

Mate

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Some folks say my old mate is gonna come to no good.
Well he's a bit of a roughie,
And he doesn't always act like he should.

When there's trouble brewing, he won't hesitate,
No doubt about it, he's a bloody good mate.

Mate, we've been through thick and thin,
The times you've saved my skin,
When I needed a friend,
Whoa,
You've jumped right in.

Now, he brings home all kinds of dead things,
He likes to show everyone.
And he gets a bit on the nose sometimes,
And he's proud of what he's done.

Down by the chook house,
A King Brown was waiting to strike,
Well mate you rushed in and you probably saved my life.

Mate, we've been through thick and thin,
The times you've saved my skin,
When I needed a friend,
Whoa,
You've jumped right in.

Now he's seen better days and he just hangs about,
He's lost a few teeth now,
And his coats falling out,
It'll break my heart; after all we've done,
When I call his name,
And he don't come.

Mate, we've been through thick and thin,
The times you've saved my skin,
When I needed a friend,
Whoa...

Whoa, mate.

How the years roll by,
You're always at my side,
When I needed a friend,
Whoa,
You've jumped right in.

Whoa, mate.

Mate.