

Tom Traubert's Blues (Waltzing Matilda)

Rod Stewart

Wasted and wounded
And it ain't what the moon did
I got what I paid for now
See you tomorrow Hey, Frank, can I borrow
A couple of bucks from you
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me I'm an innocent victim of a blinded alley
And I'm tired of all these soldiers here
No-one speaks English and everything's broken
And my strength is soaking away
To go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll go a waltzing Matilda with me Now I've lost my St. Christopher
Now that I kissed her
And the one-arm bandit knows
And the maverick Chinaman
With the cold-blooded sigh
And the girls down by the striptease shows go Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll go a waltzing Matilda with me No I don't want your sympathy, fugitives say
That the streets aren't for dreaming now
Manslaughter dragnet
And the ghost that sells memories
Want a piece of the action anyhow Go waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda
You'll go waltzing Matilda with me
And it's a battered old suitcase in a hotel someplace
And a wound that would never heal
No prima donnas the perfume is on
And old shirt that is stained with blood and whiskey And it's goodnight to the street-sweepers
The night watchmen flame-keepers
And goodnight Matilda too
Goodnight Matilda too

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