

# Nine Miles from Gundagai



I                      V      I                                  IV  
 I'm used to punching bullock teams across the hills and plains  
     I    II<sup>m</sup>    I       V                    V7  
 I've teamed outback these forty years in blazing droughts and rains  
 I                      V      I                                  IV  
 I've lived a heap of troubles down without a blooming lie  
     I                  II<sup>m</sup>    I                  III<sup>m</sup>    I  
 But I cant forget what happened to me nine miles from Gun-da-gai

Twas getting dark the team got bogged the axel snapped in two  
 I lost my matches and my pipe ah what was I to do  
 The rain came on twas bitter cold and hungry too was I  
 And the dog sat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai

Some blokes I know have stacks of luck no matter how they fall  
 But there was I lord luvva duck no blessed luck at all  
 I couldn't make a pot of tea nor get my trousers dry  
 And the dog sat in the tucker box nine miles from Gundagai

I can forgive the blinking team I can forgive the rain  
 I can forgive the dark and cold and go through it again  
 I can forgive my rotten luck but hang me till I die  
 I cant forgive that blooming dog nine miles from Gundagai

But that's all dead and past and gone I've sold the team for meat  
 And where I got the bullocks bogged now there is an asphalt street  
 The dog ah well he took a bait and reckoned he would die  
 I buried him in that tucker box nine miles from Gundagai