

Newcastle Song
Daniel Arvitson

The Newcastle Song

By Daniel Arvitson (I think that's how it's spelt)

OK well here's a song which'd only be familiar to novocastrians, but hey, it's a ripper

so this is my first attempt at contributing music. Hopefully I'm one of the first people

to work this song out, even though it didn't take me too long.

Oh also the words I've written as the lyrics are as close to what I heard, and some I

just didn't even bother, but a few of them are probably different to what I wrote.

Right well enough of me, oh except if you wanna have a chat or pick holes in my chords,

then my email is skinny_biscuit@hotmail.com have a good one!

The chords used are fairly basic, but if you don't know them well I'm sure you'll find

the fingering somewhere on this site.

The chord pattern for the verses is E, A, G, played sort of with E for one beat, A for two and then G for the last. You sorta have to hear the song to know what I'm crapping on about, but anyways. The chorus is E, A, B, strumming E on each syllable of New-cas-tle, then the other two are strummed twice each in the Whoooa bit.

There's some different chords strummed for those little pre-chorus bits, but I haven't gotten around to them yet.

Well that's all I can tell you in words. You wanna know how the song goes properly

and not based on my piss-weak analysis then by the single for yourself.

Is there anyone here from Newcastle?

West Wallerend has flannos and motor bikes

Barbies, it's a surfin' life

Cooks hill, (I dunno what he says here)

East end party, party party

Izzo, Carro, lock your doors

Or if you're lucky pull down your drawers

Hammo's Cosmopolitan

(Sorry I dunno this line either)

He got out at civic station, walked across the lines

He saw the big penis

Said where the f*** am I?

CHORUS

Oh Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

It s so beautiful my dear, and they can bury me here

(Something), show, bucks night

Pub crawls in a double decker and

Dickheads, in a fight

Probably over someone s hair

Cos the J-R is rockin hard

The black Tshirts and mini-skirts

Jump club, fann-oi s

Can we get a cab cos my feet hurt?

With Khe Sanh on the radio

And orange shit in the sky

The tourist grabs his road map,

Says where the f*** am I?

CHORUS

Well it s time to head, it s getting ugly

Shit-faced people with the munchies

Migrate to maccas or hamburger haven

for beer and (something) and egg and bacon

And the bogie hole for skinny dipping

(somehting here), carpark kissing

Some are sightseeing, some I bet are

At John Hunter nine months later

With thirty-thousand people screaming

Go the Knights!

The footballer looks around him,

Says where the f*** am I?

Oh Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaa

It s so beautiful

Who s been to the beaches on a Sunday night

Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaaaa

And who s driven over Stockton bridge to see the city lights at night

Newcastle

Whoooooaaaaaaa

Cos I ve been to Nobby s to watch the dawn

And nearly pissed my pants from a ship s foghorn
Ooooooooooooo

Oh Newcastle

Whooooaaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whooooaaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle

Whooooaaaaaa

Yeah Newcastle, Newcastle, Newcastle

Whooooaaaaaa