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## AUSSIE BBQ

When the summer sun is shining on Australia's happy land  
Round countless fires in strange attire you'll see many happy bands  
Of glum Australians watching their lunch go up in flames  
By the smoke and the smell you can plainly tell it's barby-time again!

### Chorus:

When the steaks are burning fiercely when the smoke gets in your eyes  
When the snags all taste like fried toothpaste and your mouth is full of flies  
It's a national institution; it's Australian through and through  
So come on mate and grab your plate, let's have a bar-b-que!

The Scots eat lots of haggis; the French eat snails and frogs  
The Greeks go crackers over their mousakkas, the Chinese love hot dogs  
Welshmen love to have a leek, the Irish like their stew  
But you just can't beat that half-cooked meat at an Aussie bar-b-que!

There's flies stuck to the margarine, the bread has gone rock hard  
The kids are fighting, the mossies are biting "Who forgot the Aeroguard?!"  
There's bull ants in the esky and the beer is running out  
And what you saw in mum's coleslaw you just don't think about!

And when the barbie's over and your homeward way you wend  
With a queasy tummy on the family dunny many lonely hours you spend  
You might find yourself reflecting as many often do  
Come rain or shine that's the bloody last time that you'll have a bar-b-que

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