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
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
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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
We'll take the urn home
With Strauss our captain
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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