

Olivia Newton-John, Click Go The Shears(Down Under)

Try this:

Out on the board the old shearer stands
Grasping his shears in his long bony hands
Fixed is his gaze on a bare-bellied "joe"
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go

Chorus

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied "joe";

In the middle of the floor in his cane-bottomed chair
Is the boss of the board, with eyes everywhere
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen
Paying strict attention if it's taken off clean

The colonial-experience man he is there, of course
With his shiny leggin's just got off his horse
Casting round his eye like a real connoisseur
Whistling the old tune "I'm the Perfect Lure";

The tar-boy is there awaiting in demand
With his blackened tar-pot and his tarry hand
Sees one old sheep with a cut upon its back
Here's what he's waiting for "Tar here Jack!";

Shearing is all over and we've all got our cheques
Roll up your swag for we're off on the tracks
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree
And everyone that comes along it's, "Come and drink with me!";

Down by the bar the old shearer stands
Grasping his glass in his thin bony hands
Fixed is his gaze on a green-painted keg
Glory he'll get down on it ere he stirs a peg

There we leave him standing, shouting for all hands
Whilst all around him every shouter stands
His eyes are on the cask which is now lowering fast
He works hard he drinks hard and goes to hell at last

You take off the belly-wool clean out the crutch
Go up the neck for the rules they are such
You clean round the horns first shoulder go down
One blow up the back and you then turn around

Click, click, that's how the shears go
Click, click, so awfully quick
You pull out a sheep he'll give a kick
And still hear your shears going click, click, click