

All For Me Job

*Oh it's all for me job,
Me bloody, bloody job,
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,
Since the award's been done away,
They've cut me leave and cut me pay,
Now the family and me must live in squalor.*

Where is me wife,
Me lovely, lovely wife,
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,
Working seven days a week,
You know we hardly ever meet,
Maybe I'll catch up with her tomorrow[er].

Where are me kids,
Me lovely, lovely kids,
Just to make the boss an extra dollar,
Since the last I saw them play,
They've grown up and moved away,
If you come across them kindly will you holler?

Chorus

I'm sick in the head
And I haven't been to bed,
The doctor says I ought to take more slumber,
But if I say I won't work back,
Then I'll get the bloody sack,
Then across the Western plains I must wander.

This land we used to know
As the land of the fair go,
All gone to make the boss an extra dollar,
But now in union we will fight
'Til we've won back every right,
Then we'll never need no more to live in squalor.

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