

The Leaky Tub

The Rumjacks

Oh this Amsterdam O' bawdy southern climes,
All awash in amber neon & sin,
'll see yer guts for galluses, sixes for yer nine's,
The cruelest place that I have ever been,

Oh there's women here blow hot & icy cold,
And they'll fight like rotten gull's to pick yer cage,
On the arms o' villains who'll see yer kidneys sold,
They'll spare condition, sex nor age.

And I'll curse the day a thousand shades o' blue,
When I swapped my Scottish Lion for a boxing kangaroo,
And I'll have one for the Mary, for Rollin' Annie too,
And one for the leaky tub that brought me here to you.

She were cut from the rock by the rare old stock,
Sent to hell in the devil's jewelry,
In her crown of fire & twisted bloody wire,
Tryin' to drive us all back into the sea.

Where you took my hand & helped me understand,
What it's like without them shackles just a while,
And we blazed our way around Blackwattle Bay,
And danced along The Hungry Mile.

Iron'll rust & corn'll ripen,
All the oceans'll turn to steam,
Whate'er'll pass and whatever'll happen,
You'll remain my lucid dream,

Oh the winds'll roar & cities'll crumble,
All that steam'll fall as tears,
And achin' hearts'll sing along in chorus,
Across all the miles and down the years.