Well we tried 'em all the babbling brooks, the cooks and the cuckoos,

Between them and wilful murders, there's not a lot to choose,

Oh we get 'em every season and I am more or less resign.

When riding in for tucker, to hear the cook has pulled his time.

For the flour is always weepy and the beef is always tough,

And no matter what the wages are, oh, they never are enough,

They growl about the water and they moan about the wood.

And no matter where you make the camp, it's never any good.

(Grizzling so and so's)

The offsider's always lazy and the men eat twice as much,

As any other blokes I've met and your just a such as such,

Oh the beef is always under cooked, the spuds are hard as hell,

And what they put in rissoles would be really hard to tell.

Oh there isn't any picnic when your bullocks rush all night,

To come riding in when daybreak, cook's a shadow all a flight,

To find the billy cans are cold and the beef all boiled to rag.

And when you've had your say old mate, the cook has rolled his swag.

(hey!)

We only had one decent cook, he made bread like a dream.

He made us soup and puddings with some buns for in between,

He never moaned, he never groaned, for two days was content.

Till we asked for second helpings and the barmaid snatched his rent.

So now I've kind of had it an' when the season thru again,

You may look among the ringers but you'll look for me in vain,

For I'm sending to the city for a Mrs Beaten's book, And next year I'll get my own back, for I'm goin' out as cook.

(Hey)

Oh we get 'em every season and I am more or less

resign, $\label{eq:when_riding} \mbox{When riding in for tucker, to hear the cook has pulled his time }$