

I hate the new age guys
I'm a chauvinist
I live on beer and pies
Tried to tell ya,
But you look at me,
Like maybe I'm an angel underneath
Ha I don't brush me teeth.

Yesterday I lied
But all me mates
gave me a real good alibi
Thanks guys (no worry's mate)
I really went out drinking,
I told you I was at work
Don't ask me for commitment,
'Cause it's something I will shirk

I'm a bloke,
I'm an ocker
And I really love your knockers
I'm a labourer by day,
I piss up all me pay
Watching footy on TV
Just feed me more VB
Just pour my beer,
And get my smokes,
And go away

Or take me as I am
This may mean you'll
Have to fetch another can
Rest assured,
If I start to make you breakfast
I'm going to extremes
But tomorrow I'll get shitfaced,
And today won't mean a thing

I'm a bloke
I'm a yobbo,
and me best mate's name is Robbo
Winfield is me cigarrete
I dress in flanellette
Shearer's singlet that is blue
Throw in a few tattoos,
You know you wouldn't
Want me any other way

When you think
You've got me figured out
The season's already changing

(from footy to cricket)
I think it's cool
When I act like a tool
And my mates try to shave me

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