

**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