

# 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 (?)  
&quot;Come down hard on the cast-iron (?)&quot;  
And drille terriers, drille.&quot;  
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:  
&quot;You were docked for the time  
You spent up in the sky.&quot;  
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