

Scorn Of The Women
Weddings Parties Anything

Scorn of the Women " Weddings, Parties, Anything

G **D**
I remember respectfully like others before me
A
All those folk who fell in the war
G **D**
And I hear you singing songs of lamentation
A **D**
But I don't wish to hear them no more
A **G** **A**
What did you do in the time of the war? It's a question asked by everyone
G **D** **A** **D**
I stood in a line my screwdriver in hand making aircraft out at Laverton

G **D**
So don't sing no songs about Waltzing Matilda
A **G** **A** **G**
Don't tell me I tried, don't tell me I failed
G **D**
For all I recall is the scorn of the women
A **D**
And a white feather that I received in the mail

G **D**
I remember the day I went down to enlist
A
And they said "Read this chart on the wall".
G **D**
I remember the tone of the voice of the doctor
A **D**
As he said to me: "That will be all. Thank you very much".
A **G** **A**
Riding home slowly I sat on my tram not sure if to laugh or to cry
G **D**
For to train in the camps, sure, a man needs his lamps
A **D**
And a good soldier he must have good eyes

Chorus

G **D**
Well it takes more than bullets to murder and maim
A
Whether worn down or beaten a death's still a death
G **D**
And you know sometimes when I think back to the forties

A **D**
I pray for my very last breath

A
You know I have nothing against those who fought

G **A**
But for Christ's sake we do what we can

G **D**
And there's more than one way that you can skin a cat

A **D**
And there's more than one way you can cripple a man

Chorus