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## Poor Bugger Charlie

Poor bugger Charlie's back in goal, got no money to pay his bail  
Picked up drunk on the street last night might have been OK if he'd been white  
Woah, woah, woah

Now Charlie and the white man's law had crossed sword many times before  
So one of the coppers who pulled him in bruised his hand on Charlie's chin  
Woah, woah, woah

Now Charlie was no diplomat, he hauled off and punched the copper back  
That was Charlie's first mistake, the second was callin' the judge "Snowflake"  
Who, woah, woah

Chorus:

Poor bugger Charlie's back in goal, woah, woah, woah  
Got no money to pay his bail, woah, woah, woah

The judge looked at Charlie with cold blue eyes, his contempt was undisguised  
"Why did you hit the constable?" said he, "Oh" said Charlie "He hit me"  
Woah, woah, woah

"It's my duty " said the judge "to keep, people like you off the city streets  
No one is safe until I do so I'm going to make an example of you"  
Woah, woah, woah

"I set five thousand dollars as your bail, it's either that or 3 months gaol"  
"Oh" said Charlie "I can't pay", "Right" said the judge "take him away"  
Woah, woah, woah

Charlie's in a cell sixteen by ten with a bucket, a blanket and two Koori men  
One two dollar flagon of rotgut wine and Charlie's doin' three months time  
Woah, woah, woah  
Three poor bloody Kooris locked in a zoo, one got paroled and then there were two  
Another got sick and that left one, he hanged himself and then there was none  
Woah, woah, woah

### Coda

When they came in the mornin' they found Charlie hangin'  
From the bars in the window, shirt wrapped round his neck  
Too far from his people, too far from the Dreaming  
Too far down the wrong road to ever turn back  
You were caught on the shore as the white tide was risin'  
You were drownin' from the moment you drew your first breath  
Now your voice has been lost in the sound of their singing  
As they pointed the bone and they sung you to death.