

Fact'ry Jack

The Rumjacks

Old Jack Drury worked at the brewery
Luggin' them bottles and cans
'Til the steam age came crushed six mens jobs
And Jackies two good hands
So they killed the lights and chained the doors
They were fresh back from a bloody war
So for three whole days kept the coppers at bay
Raidin' the company store

Our Jack he were a hell of a clown
Even the march o' years couldn't run him down
He were a real human, rough-cut diamond
They're never many around
He said, 'Angers wasted on the youth
And wisdom on the old it's the truth
I put the kids through hell but I taught 'em well
How to tip it all on its roof.'

Oh dear what can the matter be?
Seven young men they were locked in a factory
They were there from Thursday to Saturday
Oh what a horrid affair
Oh dear what can the matter be?
Seven young men they were locked in a factory
They were there from Thursday to Saturday
Oh what a sorry affair

He sad, 'The black people and the white
Should be out hookin' up tonight
Makin' pretty little brown skinned babies
With one less reason to fight
Don't set your watch by Sydney trains
And don't ever try to build
On them sacred lands, on tidal sands
Or the hearts of foolish girls.'

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'They say Saturdays child works a long hard day
And I've given it all I can give
So you can stop tryin' to sell me a funeral plan
I've only just learned how to live
So pass the dutchie, wreck the halls
Leave public art on public walls
And get crackin' on a way to keep evil at bay
Don't say you weren't told...'

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