

What a Life

Words anon
Tune David Johnson 2005

Am G Am G Am G Am
Em D Em D Em D Em
Bm A Bm A Bm A Bm
D C D C D

Rising early with the dawn,
Feeling dragged and forlorn,
Messing round for grub to eat,
Damper, tea and leath'ry meat.
Cursing at the day a head,
Wishing you were snugly dead
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Oh — what a life!

Droving from the day begun
Neath a broiling, blazing sun
Stock exhausted, nearly beat,
Not a blade of grass to eat.
Water holes all parched and dry,
Heifers lying down to die,
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Oh — what a life!

Shepherding when things are bad,
Work enough to drive you mad:
Dogs won't work, oh luckless plight,
Cussed sheep do nothing right.
Wethers rush fresh feed to find,
Ewes and crawlers left behind,
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Oh — what a life!

Shearing till you're stiff and sore,
Payment, four and six a score,
Practice seems no sort of use,
Tomahawking like the deuce.
Flies collect from near and far,
Sheep all hacked, and yells for tar,
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Oh — what a life!

Digging gold it's off you go,
Spirits high, exchequer low,
Dig a hole five feet by two,
Blistered hands and backache too:
Bottom it, then have to drive,
Final exit, half alive.
Heat, and sweat, and toil, and strife,
Oh — what a life!