Here we are in New South Wales, shearing sheep as big as whales
With leather necks and daggy tails and hides as tough as rusty nails
When shearing comes, lay down your drums
Step to the boards you brand new chums
With a rah-dum, rah-dum, rub-a-dub-dub
We'll send you back in the lime juice tub
The brand new chums and cocky sons
Fancy they're the greatest guns
Fancy they can shear the wool
But the beggars can only tear and pull
Although you live beyond your means
Your daughters wear no crinoleens
Nor are they bothered by boots or shoes
But live wild in the bush with the kangaroo
Home, it's home, I'd like to be
Far from the bush and the back country
Sixteen thousand miles I've come
To spend my life as a shearing bum