

Click Go the Shears

Chorus

Click go the shears boys, click, click, click,
Wide is his blow and his hands move quick,
The ringer looks around and he's beaten by a blow,
And curses the old snagger with the blue-bellied joe.

*A blue-bellied joe is a sheep with its stomach completely bare of wool
uh, a snagger is a lucky fella
what else .. the ringer, is the champion of the shearing team
That's enough, lets go*

Verse 1

Out on the boards the old shearer stands,
Grasping his shears in his thin bony hands
Fixed is his eye on the blue-bellied joe,
And glory if he gets her, won't he make the ringer go!

Verse 2

Out in the middle, on his cane-bottomed chair
Sits the boss of the joint, with his eyes everywhere,
He watches every fleece as it comes up to the screen,
Pays particular attention if it's taken off clean.

Verse 3

Well the tar-boy is there and he is in great demand
With his blackened tar-pot in his tarry hand,
He sees an old sheep with a cut upon her back
And this is what he is waiting for, "Tar here Jack!"

Verse 4

Well, the colonial experience man, he is there of course,
With his shiny leggings like he got off his horse,
He casts his brimming eyes around just like a connoisseur,
And you can hear him whistling, "Aren't I the perfect lure!"

Verse 5

Well the shearing is over, we've all had our pay,
Pack up your swags boys and lets be on our way,
The first pub we come to we'll all have a spree,
With everybody shouting out, "Well, have a drink with me."