

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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