

Bar The Door Casey

The Rumjacks

Bar the door Casey, don't let me in,
My shade'll not cross your dear threshold again,
Bar the door Casey, mind the way well,
And send my poor ghost on to heaven or hell.
We've fought scores of sailors for the suds frae a keg,
O'er the draw of a card, or a rare glimpse of leg,
We've graced Kuta's beaches with our pallid white skin,
Now Casey old mate, my barge has come in.
We've stormed foreign strands & taken our knocks,
Held fast to our picket & lay siege to the docks,
We've mourned pals & lovers too long fore their time,
Now Casey old China, the parting is mine.
I've penned a few lines to my missus of years,
If ye find where she's stayin, don't wait for the tears,
And I've left a wee sum for to see me away,
And a pint to fond memory at the close of the day.