

**Waiting For The Rain**  
**Gordon Bok**

[Intro]

**C      F   C      G/B Am   G**  
**C      F   C      G   C**

[Verse]

Well, the weather had been sultry for a fortnight s time or more  
The shearers had been battling might and main  
And some had got the century as never did before  
And now all hands are waiting for the rain

[Verse]

The boss is getting rusty and the ringer s caving in  
His bandaged wrist is aching with the pain  
And every second man, I fear, is going to make it hot for him  
Unless we get another fall of rain

[Instrumental]

**C      Bb F   C      G/B Am   G**  
**C      F   C      G   C**

[Verse]

Well, the sky is clouding over and the thunder s muttering loud  
The clouds are driving eastward o er the plain  
And I see the lightning flashing followed by an awful crash  
And I hear the gentle patter of the rain

[Verse]

So, lads put on your stoppers and let us to the hut  
We ll gather round and have a friendly game  
And some are playing music and some play ante-up  
And some are gazing outward at the rain

[Instrumental]

C Bb F C G/B Am G  
C F C G C

[Verse]

Well, now the rain is over, let the pressers spin their screws  
Let the teamsters drive their wagons in again  
And we ll block the classer s table by the way we push them through  
Since now all hands are merry since the rain

[Verse]

And the boss won t be so rusty when the sheep have all been shorn  
And the ringer s wrist won t ache so with the pain  
Of pocketing a season s check for fifty pounds or more  
And the second man will drive him hard again

[Verse]

So boss, bring out the bottle and we ll wet the final flock  
For the shearers here may never meet again  
And some may meet next season and some not even then  
And some they will just vanish like the rain