

# Tumba-Bloody-Rumba

The words were written by John Wolfe, and set here to the British traditional tune 'Jack of All Trades' by Warren Fahey.

Verse

He asked for work at must-er - time, we tried him as a rid - er,  
We tried him as the roust - a - bout, and as the cook's off - sid - er,  
He said he'd sailed the sev - en seas, he'd been up in A - las - ka,  
He'd been in ev - ry west - ern state from Tex - as to Neb - ras - ka.

## Chorus

He said he'd shorn a sheep or two, and cut a bit of lum - ber,  
And waged war on the kang - a - roo, at Tum - ba - blood - y - rum - ba.

We had him in the shearing shed, we put him on the stacker,  
We tried him digging rabbits out, He wasn't worth a cracker,  
He had a shop in Singapore, He owned a pearling lugger,  
He was a champ at baccarat, Australian rules and rugger.

He never showed his aptitude, on work he was allotted,  
But showed his skill upon the drinks, and cigarettes he botted,  
He said he'd climbed the Matterhorn, he'd been a union leader,  
And years ago in Adelaide he was a pigeon breeder.

We tried him cutting fencing posts. We tried to find his caper,  
Until that happy pay-day when he got his piece of paper.  
I wonder what he's doing now, perhaps back on the lumber,  
Or shooting kanga-bloody-roos, at Tumba-bloody-rumba.