

The Shed

John Williamson

Hey, did you ever wake up in the morning
On the wrong side of the bed
I bit confused and yawning
You go straight out the back to your shed

Yeah, all Australian boys need a shed
A place where he can go, somewhere to clear his head
To think about the things his woman said
Yeah, all Australian boys need a shed

A joint to learn to read an' write, to work on his bike at night
To grow up as he likes, to grow anything under lights
A place to keep his tools, nuts and bolts and drills
To hang a hide, to hide the dry or hang to pay the bills

Well my old shed, she leaks a bit, the roof is caving in
Nothing that a bloke can't fix with a few spare sheets of tin
The beams are old telegraph poles, white ants have eaten them
She creaks and sways on windy days and leans towards the sound

Yeah, all Australian boys need a shed

At the back of the shed where the dogs are fed near last years
bails of lucern
Sticky tall green leaves came up from thrown out seeds
All it took was bantam poop, I watered 'em once and they grew some
They should be prime 'bout Easter time if no nosy neighbour steals 'em

Yeah, all Australian boys need a shed
To weld up broken gates, a place for all his mates
To come 'round Sunday arvo' for a gin
A place to make a racket, to find the pipe and pack it
To think about the things his woman said
Yeah, all Australian boys need a shed
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