

Festival Of Farts
Kevin Bloody Wilson

(C) (F) (C)
I come from an outback town where fuckin nothin grows
(F) (C) (G) (G)
No wheat no sheep so we cant even host an annual show
(C) (F) (C)
But we got somethin special there that sets our town apart
(F) (C) (G) (C)
Coz each year in a shed we hold the festival of farts
(C) (F) (C)
Theres displays and competitions And entries from afar
(F) (C) (G) (G)
And those that cant get into town just send in little jars
(C) (F) (C)
And old fat sarge the local cop with clipboard and a pen
(F) (C) (G) (C)
Unscrews the lid and takes a whiff then scores em 1 to 10
(C)
He ll give you 2 points for Aroma
(F) (C)
2 for the bouquet
(F) (C)
2 for fermentation
(G)
And 2 more for decay
(C) (F) (C)
And two for presentation of the fancy little jars
(F) (C) (G) (C)
And a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts
(C) (F) (C)
And you should see the mob this year That cramed into the shed
(F) (C) (G) (G)
Hear the big guns blazing In the farting talent QUest
(C) (F) (C)
With old sarge on a megaphone as he reads the riot act
(F) (C) (G) (C)
Now settle down you bastards, can you hear me at the back
(C) (F) (C)
Now we ll give em all a go alright, and butt them cigarettes
(F) (C) (G) (G)
And any of you cunts play up tonight, i ll bust ur fuckin head
(C) (F) (C)
And he unfolds his directors chair And squats on his fat arse
(F) (C) (G) (C)
To adjudicate the entries in the festival of farts
(C)
He ll give you 2 points for Aroma
(F) (C)

2 for the bouquet
 (F) (C)
 2 for fermentation
 (G)
 And 2 more for decay
 (C) (F) (C)
 And two for presentation, style and grace and class
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 And a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts
 (C) (F) (C)
 Then the crowd roars its approval As the first bloke lets one go
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 Fuckin thunder from down under To open up the show
 (C) (F) (C)
 Then a double burblin gurgler With a chilli afterburn
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 Then a downdraft knacker clanger Shit that must have fuckin hurt
 (C) (F) (C)
 And the silence single singer That took us by surprise
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 And a notchous nostril burner That brung tears to our eyes
 (C) (F) (C)
 And old sarge the cranky bastard Sat there adding up the marks
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 As popular as embroids at the festival of farts
 (C)
 coz he ll get 2 points for Aroma
 (F) (C)
 2 for the bouquet
 (F) (C)
 2 for fermentation
 (G)
 And 2 more for decay
 (C) (F) (C)
 And two for presentation, style and grace and class
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 And a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts
 (C) (F) (C)
 But the highlight of the show this year Was two kids with a goat
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 That they d fed on rocks and rotten eggs And dragged in on a rope
 (C) (F) (C)
 And as one young fella grabbed his horns to line old billy up
 (F) (C) (G)
 His mate just warned the ground the goats arse and feck kicked him in the
 (C)
 guts
 (C) (F) (C)
 And that old goat fired a fuckin beauty Like a shotgun goin off
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 And fired a lethal load of gravel shrapnel Scared shit out of the mob
 (C) (F) (C)
 And as they all dived for cover and hit the deck in fear

(F) (C) (G) (C)
 Old sarge just kept on markin buck shot whizzin past his ears
 (C)
 He d give em 2 points for Aroma
 (F) (C)
 2 for the bouquet
 (F) (C)
 2 for fermentation
 (G)
 And 2 more for decay
 (C) (F) (C)
 And all in all that bloated goat had probably scored a ten
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 Except his fartin shit and shot old fuckin sarge arse over head
 (C) (F) (C)
 Then with all of the confusion And no cunt keepin score
 (F) (C) (G) (G)
 And old sarge fuckin screamin They just pissed off out the door
 (C) (F) (C)
 And even when the dust had settled No-one seemed to care
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 that they d fucked off with the medal Coz they d won it fair and square
 (C)
 That goat got 2 points for Aroma
 (F) (C)
 2 for the bouquet
 (F) (C)
 2 for fermentation
 (G)
 And 2 more for decay
 (C) (F) (C)
 And three big cheers from all of us For pay back on old sarge
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 and a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts
 (C)
 That goat got 2 points for Aroma
 (F) (C)
 2 for the bouquet
 (F) (C)
 2 for fermentation
 (G)
 And 2 more for decay
 (C) (F) (C)
 And three big cheers from all of us For wingin poor old sarge
 (F) (C) (G) (C)
 and a medal for the best fart at the festival of farts