

Buckshot Up Ya Bum

Brian Venten



I don't care who you are said cap-tain Phil-lips to the crowd, To
 ev' - ry man I'm tel - ling you be - ware If I
 ev - er catch you wan - dring through the wo - men's huts at night, Then I'll
 fire a load of buck - shot up your bum.

Buck-shot up ya bum.

Ref:bv/bum1

Chorus

'I don't care who you are,' said Captain Phillips to the crowd,
 'To every man I'm tell'n you beware.
 If I ever catch you wandering round the women's huts at night,
 Then I'll fire a load of buck-shot up ya bum.'

Verse 1

The fleet of ships arrived in 1788,
 With 750 convicts crammed inside.
 Consined for transportation to aland called New South Wales,
 The men outnumbered women 3 to 1.

Verse 2

The convicts set to work to pitch the tents and build some huts,
 So all the women folk could come ashore.
 The 6th of Feb they rowed ashore all dressed in pretty clothes,
 What to expect they didn't know for sure.

Verse 3

The men were given rum in extra rations quite a few,
 And it wasn't long before the grog took hold.
 A drunken orgy followed and went on till late at night,
 And a young lad wrote the story for us all.

Verse 4

He sat beside a tree and pondered what he saw that day,
 And tradically said, 'nay this should not be.'
 Then Captain Phillips on the morn decided that he should
 speak out,
 And harangued them for their wild and drunken spree.

Verse 5

How nice it could've been had the men been gentlemen,
 And welcomed them with pride and dignity.
 If only they had valued them with honour and esteem,
 Cause I think that's what our womenfolk would want.

Verse 6

I think us blokes still struggle now to know just what to do,
 'Cause our attitudes 'aint changed alot since then.
 We still sit round the campfire warm and talk about last night,
 Perhaps we need some buck-shot up the bum.

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