

Broken Down Squatter
Gordon Bok

[Intro]

C Bb F

[Verse]

F

Come, Stumpy, old man, we must shift while we can

Bb F C

All your mates in the paddock are dead

F

We must say our farewells to Glen Eva's sweet dells

C

F

And the hills where your master was bred

[Verse]

F

Together to roam from our drought-stricken home

Bb F C

Seems hard that such things have to be

F

And it's hard on a horse, when he's naught for a boss

C

F

But 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

No more shall we muster the river for strays

Bb F C

Or hunt on the fifteen-mile plain

F

Or dash through the scrub by the light of the moon

C

F

Or see the old homestead again

[Verse]

F

Leave the slip-railings down, they don't matter much now

Bb F C

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?