks buried theirs, Then we started all over again  
 Now those that were left, well we tried to survive  
 In a mad world of blood, death and fire  
 And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive  
 But around me the corpses piled higher  
 Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over tit  
 And when I woke up in my hospital bed  
 And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead  
 Never knew there were worse things than dying  
 For no more I'll go waltzing Matilda  
 All around the green bush far and near  
 For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs two legs  
 No more waltzing Matilda for me

So they collected the cripples, the wounded, the maimed  
 And they shipped us back home to Australia  
 The armless, the legless, the blind, the insane  
 Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla  
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay  
 I looked at the place where my legs used to be  
 And thank Christ there was nobody waiting for me  
 To grieve and to mourn and to pity  
 And the band played Waltzing Matilda  
 As they carried us down the gangway  
 But nobody cheered, they just stood and stared  
 Then turned all their faces away  
 And now every April I sit on my porch  
 And I watch the parade pass before me  
 And I watch my old comrades, how proudly they march  
 Reliving old dreams of past glory  
 And the old men march slowly, all bent, stiff and sore  
 The forgotten heroes from a forgotten war  
 And the young people ask, "What are they marching for?"  
 And I ask myself the same question  
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda  
 And the old men answer to the call  
 But year after year their numbers get fewer  
 Some day no one will march there at all  
 Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda  
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me  
 And their ghosts may be heard as you pass the Billabong  
 Who'll go a waltzing Matilda with me?