## The Shearer's Lament

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(Words by Matt O'Conner, tune by Martyn Wyndham-Read)

We finished shearing sheep
Out west of the Paroo
But now it's rained three inches,
We don't know what to do.
A week ago the sand was loase
And dust blew every day,
But now the mud is three feet deep,
And we can't get away.

I've just been talking to the boss--
You all know Hector Cole--
He says the Bulloo's two miles wide
To cross it there's no hope.
You hear a lot of people swear
About the dough we make,
But they forget the price of beer
And all the combs we break.

Well, why I took this job on,
I just can't understand,
If the bloody sheep ain't waterlogged,
The cows are  full of sand.
A man is doubled up all day,
Half-blinded by his sweat;
And when the darkness comes around,
Cooped up in a mozzie net.

It might have been a goad job once;
Those old hands had their breaks.
They pushed a bike from shed to shed
And lived on johnnycakes.
They had more time to do the job;
They worked nine hours a day,
And after paying for their grub,
One pound a hundred paid.

I think I'll give this job away
I'm sick of being greasy
I've heard about a fencing job
They tell me it's dead easy.

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