

The Pogues - And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

Tom: A

When I was a young man, I carried my pack.
 And I lived the free life, of a rover.
 From the Murray's green basin,
 To the dusty outback,
 I waltzed my matilda all over.
 Then in 1915, my country said "son"
 "It's time to stop rambling,"
 "Cos there's work to be done."
 So they gave me a tin hat,
 And they gave me a gun,
 And they sent me away to the war.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As we sailed away from the quay.
 And amidst all the cheers,
 And the shouts and the tears,
 We sailed off for Galipoli

How well I remember that terrible day,
 when the blood stained the sand and the water.
 And how in that hell
 that they called Souvla Bay
 We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.
 Johnny Turkey was ready, He'd primed himself well.
 He showered us with bullets,
 And he rained us with shells.
 And in five minutes flat,
 he'd blown us all to hell.
 Nearly blew us right back to Australia.

And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As we stopped to bury our slain.
 And we buried ours
 and the Turks buried theirs,
 And it started all over again.

Now those who were living, Did their best to survive,
 In that mad world of guts, blood, and fire.
 And for seven long weeks,
 I kept myself alive,
 As the corpses around me piled higher.

Then a big Turkish shell, Knocked me arse over tit.
 And when I awoke
 in my hospital bed,
 And saw what it had done,
 Christ I wished I was dead.
 Never knew there were worse things than dying.

And no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda,
 To the green bushes so far and near.
 For to hang tent and pegs
 A man needs two legs.
 No more Waltzing Matilda for me.

So they collected the crippled, The wounded and maimed,
 And they sent us back home to Australia.
 The legless, the armless,
 the blind and insane.
 Those proud wounded heroes of Souvla
 And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
 I looked at the place
 where my legs used to be.
 And thank Christ, there was nobody
 waiting for me,
 To grieve and to mourn and to pity.

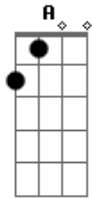
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
 As they carried us down the gangway.
 But nobody cheered,
 They just stood and stared,
 And they turned their faces away.

And now every April, I sit on my porch,
 And I watch the parades pass before me.
 I see my old comrades,
 How proudly they march.
 Reliving the dreams of past glory.
 I see the old men, all twisted and torn.
 The forgotten heroes
 of a forgotten war.
 And the young people ask me,
 What are they marching for?
 And I ask my self the same question.

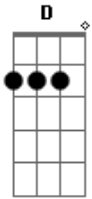
A
 And the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
D A
 And the old men still answer the call.
D E
 But year after year,
A

Their numbers get fewer,
E A
 Someday no-one will march there at all.
A D
 Waltzing Matilda, Waltzing Matilda
A E
 Who'll come a waltzing matilda with me?

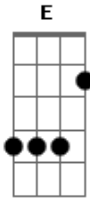
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