

For there s none but the crow left to see

F

Perching gaunt on the pine, as though longing to dine

C

F

On a broken-down squatter like me

[Chorus]

Bb

F

For the banks are all broken, they say

C

And the merchants are all up a tree

F

When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court

C

Bb

F

What chance for a squatter like me?

[Verse]

F

When the country was cursed with the drought at its worst

Bb

F

C

And the cattle were dying in scores

F

Though down on me luck, I kept up me pluck

C

F

Thinking justice might soften the laws

[Verse]

F

But the farce had been played, and the government aid

Bb

F

C

Ain t extended to squatters, old son

F

When me money was spent, they doubled the rent

C

F

And resumed the best part of the run

[Chorus]

Bb

F

For the banks are all broken, they say

C

And the merchants are all up a tree

F

When the bigwigs are brought to the bankruptcy court

C

Bb

F

What chance for a squatter like me?