

# **The Ratbags' Revenge**

## **Community Song Book**

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## Ol' John Howard

Ol' John Howard, the devil's son.  
He sneaked all over the plain,  
And everywhere he left his mark,  
The call went up the same

*Farethee well 'ol John Howard,  
Farethee well to thee,  
Won't you follow Harold Holt  
And swim on out to sea?*

*Farethee well 'ol John Howard,  
Farethee well to thee,  
Won't you follow Harold Holt  
And swim on out to sea?*

Ol' John Howard he had a mule,  
It's name it was Amanda,  
They tried to teach this mule to speak,  
But it just spewed propaganda.

Ol' John Howard, he kept two dogs,  
One Peter, one called Tonio,  
They'd snap an' snarl an' bark an' bite  
For who'd get Ol John's bonio.

*So farethee well now, 'ol John Howard ...*

Ol' John Howard he had a goat,  
It's name was Ruddock, Philip,  
A silver bullet through it's heart  
Was the only way you'd kill it.

Ol' John Howard he had a house  
Fifteen storeys high,  
And every room in John Howard's house,  
Was filled with John Howard's lies.

*So farethee well now, 'ol John Howard ...*

Ol' John Howard, he hated gays.  
There's no way they could please him,  
The only thing he thought was worse,  
Was being Middle Eastern.

Wish I knew a magic spell,  
I'd chant it every day,  
I'd chant and chant and chant and chant  
'Til John Howard went away.

*So farethee well now, 'ol John Howard ...*

## The Outback Fuhrer

Well I'm from the North Shore and my name is Phil,  
And locking up refugees gives me quite a thrill,  
It's a hundred or more I've very often peeled,  
Yes of course I'm the Outback Fuhrer.

*If I don't bag a tally before I go  
My very own kids overboard I'll throw,  
Then back to Amnesty I will have to go  
Til I prove I'm the Outback Fuhrer*

There's a boat from Afghanistan, it caught fire,  
So I shut all the kids up behind the razor wire,  
Out in the desert where it's very hot and dry,  
I'll prove I'm the Outback Fuhrer.

*If I don't bag a tally before I go ...*

There's a bloke out at Woomera, I heard him say  
That he hopes to see his wife and his kids one day,  
So I put them on a boat and I made them sail away,  
Just to prove I'm the Outback Fuhrer.

*If I don't bag a tally before I go ...*

I've got kids of my own, you might think it rather strange,  
But my very own daughter, she says I am deranged.  
She's moved away to England and she's even changed her name,  
To get away from the Outback Fuhrer.

*If I don't bag a tally before I go ...*

There's some that I let stay but I can't say when,  
Until I've seen their cheque book and their fountain pen.  
The rate's fifteen grand, mate, but for you I'll call it ten,  
Make it out to the Outback Fuhrer.

## Waltzing Materialism

Once a jolly stockbroker sat in a wine bar  
Under the shade of the CBD,  
And he sang as he sat there and watched stock market prices fall,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing materialism with me?"

*"Waltzing materialism, waltzing materialism,  
Who'll come a-waltzing materialism with me?"  
And he sang as he sat there and watched stock market prices fall,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing materialism with me?"*

Down came a yuppie, to drink in that wine bar,  
Up sat the stockbroker, laughing with glee,  
And he sang as he unloaded his worthless share portfolios,  
"You'll come a waltzing materialism with me!"

*"Waltzing materialism, waltzing materialism..."*

In burst the fraud squad, armed with regulations,  
With them the tax inspectors, one, two and three,  
"What's this we hear about your insider trading deals?  
You'll come a-waltzing materialism with me."

*"Waltzing materialism, waltzing materialism..."*

Up jumped the stockbroker, choking on his double gin,  
"You'll never take me alive," said he,  
And his ghost can be heard as you wander through the CBD,  
"Who'll come a-waltzing materialism with me?"

*"Waltzing materialism, waltzing materialism..."*

# Kerry Packer Died And Went To Heaven

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
He got there but it gave him quite a shock.  
'Cos Kerry learnt that up there in that place called heaven  
There weren't no place for trading shares and stocks.

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
But he found them pearly gates they weren't too wide.  
His polo horses strutted through quite proudly,  
But poor ol' Kerry, he got stuck outside.

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
But when he got there he thought it rather odd,  
'Cos up there in that place that folks called heaven,  
There was someone else who's claiming he was God.

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
But St Peter wouldn't let him in the fold.  
He presented with a very splendid kidney,  
But the X-Ray Scan, it could not find his soul.

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
But he turned right round, jumped back into his grave,  
'Cos he didn't like the fact that up in heaven  
There weren't no masters and there weren't no slaves.

Kerry Packer died and went to heaven,  
To build a great casino in the sky,  
But at the roulette wheel them angels kept on winning,  
It seems they carried influence on high.

Now Kerry Packer finally is useful,  
Funny how life has its twists and turns,  
While in his life he gave nobody nothing,  
But in his death he's feeding all them worms.

## Get a Job

If you're living on the dole then get a job,  
If you're living on the dole then get a job,  
If you're living on the dole now and you're hungry and you're cold now,  
It'll sanctify your soul now, get a job.

If you're old enough to toddle, get a job.  
If you're old enough to toddle, get a job.  
If you're old enough to toddle and you think that life's a doddle,  
Then you're far too molly-coddled, get a job.

If you're a single mum with kiddies, get a job,  
If you're a single mum with kiddies, get a job,  
If you're a single mum with kiddies you're a leeching scrounging biddy,  
And though the thought might make you giddy, get a job.

If you're struggling on a pension, get a job.  
If you're struggling on a pension, get a job.  
If you're struggling on a pension, you're the cause of fiscal tension  
How many more times must I mention – get a job!

If you're blind and in a wheelchair, get a job.  
If you're blind and in a wheelchair, get a job,  
If you're blind and in a wheelchair, opportunity is out there,  
So stop bludging on the welfare, get a job.

If you're approaching ninety seven, get a job,  
If you're approaching ninety-seven, get a job.  
If you're approaching ninety-seven and you want to get to heaven,  
At least from nine until eleven, get a job.

If you're dying from lung cancer, get a job,  
If you're dying from lung cancer, get a job,  
If you're dying from lung cancer you would make a perfect dancer,  
Or join the army as a lancer, get a job.

If you're dead and long since buried, get a job,  
If you're dead and long since buried, get a job.  
If you're dead and long since buried, get off your back go picking cherries,  
Make that Mr Abbott merry, get a job.

## **Mandy Vanstone (Alive Alive Oh)**

In Adelaide's fair city, where the girls are so pretty  
I first set my eyes on sweet Mandy Vanstone  
She wheeled a wheel-barrow through streets dark and narrow  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

*Alive Alive Oh, Alive Alive Oh,  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'*

She was not all that clever, but in her whips and black leather  
There were few dared to argue with Mistress Vanstone:  
With her scowl so disarming, she was witty and charming,  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

She was a fear monger, but sure 'twas no wonder.  
For so was the one who held her job before.  
As she wheeled her wheel barrow through the streets dark and narrow  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

*Chorus*

In her House of Correction, she was held in affection,  
By the refugees kept in the dungeons below.  
And within her bordello, there was many a fellow  
Cried 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

Some died in detention, but they're best not mentioned,  
For that never worried sweet Mandy Vanstone.  
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets dark and narrow  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

*Chorus*

There was none that could tame her, til Old Nick came to claim her  
And that was the end of sweet Mandy Vanstone.  
Now her ghost wheels her barrow through the streets dark and narrow  
Crying 'Handcuffs and horse whips, alive, alive oh!'

*Chorus*

## **The Star Spangled Banner Now**

Oh say! Can you see by the dawn's early light  
What once proudly we hailed as Australia's soil?  
But the flag we serve now is the stars and the stripes,  
While Eureka's bold cross has been bartered for oil.  
Now it catches the beam of the morning's first gleam,  
With a small change to add an Australian theme.  
Tis the star spangled banner now that flies from our mast  
With our Johnny Howard's head stuck right up Dubya's arse.

## **Johnny Went A-Courtin'**

Johnny went a-courtin', and he did ride, Uh-huh,  
Johnny went a-courtin', and he did ride, Uh-huh,  
Johnny went a-courtin', and he did ride.  
With a bag of gold strapped to his side, Uh-huh.

Well he rode up to that Saddam's door, Uh-huh,  
Well he rode up to that Saddam's door, Uh-huh,  
Well he rode up to that Saddam's door.  
Gave three little squeaks when he tried to roar, Uh-huh.

He threw that gold at Saddam's feet, Uh-huh,  
He threw that gold at Saddam's feet, Uh-huh,  
He threw that gold at Saddam's feet  
"This is yours if you'll buy my wheat," Uh-huh.

Now Saddam took Johnny on his knee, Uh-huh,  
Saddam took Johnny on his knee, Uh-huh,  
Saddam took Johnny on his knee.  
Said, "Little Johnny, will you marry me?" Uh-huh.

"Only if Dubya will consent", Uh-huh  
"Only if Dubya will consent", Uh-huh  
"Only if Dubya will consent",  
"Cos I'm already wed to the President."

When Dubya heard, his blood did boil, Uh-huh  
When Dubya heard, his blood did boil, Uh-huh  
When Dubya heard, his blood did boil.  
"Stuff your wheat – I want his oil", Uh-huh

So he dressed up Johnny as a picador, Uh-huh,  
He dressed up Johnny as a picador, Uh-huh,  
He dressed up Johnny as a picador,  
Then marched little Johnny off to war, Uh-huh.

Johnny grew old and he lost his hair, Uh-huh,  
Johnny grew old and he lost his hair, Uh-huh,  
Johnny grew old and he lost his hair.  
Then Dubya ran off with Tony Blair, Uh-huh

Then poor Johnny died of a broken heart, Uh-huh,  
Yes poor Johnny died of a broken heart, Uh-huh,  
Poor Johnny died of a broken heart,  
Left this world with a great big fart, Uh-huh.

# The Man Next Door To Me Who Disappeared

There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
You might think that is a shame,  
But I can't tell you his name,  
'Cos if I do, we'll both get seven years.

There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
Now I can't tell you where he's gone,  
Or if he's done a thing that's wrong,  
'Cos if I do, we'll both get seven years.

There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
I shouldn't even tell you that  
'Cos don't you know it is a fact  
That if I do, we'll both get seven years.

There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
There's a man next door to me, he's disappeared,  
You know his wife knocks on my door,  
"Can you tell me what you saw?",  
"Sorry, if I do, we'll both get seven years."

Well the Paddy Wagon just came round one night,  
And those balaclavas gave me quite a fright,  
"Help me, call a lawyer please!",  
Were the words he cried to me,  
But if I did, we'd both get seven years.

I can hear a million voices chanting, "No!,  
These laws are wrong, they simply have to go.  
"And we'll never go away,  
Well, not before we see the day,  
That the tyrants' rule has all been disappeared!"

# The Alexander Boy

There was an inbred aristocrat, Alexander was his name,  
He was born with pots of money which made up for lack of brain.  
His cheeks were red and chubby, like a squeaky rubber toy,  
And how his parents doted on their Alexander boy.

*So come with me, me hearties,  
We'll cross the mountains high,  
To a land that's in a far off place  
And of a far off time.  
Where the king dwells in his castle and  
The jester sings his song.  
And Alexander's happy 'cos  
It's here that he belongs*

Through his veins flowed the bluest blood in all Australia's South,  
With silver spoon and golden plum embedded in his mouth.  
He was brought up by his nannies, oh, and how they did enjoy  
To spank the naughty bottom of the Alexander boy.

His mummy said that he should go to university,  
But none of ours would have him so they sent him overseas.  
At Ascot and at Windsor he mixed with the hoi polloi,  
The Poms were all left speechless by the Alexander boy.

Back home, he turned to politics, a Tory through and through.  
Just like his daddy ere him and his daddy's daddy too.  
His time as Liberal leader gave us all such mirth and joy,  
This noble drongo born to rule, this Alexander boy.

He'd learned to play toy soldiers at the age of twenty-nine  
When in his fish-net stockings he'd had such a jolly time,  
But now he had real weapons, yes, and armies to deploy,  
So off to war Australia went with the Alexander boy.

He's still Lord of his manor, and a picture of good health,  
And so, my friends, this last verse, you must write it for yourself.  
You can stop him in his tracks before much more he does destroy,  
By booting out of parliament this Alexander boy.

## All For Me Job

*Oh it's all for me job,  
Me bloody, bloody job,  
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,  
Since the award's been done away,  
They've cut me leave and cut me pay,  
Now the family and me must live in squalor.*

Where is me wife,  
Me lovely, lovely wife ,  
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,  
Working seven days a week,  
You know we hardly ever meet,  
Maybe I'll catch up with her tomorrow[er].

*Chorus*

Where are me kids,  
Me lovely, lovely kids,  
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,  
Since the last I saw them play,  
They've grown up and moved away,  
If you come across them kindly will you holler?

*Chorus*

*Oh it's all for me job,  
Me bloody, bloody job,  
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,  
But now in union we will fight  
'Til we've won back every right,  
Then we'll never need no more to live in squalor.*

I'm sick in the head  
And I haven't been to bed,  
The doctor says I ought to take more slumber,  
But if I say I won't work back,  
Then I'll get the bloody sack,  
Then across the Western Deserts I must wander.

*Chorus*

This land we used to know  
As the land of the fair go,  
All gone to make the boss an extra dollar,  
But now in union we will fight  
'Til we've won back every right,  
Then we'll never need no more to live in squalor.

# No Nay Never

I've been the PM now for many a year,  
The Political Master of prejudice and fear,  
I'll soon be retiring with gold in great store,  
Then I never will be the Prime Minister no more

*And it's no nay never, no nay never no more  
Will he be the Prime Minister, no never, no more*

I went back to the school that I used to frequent,  
I told them their money, I'd all of it spent.  
On golf clubs and such for the rich and elite,  
So they chased me away, kicked my arse up the street.

*Chorus*

I took from my pocket ten sovereigns bright,  
And the Principal's eyes opened wide with delight.  
She said 'Now I can buy for my students the best.',  
But I laughed, 'cos I'd only been making a jest.

*Chorus*

In the dark of the night I crept into a town,  
Whose hospital services I had closed down.  
But a man in the pub he saw through my disguise,  
Now I'm sitting at home with two shiny black eyes.

*Chorus*

When I'm called by St Peter, I'll confess what I've done  
And he surely will pardon this prodigal son.  
Or else he'll send me away and in double-fast time,  
To a place down below where I'll pay for my crimes.

*Chorus:*

## All Through The Niight

Sleep my child and peace attend thee,  
All through the night  
Guardian angels we will send thee,  
All through the night  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,  
I my loving vigil keeping  
All through the night.

While the moon her watch is keeping  
All through the night  
While the weary world is sleeping  
All through the night  
O'er thy spirit gently stealing  
Visions yet of hope revealing  
Breathes a pure and holy feeling  
All through the night.

Child, to thee my thoughts are turning  
All through the night  
All for thee my heart is yearning,  
All through the night.  
Though it seems our lives to sever  
This darkness will not last forever,  
There's a hope that leaves me never,  
All through the night.