

## The Last Of McGee

The Pogues

There was Pierce and McGee and Brown he made three  
In chains they crossed the seas  
In Australia they stood, as bold comers would  
They made there own plans to leave  
To the bush they'd go, across the hills they'd roam  
with the birds off in the trees  
Farewell to the camp, the irons, and the lash  
into a lifetime of misery

The days passed by 'neath the tropical sky  
Where their thirst and hunger grew  
And as night fell in that empty hell  
They knew they would be their own food  
Pierce took the axe and with mighty hacks he put his old friend  
down  
And on the hard, dry ground  
The two sat down to fry up the last of Brown.

The ship shone bright in the middle of the night  
they took their own advice and stayed  
The two both knew that sometime soon  
They would sit down and long for meat  
As the sun rose Pierce began to toss  
No more he'd ever see  
Sever the head, to death he bled  
And then there was only McGee

Alone and lost, the voices of ghosts  
rang inside his head  
Tormented and dazed, his ashen eyes blazed  
He wished his own self dead  
A rope of hemp around his neck  
To hang from an old gum tree  
And as he hung  
The branch came down and finished the last of McGee