

# Bundaberg Rum

Bun - da - berg rum and it's ov - er proof rum. Will tan your in - side and grow  
 hair on your bum. The wous-ers who won't drink we' - ll give them the  
 thumb, sopasround you'-re bot-tleandwe'll drink to our rum.  
 God made the sug - ar cane grow where it's hot, and tee tot - al ab - stain - ers to  
 grow where it's not. Let the sin bo - sun warn of per - dit - ion to  
 come. We'll drink it and chance it so bring on the rum.

We're men who drink it, oh yes men indeed,  
 Of the bushranging hairy necked olden time breed,  
 We shave with our axes, we dress in old rags,  
 We feed on old boots and we sleep with old bags.

Dull care flies away when our voices resound,  
 And the grass shrivels up when we spit on the ground,  
 When finally we die and are buried in clay,  
 Our bodies are pickled and never decay.

On the Morning of Judgement, when the skies are rolled back,  
 We'll stroll from our graves up that long golden track,  
 And our voices will echoe throughout Kingdom Come,  
 As we toast the archangels in Bundaberg Rum.

C V1 C V2 C V3 C V4 C C