

Walkabouts, Drille Terriers

Every morn at sven o'clock
There's twenty terriers drilling on the rock
And the boss comes round and he says to the (?)
"Come down hard on the cast-iron (?)"
And drille terriers, drille.
Drille terriers, drille
For it's work all day
For the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway
And drille terriers, drille
Now our boss is Jim McCann
My guardian's the (??)
(?)
(?)
Drille terriers, drille
For it's work all day
For the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway
And drille terriers, drille
Drille terriers, drille
For it's work all day
For the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway
And drille terriers, drille
Finally pay day came around
A dollar short - Jim was found
When he asked why, came this reply:
"You were docked for the time
You spent up in the sky."
Drille terriers, drille
For it's work all day
For the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway
And drille terriers, drille
Drille terriers, drille
For it's work all day
For the sugar in your tea
Down behind the railway
And drille terriers, drille
And blast
And fire