

**And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda**  
**The Pogues**

**A**                    **D**                    **A**  
When I was a young man, I carried my pack.

**E**                    **A**  
And I lived the free life, of a rover.

**E**                    **D**  
From the Murray s green basin,

**A**  
To the dusty outback,

**E**                    **A**  
I waltzed my matilda all over.

**E**                    **D**                    **A**  
Then in 1915, my country said son

**E**                    **D**  
It s time to stop rambling,

**A**  
Cos there s work to be done.

**D**  
So they gave me a tin hat,

**A**  
And they gave me a gun,

**E**                    **A**  
And they sent me away to the war.

**A**                                    **D**                    **A**  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,

**D**                    **E**  
As we sailed away from the quay.

**D**  
And amidst all the cheers,

**A**  
And the shouts and the tears,

**E**                    **A**  
We sailed off for Galipoli

**A**                    **D**                    **A**  
How well I remember that terrible day,

**E**                    **A**  
when the blood stained the sand and the water.

**E**                    **D**  
And how in that hell

**A**  
that they called Souvla Bay

**E**                    **A**  
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.

**E**                    **D**                    **A**  
Johnny Turkey was ready, He d primed himself well.

**E**                                    **D**

He showered us with bullets,

**A**

And he rained us with shells.

**D**

And in five minutes flat,

**A**

he'd blown us all to hell.

**E**

**A**

Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

**A**

**D**

**A**

And the band played Waltzing Matilda,

**D**

**E**

As we stopped to bury our slain.

**D**

And we buried ours

**A**

and the Turks buried theirs,

**E**

**A**

And it started all over again.

**A**

**D**

**A**

Now those who were living, Did their best to survive,

**E**

**A**

In that mad world of guts, blood, and fire.

**E**

**D**

And for seven long weeks,

**A**

I kept myself alive,

**E**

**A**

As the corpses around me piled higher.

**E**

**D**

**A**

Then a big Turkish shell, Knocked me arse over tit.

**E**

**D**

And when I awoke

**A**

in my hospital bed,

**D**

And saw what it had done,

**A**

Christ I wished I was dead.

**E**

**A**

Never knew there were worse things than dying.

**A**

**D**

**A**

And no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda,

**D**

**E**

To the green bushes so far and near.

**D**

For to hang tent and pegs

**A**

A man needs two legs.

**E**

**A**

No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

**A** **D** **A**  
So they collected the crippled, The wounded and maimed,

**E** **A**  
And they sent us back home to Australia.

**E** **D**  
The legless, the armless,

**A**  
the blind and insane.

**E** **A**  
Those proud wounded heroes of Souvla

**E** **D** **A**  
And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay

**E** **D**  
I looked at the place

**A**  
where my legs used to be.

**D**  
And thank Christ, there was nobody

**A**  
waiting for me,

**E** **A**  
To grieve and to mourn and to pity.

**A** **D** **A**  
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,

**D** **E**  
As they carried us down the gangway.

**D**  
But nobody cheered,

**A**  
They just stood and stared,

**E** **A**  
And they turned their faces away.

**A** **D** **A**  
And now every April, I sit on my porch,

**E** **A**  
And I watch the parades pass before me.

**E** **D**  
I see my old comrades,

**A**  
How proudly they march.

**E** **A**  
Reliving the dreams of past glory.

**E** **D** **A**  
I see the old men, all twisted and torn.

**E** **D**  
The forgotten heroes

**A**  
of a forgotten war.

**D**

And the young people ask me,

**A**

What are they marching for?

**E**

**A**

And I ask myself the same question.

**A**

**D**

**A**

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda,

**D**

**E**

And the old men still answer the call.

**D**

But year after year,

**A**

Their numbers get fewer,

**E**

**A**

Someday no-one will march there at all.

**A**

**D**

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda

**A**

**E**

Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me?