

(1st Verse Slow)

When the [C] summer sun shines brightly on [F] Australia's happy land
 'Round [G7] countless fires in strange attires you'll see many happy [C] bands
 Of glum Australians watching, their [F] lunch go up in flames
 By the [G7] smoke and the smell you can plainly tell it's barby time a[C]gain

CHORUS

Oh when the [C] steaks are burning fiercely
 And the [F] smoke gets in your eyes
 When the [G7] snags all taste like fried toothpaste
 And your mouth is full of[C]flies
 It's a national institution it's
 [F] Australian through and through
 So [G7] come on mate and grab your plate
 Let's have a barbe[C]que

The [C] Scots eat lots of haggis the [F] French eat snails and frogs
 The [G7] Greeks go crackers over their mousakas, the Yankees love hot [C] dogs
 The Welsh they like to have a leek the [F] Irish love their stew
 But you [G7] just can't beat, that half-cooked meat at an Aussie barbe[C]que

CHORUS

There's [C] flies stuck to the margarine the [F] bread has gone rock hard
 The [G7] kids are fighting, the mossies are biting, who forgot the aero[C]guard?
 There's bull-ants in the esky and the [F] beer is running out
 And [G7] what you saw in Mum's coleslaw you just don't think a[C]bout

CHORUS

And [C] when the barby's over and it's [F] homeward way you wend
 With a [G7] queasy tummy on the family dunny many lonely hours you [C] spend
 You might find yourself reflecting as [F] many often do
 Come [G7] rain or shine that's the bloody last time you have a barbe[C]que

CHORUS x 2