

Ganggajang, The Rise And The Rise Of The Rev

Up in the cross you could see them
Bathed in the food lights of the hot takeaways
The MC was an old soldier,
Yeah you would laugh but you couldn't understand a word that he said
They had a legless harmonica player
With his pillow and his bottle and his saucepan in hand
He would grin at the confident preacher
And they would wait for his word to strike up the band

Crowds would gather round
Some would take the high ground
To see the show
They would stop them in their tracks
Big coins and little notes
Would they throw

This was the start of the rise of the Reverend Bobby's Buskers
And boy that band could really play
They had the rhythm of the street
The way the Charlie tapped his foot
Was guaranteed to make the venture pay

Betty bomb was screamer
She learned to sing to keep her daddy at bay
She saw The Buskers on a hot summer night
And followed them to St. Kilda in the rain
Well now, Betty knew all the old songs
And she would get up and sing with them now and again
Then, one night at a party for a millionaires son
A naked man said that he would manage them

Well he gave them all he had
Pretty soon they were glad
He came along
Yes he took them to the top
Strumming pop and blues and rock
And their own songs

This was the rise and the rise
Of the Reverend Bobby's Buskers
And boy that band could really play
They were unique, they had the beat
To make old ladies tap their feet
And Bernie's tricks could just amaze
It seemed to them that the world was theirs to take
They worked for seven years without a break
Fortunes were made and lost and made again
And the chatter on the city street echoed their fame

Well now, some say it never changed them
The fact that they became a world phenomenon
Bernie still laughed at the unknown
And Bobby's sermon's seemed to go on and on
Well now, Betty soon got her own show
She was the toast of the town
And the late night TV set
And while the boys still laughed to remember
Oh poor Betty, She still laughed to forget

Well Charlie took a wife
Soon three became five
Then one again
And fame had its price
But none of the bills

Were paid by them

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