Ball and Chain

There is a house in New Orleans, They call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, oh Lord I know I'm one
One foot on the platform, one foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans, to my ball and chain
1,2,
Ball and Chain! Ball and Chain!
We came here with Backpacks you with Ball and Chain
Ball and Chain! Ball and Chain!
We came here with Backpacks you with Ball and Chain
**Convict Colony**

(To the tune of Yellow Submarine)

In the town where I was born, there lived a man who was a thief
And he told me of his life, stealing bread and shagging sheep.
So they put him in the nick, and then a magistrate he went to see
He said "put him on a ship, to the convict colony"
You all live in a convict colony, a convict colony, a convict colony
You all live in a convict colony, a convict colony, a convict colony
Don't look back to Ponting - Ricky Ponting

Slip inside Ricky Ponting’s mind
He's trying to find
Some new players to play

He wants to play his older team
But that's just a dream
They're too old to play

He said he'd start a revolution in his head
But he's been through all the players A to Z
Now there's just a summertime of doom
If he loses the Ashes race
He is going to lose his place
Losing three would simply tear his heart out

So Ricky can wait
Shane Warne is too late
And there's no Glenn McGrath
Gilchrist's had his day
And don't look back to Langer
He cannot play

Where did all those old players go
Now everyone knows
You've nearly had your day

You'll have to leave the team in the hands
Of Michael Clarke and
He'll throw it all away

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At least not today
I shagged Matilda

I shagged Matilda, I shagged Matilda,
I shagged Matilda and so did my mates,
And she moaned and groaned and she took it up the Billabong,
I shagged Matilda and so did my mates
Take the Urn Home

We came over from old Blighty
  The Barmy Army and me
Around Brisbane town we did roam
  6 quid for a pint, a grand for a flight
With Strauss our captain, we'll take the urn home

So hoist up the John B sail
  See how the mainsail sails
Call for the captain ashore
  Take the urn home
We'll take the urn home
We'll take the urn home
With Strauss our captain
We'll take the urn home

Ricky Ponting's a broken man
  Without Warne he has no plan
  He tries to carry the team all on his own
    He's losing his hair
      But we don't care
   'Cos Strauss our captain will take the urn home

So hoist up the John B sail
  See how the mainsail sails
Call for the captain ashore
  Take the urn home
We'll take the urn home
We'll take the urn home
With Strauss our captain
We'll take the urn home

Graeme Swann is a caring guy
  Rescues cats in his spare time
Now he's gonna tear the Aussies apart
    They can't read his spin
      And so England will win
   'Cos Strauss our captain will take the urn home

So hoist up the John B sail
  See how the mainsail sails
Call for the captain ashore
  Take the urn home
We'll take the urn home
Ashes

We'll take the urn home
With Strauss our captain
We'll take the urn home
The Aussies love the English

The Aussies love the English, you might find it quite strange
'Cos we sent them all down under, with only balls and chains
And when they see the English, they always shout and scream
But when they had the chance to vote they voted for the Queen!

God save your gracious Queen
Long live your noble Queen
God save your Queen (you're a convict)
Send her victorious
Happy and glorious
Long to reign over you
God save your Queen.
Yesterday - Ricky Ponting

Yesterday
Ponting's troubles seemed so far away
Now Nathan Hauritz is here to stay
McGrath and Warne were Yesterday

Suddenly
They're not half the team they used to be
Will he lose Ashes number three
Yesterday came suddenly

Why Haydos
Had to go I don't know, Langer wouldn't say
Adam Gilchrist's gone, now Ricky longs for Yesterdayyyyyy
You can sing sod all

(To the tune of Wonderwall)

Today is gonna be the day that we're gonna sing a song for you.
By now you should've somehow realized that's what we're here to do.
And I don't believe that anybody sings as bad as you.

AUSSIE CONVICTS
Backbeat, the word is on the street that you can't even write a song
I'm sure, you've heard it all before, but c'mon Aussies prove us wrong
'Cos I don't believe that anybody's quite as thick as you

AUSSIE CONVICTS
The "oh aah" song you sing for Glenn is so sad
And "Warney Warney Warney" is just as bad
There are many songs that I would like to hear from you
But you don't know how, (don't know how)
'Cos maybe, (maybe) you'll never find a song to play me, (play me)
'Cos after all, YOU CAN SING SOD ALL
Ashes