

Weddings Parties Anything, Scorn Of The Wome

Well I remember respectfully
Like others before me
All those folk who fell in the war
And I heard you singing songs of lamentation
But I don't wish to hear them no more
"And what did you do in the time of the war?"
Is a question asked by everyone
Well I stood in the line
My screwdriver in hand
Making aircraft out at Laverton

SO don't sing no songs about Waltzing Matilda
Don't tell me I tried, don't tell me I failed
'Cos all I recall is the scorn of the women
And the white feather that I received in the mail

Well I remember the day
I went down to enlist
And they said, "Read this chart on the wall"
And I remember the tone
Of the voice of the doctor
As he said to me
"That will be all thank you very much"
And riding home slowly, I sat on my tram
Not sure if to laugh or to cry
For to train in the camps
A man needs his lamps
And a good soldier
Must have good eyes

Well it takes more than bullets
To murder, to maim
Whether worn down or beaten
A death's still a death
And you know sometimes
When I think back to the forties
I pray for my very last breath
Oh you know, I have nothing
Against those who fought
But for Christ's sake
We do what we can
There's more than one way
That you can skin a cat
And there's more than one way
You can cripple a man