

Weddings Parties Anything, A Tale They Won't B

We left Macquarie Harbour it was in the pouring rain
none of us quite sure if we would see England again
some fool muttered death or liberty
there was six of us together a jolly hungry crew
and as the days went by you know our hunger quickly grew
some fool muttered death or liberty
So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
we were only trying to keep ourselves alive
but when the sun came up next morning well the six had turned to five
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,
Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe,
When I get down to Hobart town
All five of us were nervous and I'll tell you thats a fact
bu you should have seen the bastard who was carrying the axe
He was a sick man he had murder in his heart
And then we reached the Franklin River, and it took two days to cross
we were wet and almost starvin and for food were at a loss
we were hungry men with murder on our minds.
So that night we made a fire out of twigs and out of bark
and our stomachs they were rumbling all through the night so dark,
And they were making noises the dead could not ignore
and when the sun came up next morning,
the five had turned to four!
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,
Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe,
When I get down to Hobart town
Well the four of us kept marching to a place called Western Teirs
A country full of tasty game but for us it held no cheer
we had no guns we were traveling without hope.
But the axe it loomed so ominous and God's hand was at play
a sick man is a type of game which can not run away
so stay easy, my poor man, your time's at hand.
So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
I can't say I feel guilty, after all it wasn't me
but when the sun came up next morning the four had turned to three
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,
Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe,
When I get down to Hobart town
well the three of us kept moving but one was fading fast
he had been bitten by a snake and you could see he would not last
stay easy my good man your time is at hand
and when he could last no longer his days were fading fast
we were far to weak to carry him subsistency comes first
stay easy my good man your time is at hand
So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
and our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
It was a messy job but it was one we had to do
but when the sun came up next morning the three had turned to two
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,
Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe,
When I get down to Hobart town
Now he had been looking at me funny, sort of eyeing me for days,
And you would not need to be too bright to know that bastards ways:
He was a sick man, he had murder in his heart.
But even bastards have to rest, and even bastards have to sleep,
And when he was in the land of Nod straight over I did creep,
and the axe that he had wielded now was mine.
So that night, I made the fire, out of twigs and out of bark,
and my stomach it kept rumbling all through the night so dark.
I cant say that I enjoyed it, and it wasnt exactly fun,
but when the sun came up next morning, the two had turned to one!
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,

Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe,
When I get down to Hobart town
Well now history is a pack of lies, as any fool can tell,
So when I got down to Hobart town I told my story well,
But do you think they would believe one word I said?
For they thought that I was covering for my mates still at large,
Said theyd be roaming in the bush so wild and free,
And back to old Macquarie Harbour they sent me
But I remember the fires made out of twigs and made of bark
and my stomach it was grumbling all through the night so dark
And this young fool he just said to me it's liberty or death
and he looked a rather tasty one, I just could not help it singing
And I said, right theres another one, dont you frown,
Chew the meat and hold it down, Its a tale they wont believe
When I get down to Hobart town
A tale they won't believe

Chords

em d c d am d em em d c d

based on Australias colonial past

a macabre account of escaped men making

their way across Tasmania, resorting to

cannibalism to survive the long trek in the bush.

from a passage in Robert Hughes The Fatal Shore