

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