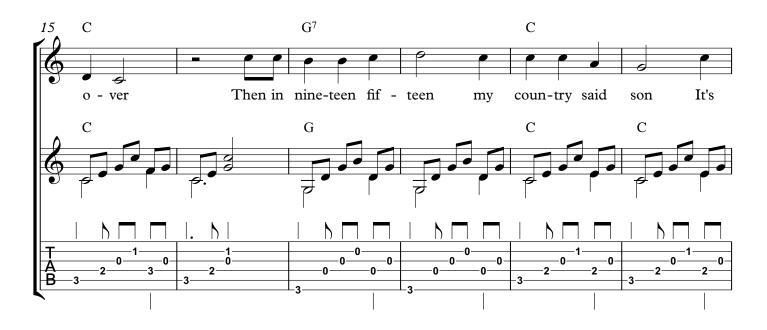
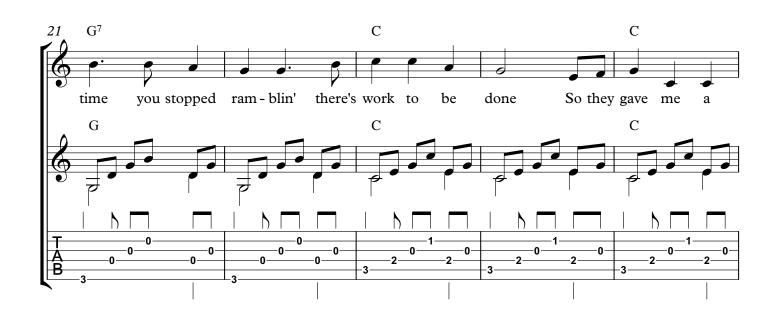
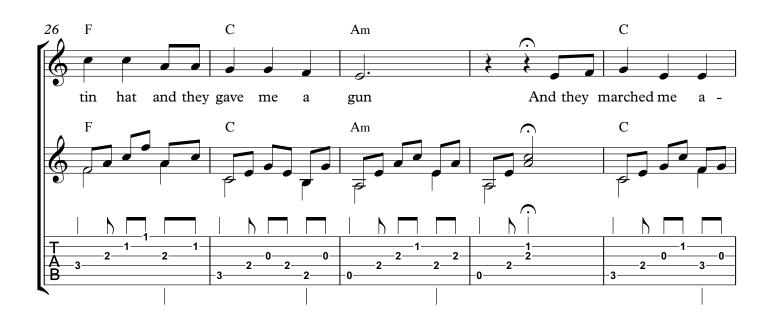
And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

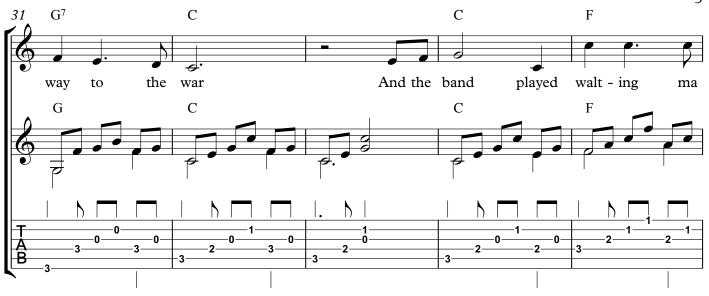


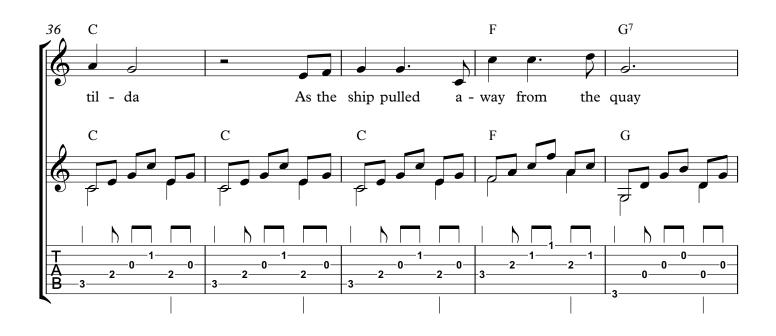


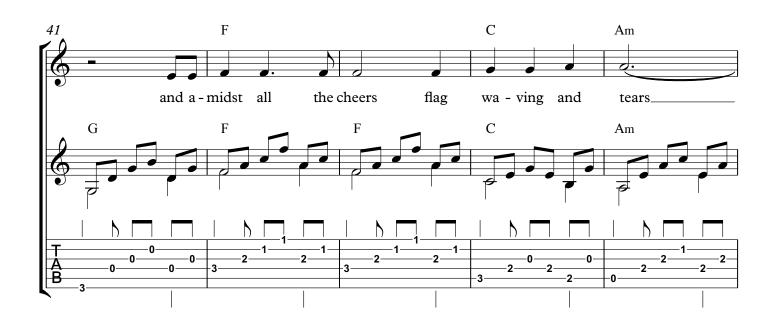


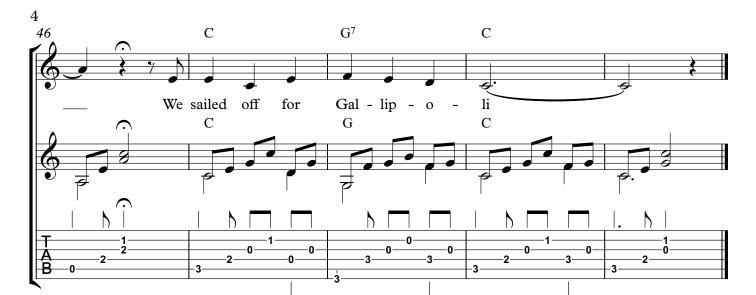












It well I remember that terrible day
When our blood stained the sand and the water
And how in that hell they call Suvla Bay
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter
Johnny Turk, he was ready, he primed himself well
He rained us with bullets, and he showered us with shell
And in five minutes flat, we were all blown to hell
He nearly blew us back home to Australia

And the band played Waltzing Matilda When we stopped to bury our slain Well we buried ours and the Turks buried theirs Then it started all over again

Oh those that were living just tried to survive In that mad world of blood, death and fire And for ten weary weeks I kept myself alive While around me the corpses piled higher Then a big Turkish shell knocked me arse over head And when I awoke in me hospital bed And saw what it had done, I wished I was dead I never knew there was worse things than dying

Oh no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda All around the green bush far and near For to hump tent and pegs, a man needs both legs No more waltzing Matilda for me

They collected the wounded, the crippled, the maimed And they shipped us back home to Australia The armless, the legless, the blind and the insane Those proud wounded heroes of Suvla And when the ship pulled into Circular Quay I looked at the place where me legs used to be And thank Christ there was no one there waiting for me To grieve and to mourn and to pity

And the Band played Waltzing Matilda When they carried us down the gangway Oh nobody cheered, they just stood there and stared Then they turned all their faces away

Now every April I sit on my porch And I watch the parade pass before me I see my old comrades, how proudly they march Renewing their dreams of past glories I see the old men all tired, stiff and worn Those weary old heroes of a forgotten war And the young people ask "What are they marching for?" And I ask myself the same question

And the band plays Waltzing Matilda And the old men still answer the call But year after year, their numbers get fewer Someday, no one will march there at all

Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda Who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me? And their ghosts may be heard as they march by the billabong So who'll come a-Waltzing Matilda with me?