

# The Broken-Down Squatter

D Bm D G

Come Stum - py old man we must shift while we  
 No more shall we muster the riv - er for  
 When the count - ry was cursed by the drought at it's  
 'Twas done with - out rea - son, For leav - ing the sea -

A7 D G D

can all your mates in the pad - dock are dead  
 fats Or spiel on the fif - teen mile plain  
 worst And the cat - tle were dy - ing in scores  
 son No squat - ter could stand such a rub

A7 D Em

let us bid our fare - wells to Glen Eva's sweet  
 Or rip through the scrub by the light of the  
 Though down on my luck I kept up my  
 For it's use - less to squat When the rents are so

A7 D

dells And the hills where your lord - ship was bred  
 moon Or see the old stock - yard a - gain  
 pluck Think - ing jus - tice might tem - per the laws  
 hot That you can't save the price of your grub

Bm D G

To geth - er to roam from our dought strick - en  
 Leave the slip panels down it don't mat - ter much  
 But the farce has been played and the gov - ern - ment  
 And there's not much to choose 'Twixt the banks and the

20

A7 D G A7

home It's — tough that such things have to be — And it's  
 now There are none but the crows left to see — Perch ing  
 aid Ain't ex - ten - ded to squat - ters like me — When my  
 screws Once a fel - low gets put up a tree — No —

25

D Em

hard on a horse to have nought for a boss but a  
 gaunt on yon pine as though long - ing to dine On a  
 mon - ey was spent They — dou - bled the rent And re -  
 odds what I feel There's no court of a - peal For a

29

A7 D

brok - en down squat - ter like me —  
 brok - en down squat - ter like me —  
 sumed the best half of the run —  
 brok - en down squat - ter like me —

32

G D Bm

For the banks are all bro - ken they say — And the merch - ants are

38

A7 D Bm D G

all up a tree — When the big - wigs are brought to the bank - rupt - cy

44

D A7 D

court What hope for a squat - ter like me —