

A ship is sailing into harbour
A party's waiting on the shore
And they're running up the flag now
And they want us all to cheer

Charlie's head nearly reaches the ceiling
But his feet don't touch the floor
From a prison issue blanket his body's swinging
He won't dance any more

Take me away from your dance floor
Leave me out of your parade
I have not the heart for dancing
For dancing on his grave

Hunted man out on the Barcoo
Broken man on Moreton Bay
Hunted man across Van Diemen's
Hunted man all swept away

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