

South Australia

In South Australia I was born *Heave away, haul away* In South Australia round Cape Horn *We're bound for South Australia*

Chorus: *Haul away you rolling kings To me heave away, haul away All the way, you'll hear me sing We're bound for South Australia*

As I walked out one morning fair... 'Twas there I met Miss Nancy Blair...

I shook her up, I shook her down... I shook her round and round the town...

I run her all night and I run her all day... And I run her until we sailed away...

There ain't but one thing grieves me mind... To leave Miss Nancy Blair('s) behind...

And as we wallop around Cape Horn... You'll wish to God you'd never been born...

In South Australia my native land... Full of rocks and thieves and fleas and sand...

I wish I was on Australia's strand... With a bottle of whiskey in my hand...

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