

## With My Swag All On My Shoulder

The Seekers

When first we left old England's shores  
Such yarns as we were told  
As how folks in Australia  
Could pick up lumps of gold

So when we got to Melbourne Town  
We were ready soon to slip  
And get even with the captain  
We scuttled from the ship

With my swag all on my shoulder  
Black billy in my hand  
I travelled the bush of Australia  
Like a true born native man

We steered our course for Portland Town  
Then north west of Ballarat  
Where some of us got mighty thin  
And some got sleek and fat

Some tried their luck at Bindigo  
And some at Fiery Creek  
I made a fortune in a day  
And spent it in a week

With my swag all on my shoulder  
Black billy in my hand  
I travelled the bush of Australia  
Like a true born native man

So round the tucker tracks I tramp  
Nor leave them out of sight  
My swag's on my left shoulder  
And then upon my right

And then I take it on my back  
And oft upon it lie  
These are the best of tucker tracks  
So I'll stay here till I die

With my swag all on my shoulder  
Black billy in my hand  
I travelled the bush of Australia  
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