

Taipan

Cold Chisel

Taipan
He'll get you when he can
Ooh
He'll get you when he can

Makes his home in a mangrove tree
Sleep plantation family
White man planter, Bundaberg rum
Childhood rattle, trumpet and drum

Stay with me
Stay with me, oh yeah
Until the morning comes

Taipan
He'll get you when he can
Ooh
He'll get you when he can

These days, I can't explain
But I can smell the monsoon rain
Seasons come, and seasons turn
More and more, canefields burning
Early in the morning, the afternoon
Pathways blazed in a mangrove moon
Burning down my eyes

(Railroad goes, Kalamia mill
If the heat don't get you, Taipán will
Six o'clock, the whistle sings
C.S.R. is the sugar-cane king)

Stay with me
Stay with me
Taipan
He'll get you when he can
Ooh
He'll get you when he can