Big Bad Bushranger

John Williamson

You've heard about Ned Kelly
and those other famous crooks
I've seen them on the TV
I've seen them in my picture books

Well, here's a little song about a bloke so bad and mean
An evil, vicious outlaw, the worst there's ever been

Oh, out in the bush where the kookaburras fly
where the gum trees reach to the clear blue sky
There's a cave in the hillside where I hide,
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger

Deep in the cave there's a big,
black hole that's filled to the brim with
locks of gold And diamond rings and
things I stole, I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger

Late at night when the sun goes down and

Everyone's asleep in town
I count all my money in my dressing gown,
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger

I'm a bush, I'm a bush,
I'm a bush-bushranger
Runnin' from the law,
livin' on danger
Bang, bang, hands up,
stick'em up straight
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger

Got a rope and a whip and a gun, of course,
I'm chased everywhere by the bush policeforce
While I ride through the night
on my big black horse,
I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger

And when the townsfolk
see me ride they lock all
the doors and stay inside
And find a place that's safe to hide,
I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger

I ride thirty miles through the wind and hail
to hold up a bank or theRoyal Mail
I give all my money to my girlfriend, Gayle
I'm a big, bad, bush-bushranger

I'm a bush, I'm a bush,
I'm a bush-bushranger
Runnin' from the law,
livin' on danger
Bang, bang, hands up,
stick'em up straight
I'm a big, bad bush-bushranger

I sleep every mornin'
till half past nine, have
m'brekky in bed, then rise and shine
Get dressed in my best for my life of crime

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