

On The Floor

Company B

John Hewson:

Doctor who? Doctor Hewson! Sit up straight when I'm talking to you, son - the magical might from the radical right, I'm gonna light up the night with a scheme and a dream so bright so sit right back while we bite back, this is called Fightback - me and my G on the right track - and we don't stop 'till we get our way: GST - OK!

Band:

Hey! Oh! Hey! Oh!

Paul Keating:

GST? This is what you call salvation? To whack taxation over the nation? This is the bright new plan you bring? Fifteen percent on everything? I was a stick-up kid for capital gains, but the feeling wanes when you grow some brains! Poor law, my homies say: GST - no way!

Band:

Nay! No! Nay! No!

Hewson:

We're twenty points up, we're off the charts! We don't need you and your bleeding hearts! The poor and the sick'll have a trickle to suck, but if you give 'em a hand they just drag you down into the muck! That's why you're born to lose, you get stuck in the shit in your shiny shoes, and that's why you're gonna get blown away - 'cos you can't play like Doctor J!
You can't play like Doctor J!

Band:

You can't play like Doctor J!

Hewson:

I said, you can't play like Doctor J, no way, Jose!

Keating:

Oh no! They sent the Doctor to get us! It's like been flogged with warm lettuce and cabbages! The feral abacus! Come to savage us! He must be ravenous, ravenous!

Keating and Band:

Mister Mediocrity for the bunyip aristocracy!

Keating:

The member for Wentworth should be in bed, he's like a lizard on a rock, alive but lookin' dead. Old Dozy knows when I've got 'I'm, he always turns around when I drop one on 'I'm, it's some

thing he can't psychologically handle, him and his band of constitutional vandals, drones and pansies, frauds and mugs, blackguards, harlots, pigs and thugs, mindless stupid foul-mouthed grubs, you couldn't even raffle a chook in a pub! Barnyard bullies, crims and ghouls, dullards, dimwits, ninnies, clowns and fools and born-to-rules, over here we're born to rule you - you dishonest crew, you almost make me spew! Loopy intellectual hoboes! Brain-damaged dummies and desperadoes! Hare-brained hillbilly cheats, cheats, cheats! Well, they'll always be

Keating and Band:

Cheats! Cheats! Cheats!

Keating:

Useless motley corporate crooks and clots! Stunned mullet rustbucket boxheads! Scumbags and alley cats! You wanna fight back? Fight back! Fight back from that!

Hewson:

Well, alright, you think you've got it made, then let the game be played - why are you so afraid? You've got the cheek to critique and shriek that we're weak - let the people decide! Let the public speak! Make a correction! Call an election! Show us your miraculous resurrection! If the people hate me and you're so great, then why you wanna make me wait?

Keating:

Because...