

Aussie BBQ

(Eric Bogle)

50

(1st Verse Slow)

When the [C] summer sun shines brightly on [F] Australia's happy land
'Round [G7] countless fires in strange attires you'll see many happy [C] bands
Of glum Australians watching, their [F] lunch go up in flames
By the [G7] smoke and the smell you can plainly tell it's barby time a[C]gain

CHORUS

Oh when the [C] steaks are burning fiercely
And the [F] smoke gets in your eyes
When the [G7] snags all taste like fried toothpaste
And your mouth is full of[C]flies
It's a national institution it's
[F] Australian through and through
So [G7] come on mate and grab your plate
Let's have a barbe[C]que

The [C] Scots eat lots of haggis the [F] French eat snails and frogs
The [G7] Greeks go crackers over their mousakas, the Yankees love hot [C] dogs
The Welsh they like to have a leek the [F] Irish love their stew
But you [G7] just can't beat, that half-cooked meat at an Aussie barbe[C]que

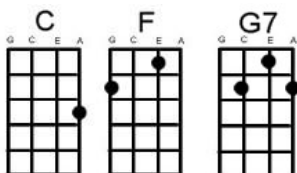
CHORUS

There's [C] flies stuck to the margarine the [F] bread has gone rock hard
The [G7] kids are fighting, the mossies are biting, who forgot the aero[C]guard?
There's bull-ants in the esky and the [F] beer is running out
And [G7] what you saw in Mum's coleslaw you just don't think a[C]bout

CHORUS

And [C] when the barby's over and it's [F] homeward way you wend
With a [G7] queasy tummy on the family dunny many lonely hours you [C] spend
You might find yourself reflecting as [F] many often do
Come [G7] rain or shine that's the bloody last time you have a barbe[C]que

CHORUS x 2



Sunshine Coast Ukulele Masters