

A Tale They Won't Believe

Captain Tractor

We left Macquarie Harbour it was in the pouring rain
None of us quite sure if we would see England again
Some fool muttered death or liberty
There was six of us together a jolly hungry crew
And as the days went by you know our hunger quickly grew
Some fool muttered death or liberty

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
And our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
We were only trying to keep ourselves alive
But when the sun came up next morning well the six had turned to five

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

All five of us were nervous and I'll tell you that's a fact
Bu you should have seen the bastard who was carrying the axe
He was a sick man he had murder in his heart

And then we reached the Franklin River, and it took two days to cross
We were wet and almost starvin' and for food were at a loss
We were hungry men with murder on our minds

So that night we made a fire out of twigs and out of bark
And our stomachs they were rumbling all through the night so dark
And they were making noises the dead could not ignore
And when the sun came up next morning
The five had turned to four!

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

Well the four of us kept marching to a place called Western Teirs
A country full of tasty game but for us it held no cheer
We had no guns we were traveling without hope
But the axe it loomed so ominous and God's hand was at play
A sick man is a type of game which can not run away
So stay easy, my poor man, your time's at hand

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
And our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
I can't say I feel guilty, after all it wasn't me
But when the sun came up next morning the four had turned to three

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

Well the three of us kept moving but one was fading fast

He had been bitten by a snake and you could see he would not last
Stay easy my good man your time is at hand
And when he could last no longer his days were fading fast
We were far to weak to carry him subsistancy comes first
Stay easy my good man your time is at hand

So that night we made fires out of twigs and out of bark
And our stomachs they were grumbling all through the night so dark
It was a messy job but it was one we had to do
But when the sun came up next morning (guess what) the three had turned to two

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

Now he had been looking at me funny, sort of eyeing me for days
And you would not need to be too bright to know that bastard's ways:
He was a sick man, he had murder in his heart
But even bastards have to rest, and even bastards have to sleep
And when he was in the land of Nod straight over I did creep
And the axe that he had wielded now was mine

So that night, I made the fire, out of twigs and out of bark
And my stomach it kept rumbling all through the night so dark
I can't say that I enjoyed it, and it wasn't exactly fun
But when the sun came up next morning, the two had turned to one!

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

Well now history is a pack of lies, as any fool can tell
So when I got down to Hobart town I told my story well
But do you think they would believe one word I said?
For they thought that I was covering for my mates still at large
Said they'd be roaming in the bush so wild and free
And back to old Macquarie Harbour they sent me

But I remember the fires made out of twigs and made of bark
And my stomach it was grumbling all through the night so dark
And this young fool he just said to me it's liberty or death
And he looked a rather tasty one, I just could not help it singing

And I said, right there's another one, don't you frown
Chew the meat and hold it down, It's a tale they won't believe
When I get down to Hobart town

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