

# A Shearer's Lament

Words by Matt O'Connor from the 'Border Fence'. The setting is based on Harry Cotter's Schottische.

Verse

We just fin - ished shear - ing sheep out west of the Par-oo,  
And now it's rained five inch - es and we don't know what to do.  
A week a - go the sand was loose and dust blew ev - 'ry day.  
But now the mud is three feet deep and we can't get a - way.

## Chorus

I think I'll give this job a - way, I'm sick of be - ing greas - y,  
I heard a - bout a fenc - ing job they tell me is dead eas - - y.

I've just been talking to the boss, you all know Hector Cope,  
He says the Bullo's two miles wide and 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.

Why I took this job on I cannot understand,  
If the bloody sheep ain't waterlogged the cows are full of sand.  
A man is doubled up all day, half blinded in his sweat,  
Then cooped up once it gets dark inside a mozzy net.

It may have been a good job once, those old hands had their breaks,  
They pushed a bike from shed to shed and lived on Johnny cakes.  
They had more time to do the job, they worked nine hours a day,  
And after paying for their grub, one pound a hundred pay.