

THE MOUNT LOFTY RANGERS TOP 41



Art work by Vytas Serelis

RANGERS TOP 41

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MOUNT LOFTY RANGERS THEME SONG*Words & Music by P. Beagley.*

A strange band of people in the Mount Lofty Rangers
 Gather ev'ry Sunday at a picnic in the park
 Don't matter if the sun don't shine, or even if it rains
 The rangers blow their brains from dawn till dark.

And how they play...ay...ay
 Like children in the sun, when the world had just begun
 In the backwoods, by the jail
 And when they...ay...ay
 People all around jus' pick up on that sound
 And they know that the rangers are out on the trail.

SOLO

And the songs they sing will always bring a tear to your eye
 And you know that feelin' comes from the heart
 And that sweet country music will get you by and by
 When you hear that crazy guitar-pickin' start.

And how they play...ay...ay
 Like children in the sun, when the world had just begun
 In the backwoods, by the jail
 And when they play...ay...ay
 People all around jus' pick up on that sound
 And they know that the rangers are out on the trail

SOLO

The Mount Lofty Rangers is the name of the band
 And the members come from near and far away
 They've all travelled far, in this great forgotten land
 And now they're back home to stay.

And how they play...ay...ay
 Like children in the sun, when the world had just begun
 In the backwoods, by the jail
 And when they play...ay...ay
 People all around jus' pick up on that sound
 And they know that the rangers are out on the trail
 And they know that the rangers are out on the trail
 And they know that the rangers are out...on...the...trail.

COUNTRY LADY

Words & Music by M. Berg

Country lady that I once knew
Asked me why I did not marry
I said I would tell her true
It would be too much to carry

Said she'd love me anyway
Even though she knew I'd leave her
And there was no need to say
I knew I would not forget her.

SOLO

You know her love was so good
That we lay there all the day
And I said I'd be back soon
Back to see my country lady.

*My country lady
My country lady.*

LAWN MOWER'S LAMENT

Words - Steve Foster
Peter Beagley

Music - Peter Beagley

The Botanical Gardens lie deep in my heart
For quite a time they played a large part
In my life, in my life
Played a large part in my life.

When Summer came round, and the lawns all burned brown
There was nothin' to do, but just lay around
Lay around, lay around
Nothin' to do, but just lay around.

Then Autumn leaves fell, and dappled the ground
And life was a rainbow of colour and sound
In my mind, in my mind
Of colour and sound in my mind.

Then Winter came down on the trees in the park
And knee-deep in mud, I toiled until dark
Until dark, until dark
Knee-deep in mud, I toiled until dark.

Then golden blossoms of Springtime burst forth
And I put down my mower, and headed on north
To the sun, to the sun
Headed on north to the sun.

Now I'm retired, and left to grow old
I sometimes return to look at the hole
That I dug, that I dug
I sometimes return, to look at the hole that I dug.

EAGLE ON THE HILL

Words & Music by Trevor Warner

There's a little old place I remember; way back when
I was young and we use' to hang around
Now that I'm far away from there, my memories
keep callin' me; back to the place they call
The Eagle on the Hill.

*There's an Eagle on the Hill back in sunny old S.A.
That's where we used to go when we were young
Now all I've got is memories of you and me and Bill
That's where he took you from me at The Eagle on the Hill.*

Now the years have gone and I remember, way back when
Life has still the same old memories
The times we had together there, seems like only yesterday
The hills, the trees, the singin', at the Eagle on the Hill.

*There's an Eagle on the Hill back in sunny old S.A.
That's where we used to go when we were young
Now all I've got is memories of you and me and Bill
That's where he took you from me at The Eagle on the Hill.*

WHITE LIGHTNIN'

Words & Music by P. Beagley

When Granny got covered in cowshit
While doin' the milkin' one morn
We laughed till our sides were near split
'Cos she looked so doggone forlorn.
But the boys knew how to save the day
They jus' brought that good ole bottle out
One swig and Granny was away
And the neighbours could all hear her shout.

*That good ole "white lightnin"
Takes all your troubles away
Makes a man feel like fightin'
And keeps the women lovin' all day.*

When the Murphy's and the Kelly's were a-feudin'
It warn't safe to walk the hills late at night
But we found ole Gran-paw a doodlin'
And a-singin' with all of his might.
And when we asked what the hell he'd bin doin'
He jus' grinned and twinkled his eye
"I've bin out," he said, "billin' an' cooin'
An' Kelly's daughter's gonna love me till I die."

*That good ole white lightnin'
Takes all your troubles away
Makes a man feel like fightin'
And keeps the women lovin' all day.*

First Sunday ev'ry month we go to the city
To stock up on supplies for the boys
"Cos they tend to get sorta shitty
If they miss out on their pride and their joy.
Now a man's best friend these days it seems
Is no longer a dog or a horse
And a ranger's gas-tronomic dream
Is "white lightnin" with a pie and lotsa sauce.

*That good ole "white lightnin"
Takes all your troubles away
Makes a man feel like fightin'
And keeps the women lovin' all day.*

(twice)

SOMETIMES

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Sometimes, I wanna be
Left just by myself
Wanna slip away and hide somewhere
Alone, on a shelf
Where no-one can get near me
To interrupt my mind
And I can dwell upon all sorts of things
And quietly sip my wine
It tastes so sweet, and it's mine.

People can't always see
Why I feel this way
They think I should always be
Workin' all the day
If only they would stop to think
"Bout the vicious web they're in
They'd try to get off that train they're on
For it's a race they'll never win
Stop, and get off that train.

SOLO (on train rhythm)

Alone, in the ev'nin'
I sit and drink my wine
Away from the noisy streets
Left so far behind
I meditate upon the moon
And the stars in the night
And smoke a magic cigarette
And everythin' comes right
And I know how the world came to be.

PERFECTION IS A PROBLEM

Words & Music By Greg Barker

Want to sing a simple song, just to make my
Feelings known, Lived in homes, been all alone,
Laid some bummers and some good ones
I want you to know.

A simple song for you and me,
Try it on it all comes free,
Let it flow and take it when you go.
It's the country summer feeling, you really should know.

*Perfection is a problem for a poor boy.
And I can't see no reason for my shame.
Give me the password, or I'll become a jailbird.
And then I'll know just where to lay the blame*

SOLO

Tried to laugh but had to cry,
When they said I couldn't fly
Time passed by, found things to try,
Found some truth and heard some bad lies, just askin' why.

*Perfection is a problem for a poor boy.
And I can't see no reason for my shame.
Give me the password, or I'll become a jailbird.
And then I'll know just where to lay the blame.*

Finally learned a thing or two,
Lived in fields and cities too.
Don't you know, where children go
The real Mt. Lofty Ranges callin' to you.

*Perfection is a problem for a poor boy,
And I can't see no reason for my shame.
Give me the password, or I'll become a jailbird.
And then I'll know just where to lay the blame.*

CLARISSA

Words & Music By Bo

*Clarissa it was you
Who led me through the fields
Showed me things
I never thought you knew
Was a warm Aldgate afternoon
I confess the things we did
I never thought we'd do.*

*Clarissa it was you
Who lay with me that night
Moon beams silver
Silken in your hair
And when awakened
By the morning light
We just lay there.*

EVERYBODY'S WOMAN

Words by M. Berg.

She's everybodys
And she don't care no more
She's everybodys
And she don't care no more
Everyone's welcome
She don't lock her door.

She's a woman
And she found out too soon
She's a woman
That she found out too soon
She wants lovin' and
She don't care with whom.

*Everybody's woman, everybody's woman
Everybody's woman, everybody's woman
She's everybody's woman
But she don't care no more.*

She was only sixteen
When her daddy left her ma'
Her ma' her ma' her ma'
She was only sixteen
When her daddy left her ma'
Her ma' her ma' her ma'
A mean old man,
Was her brand new Pa'.

From the start
She didn't like him none.
Oh no, didn't like him none
From the start
She didn't like him none
Oh no, didn't like him none
She left home
And now she lives for fun.

*Everybody's woman, everybody's woman
Everybody's woman, everybody's woman
She's everybody's woman
But she don't care no more.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

MY LADY

Words & Music By P. Beagley

My lady looks so tired, she's been workin' all the day
And I feel my back is breakin' from searchin' for the way
But the time is comin' when the dark clouds will have passed
And we'll sing in the sunshine, of a love we know will last.

We've travelled over distant lands, in search of many things
Been clothed in tattered rags, and adorned with diamond rings
And now a time of Purgat'ry has come to try us both
But hardship is a sometime thing, it cannot break our love.

*She's my lady, my lady love
She's my lady, my lady love.*

We've seen too much together, to let any single thing
Make us not remember, that we once knew how to sing
These troubled times will matter not, when reminiscing soon
I'll dress her in the finest silks, that shine beneath the moon.

We'll reap the seeds we've sown so far, as prophets have fortold
And reach the land of golden light, before we grow too old
And maybe lookin' back to find, the times that seemed the best
These days together with our love, will stand above the rest.

*She's my lady, my lady love
She's my lady, my lady love
Adellada lady adellada lady adellada lady oo!*

TAKING HER HOME

Words & Music By Steve Foster

The train, it was leaving the station
The platform was empty and cold
The rain fell so slow,
There was no-where to go,
And it all made a young boy feel so old.

Taking her home. They're taking her home.

The train began moving so slowly
The poor boy's head moved so fast
He shuffled his feet
How his poor heart did beat
The clouds rolled by, the rain slowly passed.

Taking her home. They're taking her home.

They're taking her back to somewhere she never came from.
They're taking her back 'cause her folks
Feel the poor girl's gone wrong.

Leaving one broken-hearted city
Boy and a sad country song.
True there's no place like home, when
She's home there's no place to belong.

Taking her Home. They're taking her home.

BABY YOU'RE JUST

Words & Music by Steve Foster

You used to fill me with thunder and lightning
I used to shiver to your touch
I was happy just to walk along side you,
You used to love me so much.

But now every time I see you,
You just seem to bring me down
You're the reason I had to be leaving
The old home town.

Well I tried hard to understand you
I heard every word you said
But Baby you're just like a movie I've seen
or a book that I have read.

I played my guitar the whole night long
just to write this farewell song
I hope the words get home to you
But by then I will be gone

You can search the whole world over
You can dream your life away,
But me I'll just be what I am
I beleive it's the only way.

Well I tried hard to understand you
I heard every word you said,
But baby you're just like a movie I've seen,
Or a book that I have read.

SUNLIGHT, MOONLIGHT

Words & Music By Steve Foster

Sunlight sits on a sea of swallows
Parting the sky so the earth can see
Moonlight flits to a maiden's fair skin
Lying alone neath a cedar tree.

When she awakens
High on that hill
Lost in the dreams of a child.
Down the hill running
Into the stillness
Why was she born so wild?

LOOKING IN YOUR EYES

Words & Music by Steve Foster

*Looking in your eyes is like walking down
a country mile
My feet feel happy and my face is
wearing a smile
And if I have to have a reason for the
Way I feel tonight
Then looking in your eyes is like walking down
a country mile.*

It's just another dawn that's breaking
Lord how my heart is aching,
Just to hold you out there
where you lay.

It's just another silvered morning,
yet I feel I've just been born and
You and I are finally on our
Way home.

*Looking in your eyes is like walking down
A country mile
My feet feel happy and my face is
wearing a smile
And if I have to have a reason for the
Way I feel tonight
Then looking in your eyes is like walking down
A country mile.*

THE ROCK & ROLL REVIVAL RAG

Words & Music by Steve Foster

I don't want to play in no Rock 'n'
Roll Revival
I'd like to hear something new
and clean
And if all those people are still
playing for survival
Then an end to something is
Something they've never seen.

*'Cos you can
Read about it in the newspapers,
Watch it on y... T.V. sets
It all sounds the same anyway
It's all over the streets
And it's on all the bill-board signs
And it's enough to bring a good man down.*

I don't want to have to plug in
so you can hear me
I like to have my music with me
Every where I go
And if playing to thousands of pigs can
Make you happy
All that I can say is that I'm happy
where I am.

*You can buy it at the record store,
Hear it on the radio,
I listen to it as you're driving home,
You can hear it at you local dance,
Or Steal it from somebody else
And it's enough to bring a
good man down.
Yes it's enough to bring a good
Man down.*

OH HOW I MISS THE COUNTRY

Words & music by M. Berg.

Home made bread like my mamma used to make
I've been missing for a long, long time
Living like I'm dead and I don't know
When I'll wake
And the days just pass me by.

When I was a boy sitting on my Daddy's knee
In a house he built from wood
Don't know what the future had in store for me
And I don't know whether I should.

*Oh how I miss the country
And I miss those country days
Oh isn't it funny
How a man can get this way.*

SOLO

Then I left my home and my mamma cried
Son, what are you going to do
Go out on my own so I'll know that I've tried
Told her that I'd see her soon.

One of these days I'm gonna pack my bags
And I'm gonna hitch a ride back home
I will mend my ways and put on my old rags
And I'll buy a piece of country of my own.

*Oh how I miss the country
And I miss those country days
Oh isn't it funny
How a man can get this way*

(3 times)

NEVER STOP BELIEVIN'

Words & Music by Greg Barker

Wait a minute, can't you hear the music?
Let it free you for a while
I know you can feel it
Just close you eyes and smile

Here it comes, that good ol' Country feeling
Try to keep it on your mind
Some day you're really gonna need it
So come on, help yourself while you've got time

*If we can sing it all together
It doesn't matter whether
You are left, or wrong, or right,
Don't fight, take it easy
Let the music make you high.*

Life can bring you down and leave you crying
For the dream you've always known
In time you'll see there's no denying
Love will find your dream and laughter leads it home.

So if tomorrow is the day that you are leaving
Goin' to some place where you have never been
Don't you ever stop beleiving
Love's the only way you can be free

*If we can sing it all together
It doesn't matter whether
You are left, or wrong, or right
Don't fight, take it easy
Let the music make you high.*

SOLO VERSE 16 bars
SOLO CHORUL 14 bars

Can you hear the music?
don't it make you feel alive?
I know you can feel it
Just takes a little love to get you high.

*If we can sing it all together
It doesn't matter whether
You are left, or wrong, or right
Don't fight, take it easy
Let the music make you high.*

I WISH I WAS STONED

Words & Music by P. Beagley

I wish I was stoned now,
Right out of my mind,
Caus' I feel all alone now,
And I gotta' unwind,
Been workin' so hard babe,
Lord its Killin' me,
But I play my cards babe,
And I'll soon be free.

Hand me that good wine now,
Let me drink it dry,
Yeah it looks so fine now,
Gonna' give it a try.
Want to wipe myself out babe,
I got nothin' to lose,
Don't ask what it's about babe,
Just pass me that booze.

SOLO

Don't care about tomorrow,
That's another day,
Gonna drown my sorrow,
And spend all of my pay.
Let's have a good time babe,
And live while we can,
Help me drink that wine babe,
Be my lovin' man
Help me drink that wine babe,
be my lovin' man.

EVERYTHING IS EVERYTHING

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Funny how, silver clouds, seem to move so slow
Far away, yet so near
Drift along, right or wrong, everybody knows
Everything is everything here.

8 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

Watch the crystal, chandelier, break before my eyes
As you walk, through the door, into the crowd
See reflections, in a tear, on faces of the wise
Everything is everything now.

8 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

Smiling faces, in those places, warmed by the sun
Long ago, remember when
Now those days, seem far away,
Days when you would come
Everything was everything then.

PIANO SOLO

An old man dies just outside, heartbroken with yearning
Next, time around, he won't care anyhow
The river flows, where it must go, twisting and a turning
And everything is everything now.

8 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

By R. Boucher
Printed with the kind
permission of 'Speak Music'

Ridin' down this road
Comin' home
Ridin' down this road
Comin' home
We can see that we're welcome
By the candle in the window
Its a country Christmas
And we're comin' home.

Remember all the times
That we had
Remember all the times
That we had
All our family and friends
Get together once again
Its a country Christmas
And we're comin' home

*Its a Country Christmas
Happy Birthday Jesus
Its a Country Christmas
And we're comin' home
Its a Country Christmas
Happy Birthday Jesus
Its a Country Christmas
And we're comin' home.*

Gather all the children
In the hay
Gather all the children
In the hay
And we'll tell them a story
Bout a King in a manger
Its a Country Christmas
And we're comin' home.

Under if the time will ever come
Wonder if the time will ever come
When all the people of good cheer
Will make it Christmas all the year
A Country Christmas and we're comin' Home

*Its a Country Christmas
Happy Birthday Jesus
Its a Country Christmas
And we're comin' home
Its a Country Christmas
Happy Birthday Jesus
Its a Country Christmas
Now everybody's home.*

REPEAT CHORUS

WHEN THE RANGERS GO TO TOWN

Words & Music by P. Beagley

When the Rangers go to town, they sure raise up hell
 There's folks for miles, at the Lion Hotel
 Country music makes 'em horny
 They love those good old songs
 And Country don't mean corny,
 Not if ya' get it on.

*The Mt. Lofty Rangers, down in Adelaide
 Sayin' "Howdy strangers" and "Hello Hit Parade".
 It's cold up in them thar hills,
 And the Dingoes howl at night
 But the playin' payin' bills makes everythin' alright.*

SOLOS

When the Rangers go to town, they leave the cows at home
 But the cows can hear that sound, no matter where they roam
 'Cos the hills are still alive,
 Tho' the sound of music's changed
 And the cellars of the Lion
 Are bein' rearranged.

*The Mt. Lofty Rangers, down in Adelaide
 Sayin' "Howdy Strangers" and "Hello Hit Parade".
 It's cold up in them thar hills,
 And the dingoes howl at night
 But the playin', payin', bills makes everythin' alright
 Yeah the playin', payin', bills makes everythin' alright.
 EV-RY-THIN' ALL-----RIGHT-----*

SUN SONG

Words and Music by Lester Wahlquist

What, if the sun, were to shine, shine on me
What, if the sun, were to shine on me-ee, to-day

What, if the wind, were to set, set me free
What, if the wind, were to set me free-ee today.

What, if crys-tal wa-ter flowed
What, if crys-tal wa-ter flowed today.

To, the morn-ing mag-pie sing
To, the morn-ing magpie sing with me.

Way, way high, eagle fly
Way, way way high, come fly, with me
Come, dear friends, by, this stream
Come, dear friends, and drink, with me.

LAMEROO LUCY

Words & Music by P. Beagley.

Oh I've come from Adelaidy to see a certain lady
Who lives in Lameroo
Whenever I'm down, I just head for that town
To say, "How do ya' do".

Ever since I came, I've never been the same
Tho' nothin' at all was said
Can't put it down, it's only half-a-crown
Besides, I'm easily led,

*Lucy, Lucy, ya' feel so juicy
Just keep on doin' whatcha do
Ya' got my head in such a mess, that I couldn't care less
How the neighbours talk, down in Lameroo.*

SOLO

Lucy jumped up, still drinkin' from her cup
"Have one on me," she cried
We weren't sure, when I came in the door
But we were, when I went outside.

*Lucy, Lucy, ya' feel so juicy
Just keep on doin' whatcha do
Ya' got my head in such a mess, that I couldn't care less
How the neighbours talk, down in Lameroo.*

SOLO

The room was painted red, didn't have no bed
had to do it on the floor
But it felt so good, I knew that we would
And we did, we had one more.

*Lucy, Lucy, ya' feel so juicy
Just keep on doin' whatcha do
Ya' got my head in such a mess, that I couldn't care less
How the neighbours talk, down in Lameroo.*

(REPEAT CHORUS)

CAREY GULLY

Words & Music by P. Beagley

You go on down Piggy Lane through the flowers
That paint the hills as far as you can see
And that's where I while away my hours
My hours of eternity.

In a little tin shed on the hillside
Where we sit and drink our peppermint tea
And the candlelight flickers inside
"Cos we haven't got electricity.

*But I know that I've found peace in Carey Gully
And I've never known that state of mind before
And I sing as I walk down in the valley
'Cos those city things don't bother me no more.*

SOLO

It's taken a long time to get there
And we've travelled a long and winding road
But now I sit in my old rocking chair
And, my darling, I never will go.

*"Cos I know that I've found peace in Carey Gully
And I've never known that state of mind before
And I sing as I walk down in the valley
'Cos those city things don't bother me no more.*

GOODBYE MOTHER NATURE

Words & Music by M. Berg.

I am the sea
I am the land
I am the breeze
And I can touch your mind.

I am the all
I am the least
I am the fall
And you know my name.

I am the rain
I am the sun
I am the pain
And I am in your veins.

You are my children but
Why are you killing me
Must you be willing to
Change all your feelings for me.

Goodbye Mother Nature
It, was, so nice to know you

"THE BALLAD OF WINNIE GALLAGHER"

Words & Music by Robyn Archer

I'll sing you a song of a woman
 Known well by folks on Balmain
 And all the Gunnies and Jacks round there
 Can call her by name.
 I met her quite by accident
 By chance she came into my life
 That woman well-known and notorious,
 For her skill with a gun and a knife.

*Oh Winnie Gallagher Gallagher Gallagher,
 Oh where did you come from
 And where will you go,
 I'd Surely like to know.*

Now Winnie ain't approved of by ladies
 Or genteel folks of no kinds,
 For she toughs 'em an' scruffs 'em an' I've 'ad enoughts 'em.
 And shatters their tightly clipped minds,
 And Winnie's seen plenty of trouble
 Like lovers and punks all untrue,
 But she does the things we just think of
 And don't have the courage to do.

*Oh Winnie Gallagher Gallagher Gallagher,
 Oh where did you come from
 And where will you go,
 I'd surely like to know.*

Winnie don't take lip from no-one
 Neither doctors nor King Fang Ho,
 And the men that she likes she calls Charlie,
 And she grins without teeth so they know,
 She wears lurex and pearls on her body,
 And sparkerling shoes on her feet,
 While her daughters are all duffed and drunken
 As they reel without pain in the street.

*Oh Winnie Gallagher Gallagher Gallagher,
 Oh where did you come from
 And where will you go,
 I'd surely like to know.*

Now she killed one bloke with a shotgun
 Blew his head all over the wall,
 And for that she did Five years in Long Bay,
 She let's the world know one and all,
 "My name is Winne Gallagher - ask any Jack,
 Charles it's a cinch,
 They'll curse me to hell 'cos they know me so well,
 Yes the bastards have all had me pinched".

*Oh Winnie Gallagher Gallagher Gallagher,
Oh where did you come from
And where will you go,
I'd surely like to know.*

Now I know that there must be a heaven
for people like Winnie and me,
We might break the law and they all call us whore
But deep down inside it I see,
That from all this useless humanity,
There are some who just will not be beat
So I'm lookin' forward to seein' you win,
In that brothel-lined golden paved street.

*Oh Winnie Gallagher Gallagher Gallagher,
Oh where did you come from
And where will you go,
I'd surely like to know.*

I'd LIKE TO THINK

By Robyn Archer

I thank you for a day or two or just a little more
Not thinkin' to erase anything from your life
That has gone before
I know you have your friends and Lovers
And I've had mine in my time
Still I'd like to think that the way it goes for you and me
May be kind.

I'd like to think that anywhere I go, any place my face I show,
I could still think of you,
And come-a-runnin' to stay awhile and taste again
The sweet sweet way you do,
For you and I are only travellers,
And now and again you gotta make the time
To brake the spinning globe and say in quiet
I am yours ~ you are mine.

MY HOME'S ACROSS THE MT. LOFTY RANGES

By Robyn Archer

My hom'es across the Mount Lofty Ranges
My Home's across the Mount Lofty Ranges
My Home's across the Mount Lofty Ranges
And I never expect to see you any more.

I'm gonna' leave here Sunday Mornin'
I'm gonna' leave here Sunday Mornin'
I'm gonna' leave here Sunday Mornin'
And I never expect to see you anymore.

Goodbye my little East Coast darlin'
Goodbye my little East Coast darlin'
Goodbye my little east Coast darlin'
I never expect to see you anymore

How can I keep myself from cryin'
How can I keep myself from cryin'
How can I keep myself from cryin'
If I never expect to see you anymore.

RIGHT OUT OF NOWHERE

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Sometimes, when your head is spinning round and round
You don't know if you're up, you don't know if you're down
When the stone is wearing off, and you feel you've walked a mile
Right out of nowhere, someone comes along to make you smile.

Sometimes when your friends seem so very far away
And you really don't dig thinkin' bout the comin' of the day
When ev'ry little thing seems to bring you further down
Right out of nowhere, someone comes along and you are found.

*Right out of nowhere comes the sunrise
Right out of nowhere comes the day.*

Sometimes, all around you, troubles cause a frown
Seems like ev'ry body with a problem is in town
Faces lined with worry send their telegraph
When right out of nowhere, someone does something funny and you laugh.

*Right out of nowhere comes the sunrise
Right out of nowhere comes the day.*

OUT OF TUNE SCAT BLUES*Words & Music by P. Beagley*

Lend me your ears while I sing this little song
 Gonna make it up just as I go along
 I'm outa' my head so I know I can't go wrong

Gonna scream and shout, let it all hang out,
 Don't care if its out of tune
 Gonna shake it, gonna break it, gonna see if I can make it
 Gotta get there soon
 Here I go Just howlin' at the moon

*I got 'dem out-of-tune-scat blues
 What have, I, got, to, lose.
 If it's bad just blame it on the booze*

SCAT SOLO ... (oop shoobie wop wop etc)

Now ya' heard it all, and I hope it made ya' smile
 Gotta go, see you in a while
 I'm goin' home, so long, goodbye
 goin' home, so long, goodbye
 Yeah goin' home, so long, goodbye.

ON THE ROAD

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Rock 'n' roll band from Adelaide
Thought they'd never ever get their fortune made
The town couldn't handle such a band of heads
Had to move on east to make their bread.
Those days, bands in the land of Oz
Had to work hard, that's the way it was
People kept sayin', "you ought to go far"
So they said goodbye to their Ma and Pa, and

*Out on the road they went
In their bright red supercar, they were bent
Out on the road they came
And no-one knew the meanin' of their name.*

Country ladies were such a groove
Pulled a few, and then had to move
On to the town that lay ahead
Didn't look back, didn't go to bed
Rockin' and a -rollin' and a-singin' the blues
Servin' time and payin' dues
Jumpin' aroun' to make the people shout
"Get it on, let it all hang out, yeah."

*Out on the road again
From Nhill to Bordertown to Taillem Bend
Out on the road once more
From the Gold Coast right on to the Nullabor.*

SOLO

Kept on a-movin' in the big red van
Covered nearly all of this great land
North and south and east and west
Tried real hard, always gave their best
But life on the road makes a man real tired
Ya need to stop and sorta get ya mind re-wired
So they came on back to their home town
Moved to the hills and settled down.

*.....off that road, at last
Put that kind of life-style in the past
.....off that road they came
Country ladies will never be the same.*

SYDNEY

Words & Music By P. Beagley

Sydney streets, forever winding hills
Midday Movie housewives, payin' bills
Skyscrapers, reaching for the sun
Children play at war, with plastic guns.

*Flashy cars, cruise up and down the street
Girls on the corner pretend they've someone to meet
Pitt Street Cowboys, out to find some fun
Hopin' there's enough, for everyone.*

Harbour Bridge, and Ferries, at the Quay
White sails drift, across the wide blue sea
Opera House, rising 'neath the stars
A symphony in concert, Steel and glass.

*Love for sale, the street girls know no shame
The colour of your money means more to them than your name,
Kings Cross echoes, the sounds of spruikers calls
Passers by, a wide-eyed wonderwall.*

SOLO

*Down in the alley, there's a man lyin' half-way dead
No-one cares, they're safe at Home in bed
Newsboys call, 'neath glowin' Neon lights
This city, just can't sleep at night.*

PALMER STREET BLUES

Words and Music by P. Beagley

Well there's some that dont, but the ones round
Here sure do.
Yeah there's some that don't
But the ones round here sure do,
Talkin' bout the chicks down in
Palmer Street Woolloomooloo.

See her standing on the corner
Underneath thal 'ole street light.
See her standing on the corner
Underneath that 'ole street light.
She's the kind of woman
Makes me fee -ee -eel allright.

*Got the Palmer Street blues
Its an o..l..d blues
But I guess there ain't no new blues
its all sad news
Got nothin' to lose, by paying my dues
Down in Woolloomoolloo*

SOLOS

Well those girls work hard
But they always save their pay.
Well those girls work hard
But they always save their pay.
'Cos when they get rich
They move to Double Bay.

MELBOURNE

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Melbourne ain't too bad, if you only stay awhile,
The streets are cold and sad,
And people rarely smile.
And rain upon the pavement, splashes on my shoes,
Something 'bout this town always makes me sing the blues.

It's a cold and wintry morning and I just got off the train,
Have to button my overcoat to shelter from the rain
Traffic lights blink red and green at Elizabeth and Bourke,
And I hear a thousand footsteps as the masses go to work.

Down in old St. Kilda, in Fitzroy Street, I think.
Corner hotel beckons me, and I go in for a drink.
Old piano in the hall, keys yellowed like the moon.
I try to play a song, can't remember all the tune.

See, the ancient drinkers, sit and smoke, and stare
Watch the painted ladies, fussin' with their hair
Old man hunched behind the bar, all bloodshot eyes and gin
Poring over racing forms, prays his horse will win.

Now its Luna Park at night, lights flashing over the sea.
A flickering delight, adolescent fantasy.
But city streets are dark have to look back over my shoulder
And every time I look, I feel my heart grow colder.

Melbourne ain't too bad, if you only stay awhile,
Though the streets are cold and sad, and people rarely smile
And rain upon the pavement, splashes on my shoes.
Something 'bout this town, always makes me sing the blues.

ADELAIDE

Words & Music by P. Beagley

Gotta get movin' on, back to Adelaide
Guess that place will always be my home
I left there to get my fortune made
And now I know it's time I ceased to roam.

It's been so long, I can't remember when
I packed my bags and moved from my home town
Tried so hard, but every now and then
This big dirty city tends to get me down.

*Adelaide, Adelaide, where the
Clean fresh air tastes like sweetest wine
Adelaide, Adelaide,
Coming back to find my peace of mind.*

Sometimes I feel the cold wind upon me
And hear those voices singing in my ears
Then I wanna go back cross that sea
Back to friends and loved ones oh so dear.

Adelaide, Adelaide, ect.

*Yodel odel ay dee dee, yodel odel ay dee dee
Yodel odel ay dee, yodel odel ay dee dee
Yodel odel ay dee dee, yodel odel ay dee dee
Yodel odel ay dee, yodel odel ay dee dee.*

* * * * *

REPRISE :::::RANGERS' THEME SONG

The Mount Lofty Rangers is the name of the band
And the members come from near and far away
They've all travelled far, in this great forgotten land
And now they're back home to stay

And how they play...ay...ay
Like children in the sun, when the world had just begun
In the backwoods, by the jail
And when they play...ay...ay
People all around just pick up on that sound
And they know that the Rangers are out on the trail
And they know that the Rangers are out on the trail
And they know that the Rangers are outon....the....trail.....

THE BALLAD OF THE BEND IN THE ROAD

Words by John Healey

I met a man, goin' along the road,
He seemed to be carryin' a heavy load,
I asked him if I could take it awhile,
He turned to me, gave me a smile,
Said, Thanks, friend, it is a long road,
But there ain't no point in you carryin' my load.
I gotta carry it till I get to a bend,
You could take it awhile then, friend.

*But the road is straight and the road is long,
And to carry that load you gotta be mighty strong.
And the grass is brown and the lake is dry,
And there ain't no birds singin' neither.*

I met a woman, trudgin' home,
It was an awful desolate place to roam,
I said, Is there anything I can do to cheer you up,
She looked me down, she looked me up,
Said, I ain't got no friends to smile at,
All I got is passers-by to rile at,
And they never offer to share my load,
So I gotta keep goin' till I get to a bend in the road.

*But the road is straight and the road is long,
And to carry that load you gotta be awful strong.
And the grass is brown and the lake is dry,
And there ain't no birds singin' neither.*

Roads, alleyways, streets, lanes, by-ways, high-ways,
freeways, passages, corridors, entrances, exits, doors,
a few windows, and a whole lotta walls.

I met a kid, skippin' down a lane,
Seemed to me he was a little insane,
He was smilin' and laughin' to himself,
Seemed to me he'd put his load on a shelf.
I said, What's wrong kid? Didya get to a bend?
He looked at me, gave me a grin,
Said, Fuck, man, ah bent the road myself miles back!
All I gotta do now is follow my own track.

*'Cos the grass is green and the lake is brimmin',
and can't ya' hear them birds singin'.*

THE BUSHRANGER' SONG

Words & Music By P. Beagley

INTRO 4 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

Verse 1 Mad Dan Morgan rode the Riverina
A grand on his head; wanted dead or alive
When Dan was drunk, there was no man meaner
He'd shoot to kill then he'd break down and cry.

4 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

Verse 2 Canowindra town had a party with Ben Hall
A three day spree with the Weddin Mountain Gang
Two years later Black Dargin heard him call
"Shoot me dead, Billy, 'cos I don't wanna hang".

Chorus *Your money or your life, said the tall dark stranger
I've had a lot o' strife, an' had to turn bushranger.*

8 BARS SOLO

Verse 3 A preacher in the day, Captain Moonlight at night
Andrew George Scott was a schizophrenic man
He robbed and he killed, but he finally saw the light
Early on the mornin' he was due..ue to hang.

Chorus *Your money or you life, said the tall dark stranger
I've had a lot o' strife, an' had to turn bushranger.*

8 BARS SOLO

(slow)
Verse 4 There was sadness at Glenrowan, when Ned Kelly had to die
His brav'ry had made him a hero of the land
He walked to the gallows, and only stopped to sigh
"Such is life, for a bush...ran...gin' man."

4 BARS INSTRUMENTAL

ROUND AND ROUND*Words & Music by P. Beagley*

I wrote the answer up on the blackboard
 For ev'ry-one to see
 But the price they couldn't afford
 So I guess it wasn't meant to be.

Found a mansion up in the sky
 But you didn't wanna pay the rent
 But I can always get by
 'Cos my pleasure doesn't cost me a cent

*Round and round and round
 Lay me on the ground
 And in and up and down, it goes.*

SOLO

I can go a hundred miles per hour
 But you put me in a NO-SPEEDIN' zone
 I live in an ivory tower
 With a bath and a telephone.

*Round and round and round
 Lay me on the ground
 And in and up and down, it goes.*

SOLO

Got a ship that'll go to the moon
 But your feet are stuck on the ground
 Play that funky little tune
 That just goes round and round

*Round and round and round
 Lay me on the ground
 And in and up and down it goes.*

SOLO (and fade)

THE RANGER ROCK*Words and Music By P. Beagley*

The troopers shot Jack Donahoe, back in 1830
 The Rangers wrote a song and they sang it mean and dirty.
 They played it to the country folk who wished to hear the tale
 And when the troopers heard it, they threw them all in jail.
 But the rangers hung it in, and it fills them now with joy
 'Cos they hear the whole world singing 'bout the Wild Colonial Boy.

SOLO

It was 1863 when the Rangers met Ben Hall
 They played at Conowindra and the whole town had a ball
 They kept the town a boppin' for three whole nights and days
 And showed the local constable that crime can sometimes pay,
 For the people in the town had the best time of their lives,
 A' dancin' to the Rangers and the Weddin' Mountain Five.

*They rocked with the Rangers
 Rolled with the Rangers
 Rode with the Rangers
 Got high with the Rangers
 Yodel odel aydee, Yodel odel aydee
 Country Roc k and roll.*

SOLO

Ned Kelly threw a party with the money that he stole
 And the people of Glenrowan were the first to Rock and Roll
 'Cos the Rangers laid it on, right until the last
 When Ned finally fell to the troopers shotgun blast.
 But that good 'ole country music, lives right on to this day
 And we'll keep on rockin' if the rangers have their way.

*So rock to the Rangers
 Roll to the Rangers,
 Ride to the rangers,
 Get high to the Rangers,
 Yodel odel aydee, Yodel odel aydee
 Country Pock and Roll.*

I'VE BIN UP IN THE HILLS TOO LONG

Words and Music by Ben Scott

Well I feel like a shirt that ain't bin worn
Feel like a sheep that ain't bin shorn
Feel like a baby that ain't bin born
Feel like a rip that ain't bin torn.

Wish I'd done somethin' so's I could boast
But I've had one less than the Holy Ghost
And I hear that he's had less than most
I've bin up in the hills too long.

*I've bin up in the hills too long
I've bin up in the hills too long
And that ole sow's gettin' too old now
I've bin up in the hills too long.*

*I've bin up in the hills too long
I've bin up in the hills too long
Ain't a thing on the farm that's safe from harm
I've bin up in the hills too long.*

Well I feel like a song that ain't bin sung
Feel like a phone that ain't bin rung
Feel like a barrel that ain't bin bunged
Feel like a murderer that ain't bin hung.

Wish I'd done somethin' so's I could brag
I feel like a squirrel that ain't bin bagged
In 25 years I ain't bin shagged
I've bin up in the hills too long.

I've bin up in the hills too long.....ect

I feel like an egg that ain't bin laid
I feel like a bill that ain't bin paid
I feel like a giant that ain't bin slayed
I feel like a sayin' that ain't bin sayed.

Well I don't think things can get much worse
I feel my life is in reverse
One more fuck and it'll be my first
I've bin up in the hills too long

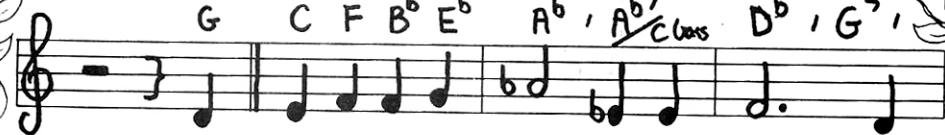
I've bin up in the hills too long.....ect



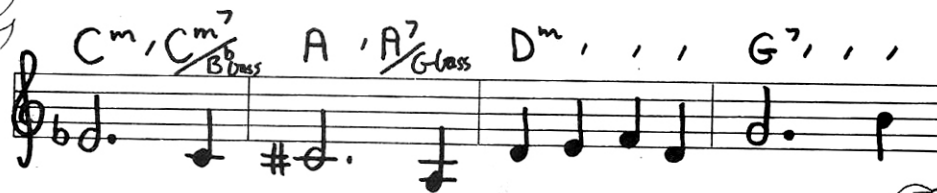
THE RANGERS HYMN

Slow

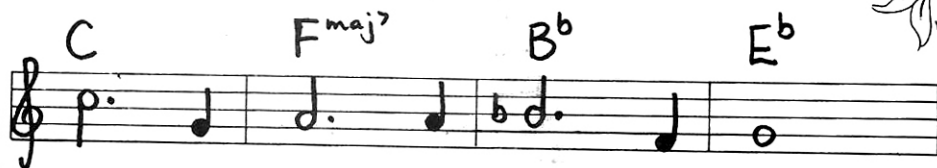
G C F B^b E^b A^b , A^b7/C^{bass} D^b , G⁷ ,



C^m , C^m7/B^b_{bass} A , A⁷/G^{bass} D^m , , , G⁷ , , ,



C F^{maj}7 B^b E^b



E^{dim} D/A^{bass} fine

