

Son of a Scoundrel

Kris Kristofferson

Big Barney Fitch, he got soddenly rich
He got a big fancy house in Melbourne
With buckets of loot and big black leather boots
Acting so haughty and well-born

But we of Australia, we're children of convicts
And some of us wear it quite proudly
So as he rides by in his carriage so fine
I wave and I call to him loudly

*Was your grandma a whore, was your grandpa a thief
Were they forgers and grafters who fell to their grief
If you're born of Australia, I know who ya be
You're the son of a son of a scoundrel like me*

Maggie McKay's got a sweet-lovin' way
And I know that she does adore me
But her parents, they feel it would be a bad deal
They say that she's much too good for me
So as we said goodbye, with a tear in her eye
They were smiling and glad of the breakin'
But they didn't look so proud when I shouted out loud
'Til the whole floggin' town was awakened

Madam Marie loves the men from the sea
She says that they're good for business
Her daughters are found in a section of town
Known for a certain rudeness

Then the cops paid a call, and the judge says, "That's all
It's time for a new profession"
Marie laughed out loud, and in front of the crowd
Says, "Judge, will you answer this question"

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