

DEAD KELLY



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B U S H F I R E

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K E N O

S A R A H ' S L A S T B U S H D A N C E

C A R N T B E F U C K E D

T H E L E G E N D O F B O R R Y P T 1

S O L I D R O C K



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Loud public broadcast encouraged.

BUSHFIRE

I am a long way from home
Every day this box gets smaller
I get the feeling something is wrong
I thought I'd done right by you and the kids
I'm coming home

Look in my eyes when I ask you the question
Answer the question
Look in my eyes
x3

You're shifty and fucked off
You're not happy to see me
I'm not a dumb cunt
What have you done
The look on your face
Ignites the burning inside me

I'm on fire
I'm only human
And it makes me want to kill
I should have never left you alone
I'm on fire

Heartless fucker

What the fuck were you thinking?
Who is this cunt? Do I fucken know him?
What the fuck is going on here?
What the fuck have you done?

Look in my eyes when I ask you the question
Answer the question
Look in my eyes
x2

Deception. We have a family.
What have you done?
You fucken slut!
I work hard for us
And you've thrown it away
Wrecked it all for a drunken fuck

I'm on fire
I'm only human
And it makes me want to kill
How can you live with yourself?
I'm on fire

You're fucked now

I'm on fire
I'm only human
And it makes me want to kill
The fire is on its way
I, I am the fire

Look in my eyes when I ask you the question
Answer the question
Look in my eyes
x2

Look in my eyes
Look in my eyes
Look in my eyes

Fucken burn

KENO

If I won on Keno
I'd buy my dog a horse
I'd build a fortress on Ninderry Mountain
I'd have 17 kids and farm platypuses
Duck fucker put a horn on a jellyfish

If I won on Keno
I'd buy a brothel off the bikies
Change the name to - Thumping Poon Hammer
I'd buy a brewery and call it Cunt Beer
The slogan will be - Just Smash Another Cunt

For fuck sake give me 10 numbers times 3!

Keno!
Why have you forsaken me?
I'm loyal
Take my fitty

There's got to be more to life than high viz
And hard hats, pre starts
And peanut butter sandwiches
I want a pepper steak pie filled with cocaine
And heaps of sauce

I'd finally buy Nikki an on-and-off clap light
Then have sex with her and give her the clap
Then clap when she tells me she's got the clap
Which would also turn the light off

I want a V8 Walkinshaw
I want a beer fridge with a glass door

Keno!
Why do you fuck with me?
Come on cunt
Hold on! Take my twenty.
Take my twenty.
Here's another tenner.

Oh shit!

I want my own cologne that smells like triangles

There's got to be more to life than high viz
And hard hats, toolbox talks
And peanut butter sandwiches

Yeah nah mate
I've got a fucken good feeling about this one
It's fucken your shout too cunt
Wait up I'll fucken put this one on
58, 17, 33, 24, 25, 44, 1, 69, 7, 68

What does it take?

What does it take?

58, 17, 33, 24, 25, 44, 1, 69, 7, 68

What does it take?

Keno!
Go fuck yourself!
I've got two bucks left.
I wanna be free!

Righto, one more game.

SARAH'S LAST BUSHDANCE

Sarah all hope is lost
At 333 they turned
The bushdance hall starts to fill with the stench of the dead
Grabs a chair leg and screams out BLUE DOG
Tied up outside he barks at her cries
Her flesh will be payment for deeds of past

Her bloodline, fucking pig
Murderer, got away with it
She doesn't know what the fuck's going on
If she doesn't act now she'll be dead by dawn

They come at her
Violent, relentless, the undead

Fight Sarah fight for your life
It's not your turn to die tonight
It's not your turn to die tonight
Trust in yourself, try to survive

Kill those dead cunts!

There's too many of them
There's too many of them
There's too many of them
There's so many of them!

Fight Sarah fight for your life
It's not your turn to die tonight
It's not your turn to die tonight
Trust in yourself, try to survive

Fight Sarah fight for your life
It's not your turn to die tonight
It's not your turn to die tonight
Trust in yourself, try to survive

GET AWAY FROM ME YOU DEAD FUCKS

Blue dog snaps his rope

He tries to protect Sarah
But they bite him

Blue dog turns into a beast
And tears the undead limb from limb
For Sarah, his master
She curled up on the floor

Fight blue dog fight for her life
It's not her turn to die tonight
It's not her turn to die tonight
Make sure your master will survive

Fight blue dog fight for her life
It's not her turn to die tonight
It's not her turn to die tonight
Make sure your master will survive

The giant beast destroys the fuckin place
Body parts hang from the ceiling
His strong jaws crush the necks of the dead
He won't stop until there's no more
Picks up Sarah takes her home to bed
Blood soaked fur reflects the moonlight
She wakes up and wipes her eyes to see
Her best mate curled up right at her feet

CARNT BE FUCKED

This, the fucking age of information
The age of lies
PLUG ME IN

I'm ready
Bombs are falling
You're on instagram
They're doing it again
Does anybody care?

The world's gone crazy
When will it end?

When will it end?

We're all plugged in
Open another fucking page
We're all kept amused
Families turned to ashes

Can we change?
Can we change?
For fuck sake
Too far gone
Just part of the mainframe
Do we really give a fuck?
I dunno
Do we wanna give a fuck?

ARE WE READY?

We're all plugged in
Open another fucking page
We're all kept amused
Families turned to ashes

Bloodshed, Slaughter, Destruction
Obliterate, Homicide, Religion
Genocide, Carnage, Massacre
Violate, Butchery, Decimate
Terrorism, Terminate, Racism
Violate, Annihilate, Annihilate
Racism, Exterminate, Terrorism
Decimate, Butchery, Violate
Massacre, Religion, Genocide
Obliterate, Homicide, SLAUGHTER

FUCK IT ALL

We're all plugged in
Open another fucking page
We're all kept amused
Families turned to ashes

We're all plugged in
Open another fucking page
We're all kept amused
Families turned to ashes
Turned to ashes

You can't fucken lie forever

THIS IS MURDER

MURDER

THE LEGEND OF BORRY PT 1

Borry is a true blue Aussie bloke
He likes to fist fight, fuck and smoke
Punchin on for cash in a Woolies carpark
Is his favourite pastime when he's not in his truck
Tatt on his gut sayin' 'You're fucked now'
Built like a core filled block shithouse
He was born in Boggo Road
That's all Borry fucken knows

He is the sickest cunt ever!
And his life is an open road
All he needs is his shotgun Gemima
His Mack truck and a bag of gear

Women love Borry, he's got a cock that you could put a shoe on,
back pack and send it to school

'Bye son. Stay out of trouble ya one-eyed cunt'

He's got a scar on his head shaped like Straya
Cunts think he branded himself
Truth is he boofed 5 points of speed on a 40 hour run
And chewed a hole in his forehead

Alone, his beard has killed more people than bull sharks,
dick aids and blown out thongs

Just keep driving
Finish the job
Stop in at Airlie
Bash a cunt with a bum bag
And fuck a backpacker

He's back on the road again

South bound, he's on his way
Got a carpark fight at the IGA
Gympie, his destination
Punched 8 cones at the service station
He's a bloke, he's a trucker
Australian made, mad motherfucker
Nobody's ever gonna wanna fuck with Borry
You'll end up in a hole in the Nambour quarry

Borry sees something strange in the distance
And it lights up the canefields
He pulls over and grabs Gemima
Jumps out and has a piss

Borry makes his way through the canefields
To himself he sings 'Thunderstruck'
He battles heartburn from BP kabana
Awww that shit's fucked

He comes to a patch of cane that's flattened out and stuff

'What the fuck is going on here?'

SOLID ROCK

Out here nothin' changes
Not in a hurry anyway
You can feel the endlessness
With the comin' of the light 'o day
You're talkin' bout a chosen place
You wanna sell it in a marketplace
Well
Well just a minute now

You're standin' on
Solid rock
Standin' on sacred ground
Livin' on borrowed time
And the winds of change
Are blowin' down the line

Right down the line

Well round about the dawn of time
The Dreaming all began
A crowd of people came
Well they were lookin' for their promised land
We're runnin' from the heart of darkness
Searchin' for the heart of light
It was their paradise

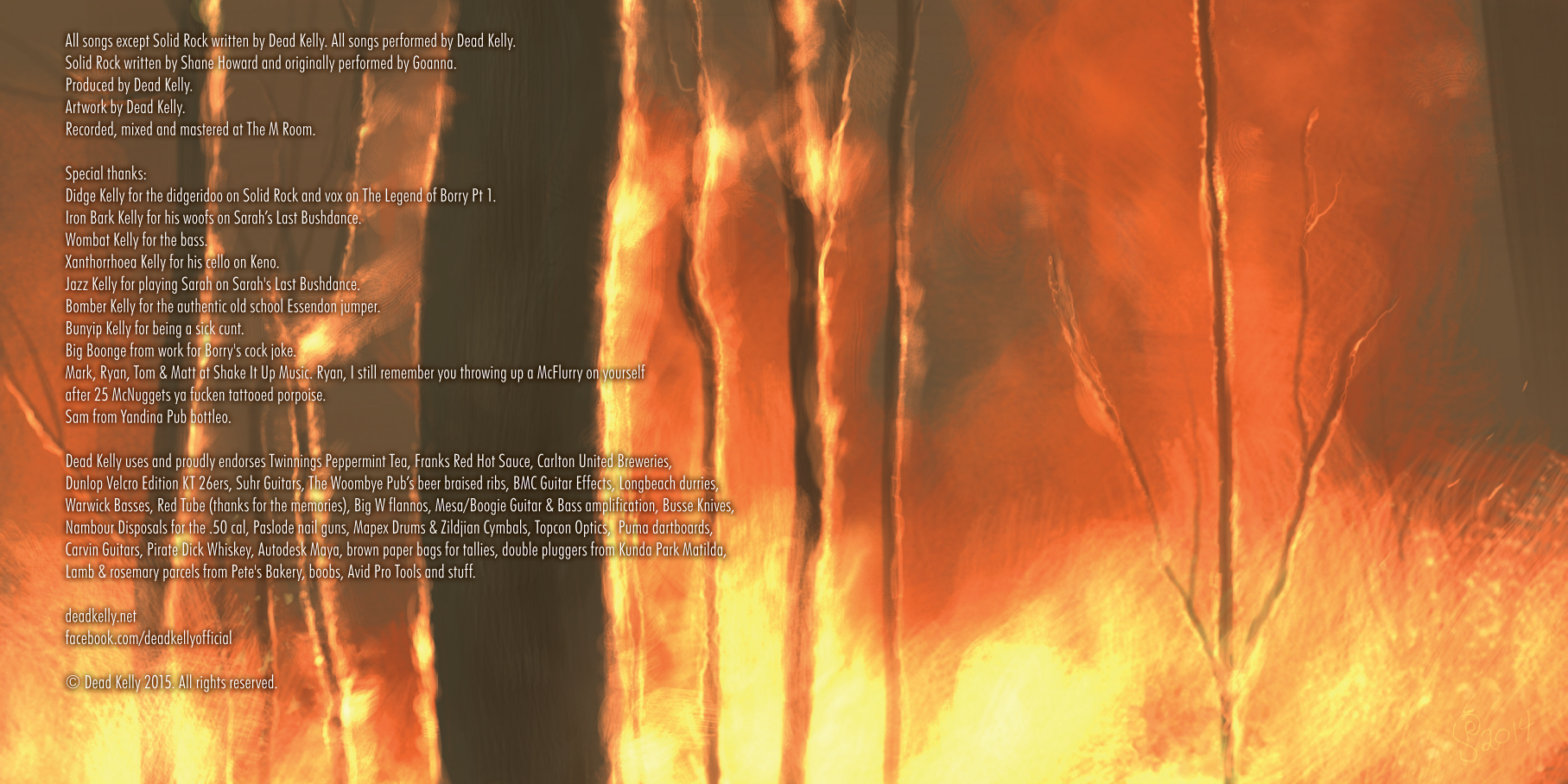
Well they were standin' on
Solid rock
Standin' on sacred ground
Livin' on borrowed time
And the winds of change
Were blowin' cold that night

Well they were standin' on the shore one day
Saw the white sails in the sun
Wasn't long before they felt the sting
White man, white law, white gun
Don't tell me that it's justified
Cause somewhere
Someone lied
Yeah, well someone lied
Someone lied
Genocide
Well someone lied

And now you're standin' on
Solid rock
Standin' on sacred ground
Livin' on borrowed time
And the winds of change
Are blowin' down the line

Solid rock
Standin' on sacred ground
Livin' on borrowed time
And the winds of change
Are blowin' down the line

Solid rock
Standin' on sacred ground
Livin' on borrowed time
And the winds of change
Are blowin' down the line
No!



All songs except Solid Rock written by Dead Kelly. All songs performed by Dead Kelly.
Solid Rock written by Shane Howard and originally performed by Goanna.
Produced by Dead Kelly.
Artwork by Dead Kelly.
Recorded, mixed and mastered at The M Room.

Special thanks:

Didge Kelly for the didgeridoo on Solid Rock and vox on The Legend of Borry Pt 1.
Iron Bark Kelly for his woofs on Sarah's Last Bushdance.
Wombat Kelly for the bass.
Xanthorrhoea Kelly for his cello on Keno.
Jazz Kelly for playing Sarah on Sarah's Last Bushdance.
Bomber Kelly for the authentic old school Essendon jumper.
Bunyip Kelly for being a sick cunt.
Big Boonge from work for Barry's cock joke.
Mark, Ryan, Tom & Matt at Shake It Up Music. Ryan, I still remember you throwing up a McFlurry on yourself
after 25 McNuggets ya fucken tattooed porpoise.
Sam from Yandina Pub bottleo.

Dead Kelly uses and proudly endorses Twinings Peppermint Tea, Franks Red Hot Sauce, Carlton United Breweries,
Dunlop Velcro Edition KT 26ers, Suhr Guitars, The Woombye Pub's beer braised ribs, BMC Guitar Effects, Longbeach durries,
Warwick Basses, Red Tube (thanks for the memories), Big W flannos, Mesa/Boogie Guitar & Bass amplification, Busse Knives,
Nambour Disposals for the .50 cal, Paslode nail guns, Mapex Drums & Zildjian Cymbals, Topcon Optics, Puma dartboards,
Carvin Guitars, Pirate Dick Whiskey, Autodesk Maya, brown paper bags for tallies, double pluggers from Kunda Park Matilda,
Lamb & rosemary parcels from Pete's Bakery, boobs, Avid Pro Tools and stuff.

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Goanna

