

The Sheila Singer

Kevin Bloody Wilson

We were just a little outback band, playin' pubs for peanuts,
Drinkin' singin' shittin' bricks each time we went on stage,
And most of all the gear we had was still on hire purchase,
Some of it was borrowed the rest we stole along the way,
We'd play country music Eva Green's and lots of rock and roll,
But I felt somethin' missin', that we needed somethin' more,
So I got this sheila singer in, to liven up the mob,
Best head I think I've ever had, that's how she got the job.

At eight o'clock we'd be ok and be pretty good by ten,
By midnight we'd be fuckin' great we'd all be pissed by then,
And a punch up after every gig, the band, just on our own,
To see whose job it was to drive that sheila singer home.

Me brother Terry he played bass I played guitar and sang,
And a bloke who looked like Ringo was on drums and other things
,
Ian played the lead guitar on homemade speaker box,
And the sheila singer kept on givin' head, that's how she kept
her job,
We'd play pubs and parties one weekend a barn dance out'a town,

Think that was the time that me and that sheila singer got foun
d out,

When the other three sprung her givin' me a headjob in the van,
Just jealousy I reckon, but the fuckin' punch up started then.

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And so began the downhill runners practice turned to punch ups,
I think secretly us blokes could see where we was headin' next,

So best we split and stay good mates 'cause we all twigged toge
ther
If that sheila singer sang for shit we'd be at least two turds
in debt,
And so me brother now he just plays golf, but I still drink and
sing,
And the bloke who looked like Ringo's gone inside for drugs and
Things,
Now Ian just plays gospel, and shit happens so they say,
The sheila singer swallowed a microphone, had to give the game

Away.

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