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I Hate Wogs

I'm a dinky-di Australian guy, and my name is Bluey Schmidt
I love this sunburned country and I'm bloody proud of it
I love our simple way of life and the things we all hold dear
Like AFL and Big Ben pies and foamin' Toohey's beer
I love our open friendliness where a man can make good mates
In fact, in all Australia, there's just one thing I hates!

Chorus:

I hate wogs, they live like dogs
Some eat bananas and some eat frogs
Some wear turbans and some wear clogs
They're all the bloody same to me 'cause I hate wogs!

The local chip shop down the road is run by a bloody Greek
He's open 16 hours a day, 7 days a week
And every cent that you spend there on a hamburger or dim sim
Helps to send back home to Greece for more bastards just like him
I never eat there meself, I wouldn't touch wog meat
I usually eat at the Chinese caff that's just across the street!

I was queuein' down at the registry pickin' up me dole
In front of me was a Yugoslav, in front of him a Pole
Behind me was a Frenchman and behind him was a Turk
Those lazy migrant bastards, do they never bloody work?
For there's plenty of jobs goin' round, though I've not worked since school
May be a filthy racist pig but I'm not a bloody fool!

So send the bastards home to Spain, Italy and Greece
And maybe when they've all gone home we'll get some bloody peace
To sit in the shade of a coolibah tree and drink beer all day long
And run amok with a fat jumbuck down by the billabong
And every night at 12 o'clock, to show that we're not slaggards
We'll all sing our national song. "Advance Australia – backwards!"