

# Big Bad Bushranger

[John Williamson](#)

You've heard about Ned Kelly and those other famous crooks  
I've seen them on the TV, I've seen them in my picture books  
Well, here's a little song about a bloke so bad and mean  
An evil, vicious outlaw, the worst there's ever been Oh, out in the bush where the kookaburras fly where the  
gum trees reach to the clear blue sky  
There's a cave in the hillside where I hide, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger Deep in the cave there's a big, black  
hole that's filled to the brim with locks of gold  
And diamond rings and things I stole, I'm a big, bad bush-bush ranger Late at night when the sun goes down and  
everyone's asleep in town  
I count all my money in my dressing gown, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger I'm a bush, I'm a bush, I'm a bush-  
bush ranger  
Runnin' from the law, livin' on danger  
Bang, bang, hands up, stick 'em up straight  
I'm a big, bad bush-bush ranger Got a rope and a whip and a gun, of course, I'm chased everywhere by the bush  
police-force  
While I ride through the night on my big black horse, I'm a big, bad, bush-bush ranger And when the townsfolk  
see me ride they lock all the doors and stay inside  
And find a place that's safe to hide, I'm a big, bad, bush-bush ranger I ride thirty miles through the wind and hail  
to hold up a bank or the Royal Mail  
I give all my money to my girlfriend, Gayle, I'm a big, bad, bush-bush ranger I'm a bush, I'm a bush, I'm a bush-  
bush ranger  
Runnin' from the law, livin' on danger  
Bang, bang, hands up, stick 'em up straight  
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger I sleep every mornin' till half past nine, have m'brekky in bed, then rise and shine  
Get dressed in my best for my life of crime,

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