

# Aussie Bar-B-Que Song



When the sum - mer sun shines bright - ly on Aus - tral - ias hap - py land round  
 (Chorus) When the steaks are burn - ing fierce - ly when the smoke gets in your eyes, when



count - less fires in strange at - tire you'll see ma - ny sol - emn bands of  
 the snags all taste like fried toothpaste and your mouth is full of flies, It's



glum Aus - tra - lians watch - ing their lunch go up in flames by the  
 a nation - al insti - tu - tion, it's Aus - tra - lian through and through so\_\_



smoke and smell you can plain - ly tell that it's bar - by time a - gain.  
 come on mate and\_\_ grab a plate let's\_\_ have a Bar - B - Que.

The Scots eat lots of haggis, the French eat snails and frogs,  
 The Greeks go crackers over their mousaka, and the Chinese love hotdogs,  
 Welshman love to have a leek, the Irish love their stew  
 But you just can't beat that half cooked meat at an Aussie Bar-b-que.

There's flies stuck to the margarine, the bread has gone rock hard,  
 The kids are fighting, the mossys are biting, 'who forgot the Aeroguard?'  
 There's bullants in the esky, and the beer is running out  
 And what you just saw in mum's coleslaw you just don't think about!

And when the barby's over and your homeward way you wend  
 with a queasy tummy on the family dunny, many lonely hours you spend,  
 You might find yourself reflecting, as many often do  
 Come rain or shine that's the bloody last time that you'll have a Bar-b-que.