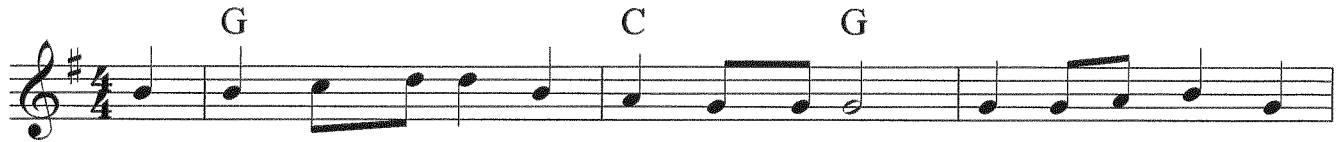


# Lime Juice Tub



When shear - ing comes lay down your drums step to the board you  
 Since you have crossed the brin - y deep you fan - cy you can



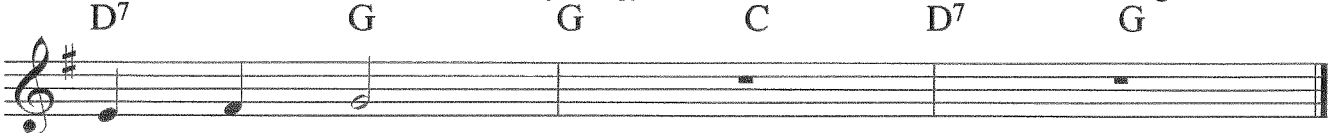
brand new chums, with a ra - dum - doo and a rub - a - dub - dub, we'll send you home in a  
 shear the sheep, with leath - er necks and dag - gy tails and fleece as tough as



lime juice tub. Here we are in New South Wales, shear - in sheep as big as whales with  
 rust - y nails.



leath - er necks and dag - gy tails and fleece as tough as



rust - y nails.

There's cockies' sons and brand new chums, who fancy that they're all great guns.  
 They fancy they can shear the wool, the buggers can only tear and pull.  
 They tar the sheep till they're nearly black, Roll up, roll up, and get the sack.  
 Once more we're away on the wallaby track, more to look for work outback.

And when they're out upon the road, from off their backs throw their load,  
 And at the sun they take a look, and reckon it's time to press the cook.  
 They sleep in huts without any door, and camp upon the dirty floor.  
 With a pannikan of flour and a sheet of bark, to wallop up a damper in the dark.

You cockies too, you never need fret, for I'm the man who's willing to bet,  
 You're up to your eyes, heels first in debt, you're up to your eyes, your sons as well  
 Although you live beyond your means, your daughters wear no crinolines,  
 Nor are they bothered by boots and shoes, wild in the bush with the kangaroos.

It's home, it's home I'd like to be, not humping me drum in this country,  
 Sixteen thousand miles I've come to march along with a blanket drum.  
 But shearing's here, boys give a cheer, step to the board and grab your gear,  
 With a ra-dum-doo and a rub-a-dub-dub, we'll send you home in a Lime Juice Tub.