

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 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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