

Big Man Down

The Rumjacks

They in their black battalion go,
Fit to weep, dressed to kill, to the chapel on the hill,
Through the wind and the blistering snow,
Unafraid, undisguised, to put pennies in his eyes,
The twist of a grin, the whiskers on his chin,
Hide the teeth of a giant, broken, yellow and defiant,
His bones lay crossed, he'll no be back,
He arrived in screaming pink, now he'll leave in silent black.
Cheer up ye lousy cadgers, I'll no be missed,
I've given ye all the day off work & leave to hit the piss,
So tart me up in finery & put me to the flame,
Don't plant me in the ground tho' for fear I'll grow again!
I know each & every line on your chiselled ugly faces,
Every red & bloated inch from noses down to laces,
Your nervous ticks, your treats & tricks, your secrets & your l
ies,
Oh if you could only see yourself through these old hollow eyes
,
You'd surely die!
Oh its farewell for now my lovelies,
Goodbye to your taunts & your charms,
To stout hearted fellows with tunes for the burning,
To waltzing in sweet Lassies arms,
I'm off on the blood red rattler,
With these villainous slappers & clowns,
With the coughing, the wheezing , the farting & sneezing,
Malevolent ghosts & their hounds.
As a choking cloud he rose,
To suffocate the lamp, the air was growing damp,
Oily black the river flowed,
The plough-beasts went blind, fruit hung rotten on the vine,
The holy ones prepare a sacrificial virgin,
The need for sinners to repent was ne'er before so urgent,
The tired & lame are goners, strong men have soiled their breeks,
All the roads are cut & its been pissing down for weeks!