

## **CLICK GO THE SHEARS – ROLF HARRIS**

Out on the board on the old shearer stands,  
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands;  
Fixed is his gaze on a bare bellied yoe  
Glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go.

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,  
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,  
The ringer looks around and is beaten by a blow,  
And curses the old snagger with the bare bellied yoe.

In the middle of the floor in his cane bottomed chair  
Sits the boss of the board with his eyes everywhere,  
Notes well each fleece as it comes to the screen,  
Paying strict attention that it's taken off clean.

The colonial experience man, he is there of course,  
With his shiny leggin's on, just got off his horse  
Gazes all around him like a real connoisseur,  
Scented soap, and brilliantine and smelling like a whore.

The tar boy is there waiting in demand  
With his blackened tar pot in his tarry hand,  
Spies one old sheep with a cut upon its back  
Hears what he's waiting for, it's "tar here, Jack!"

Now the shearing is all over, we've all got our cheques,  
So roll up your swags and it's off down the track,  
The first pub we come to it's there we'll have a spree  
And everyone that comes along, it's "have a drink with me."

There we leave him standing shouting for all hands,  
Whilst all around him every 'shouter' stands,  
His eye is on the keg which is now lowering fast,  
He works hard, he drinks hard, and goes to Hell at last!