

## The Pogues - And The Band Played Waltzing Matilda

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Then a big Turkish shell, Knocked me arse over tit.
When I was a young man, I carried my pack.
                                                                     And when I awoke
                                                                     in my hospital bed,
And I lived the free life, of a rover.
From the Murray's green basin,
                                                                     And saw what it had done,
                                                                     Christ I wished I was dead.
To the dusty outback,
I waltzed my matilda all over.

E D A

Then in 1915, my country said "son"
                                                                     Never knew there were worse things than dying.
                                                                     And no more I'll go Waltzing Matilda,
"It's time to stop rambling,"
                                                                     To the green bushes so far and near.
"Cos there's work to be done."
                                                                     For to hang tent and pegs
So they gave me a tin hat,
                                                                     A man needs two legs.
And they gave me a gun,
                                                                     No more Waltzing Matilda for me.
And they sent me away to the war.
                                                                     So they collected the crippled, The wounded and maimed,
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
                                                                     And they sent us back home to Australia. 
 \ensuremath{\mathsf{E}}
As we sailed away from the quay.
                                                                     The legless, the armless,
And amidst all the cheers,
                                                                     the blind and insane.
And the shouts and the tears,
                                                                     Those proud wounded heroes of Souvla
We sailed off for Galipoli
                                                                     And as our ship pulled into Circular Quay
A D A
How well I remember that terrible day,
                                                                     I looked at the place
when the blood stained the sand and the water. 
 \ensuremath{\mathsf{E}}
                                                                     where my legs used to be.
And how in that hell
                                                                     And thank Christ, there was nobody
that they called Souvla_Bay
                                                                     waiting for me,
We were butchered like lambs at the slaughter.

E D A

Johnny Turkey was ready, He'd primed himself well.

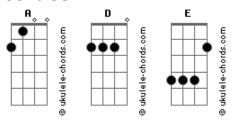
E D
                                                                     To grieve and to mourn and to pity.
                                                                     And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
He showered us with bullets,
                                                                     As they carried us down the gangway.
And he rained us with shells.
                                                                     But nobody cheered,
And in five minutes flat,
                                                                     They just stood and stared,
he'd blown us all to hell.
                                                                     And they turned their faces away.
Nearly blew us right back to Australia.
                                                                     And now every April, I sit on my porch,
And the band played Waltzing Matilda,
                                                                     And I watch the parades pass before me.
As we stopped to bury our slain.
                                                                     I see my old comrades,
And we buried ours
                                                                     How proudly they march.
and the Turks buried theirs,
                                                                     Reliving the dreams of past glory.

E D A
And it started all over again.
                                                                     I see the old men, all twisted and torn.
Now those who were living, Did their best to survive,
                                                                     The forgotten heroes
In that mad world of guts, blood, and fire.
                                                                     of a forgotten war.
And for seven long weeks,
                                                                     And the young people ask me, \frac{A}{A}
I kept myself alive,
                                                                     What are they marching for?
As the corpses around me piled higher.
                                                                     And I ask my self the same question.
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A D A
And the band plays Waltzing Matilda,
D E
And the old men still answer the call.
D
But year after year,
A

## **Acordes**



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?