

DEAD KELLY

AUSTRALIAN MADE



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TRUST NO CUNT

Don't trust no cunt

Crushed by golden hypocrites
Nothing filters down
Your blue collar begins to choke you
Nothings ever good enough
Material things are now the new god
Live past our means is the only way to worship

Do we trust them?
I don't trust them
You don't trust them
We don't want them
But our voices don't mean shit
You say fuck them
We say fuck them
While we all feed the pig pen
You can't escape the golden grip

Empty suits with the blood of puppets
Streaming to the cause
With the promise of a plastic wife with a re-bored vagina
Every story has an ad
Every ad has a story of greed

Front page news in the world today
Some rich chick took a picture of her asshole
The media skull fucking us
Politics just smoking dicks
With offshore bank accounts
And first class business trips

You can't trust a human to be human
But you can trust the machine to be the machine

You can't trust a human to be human
But you can trust the machine to be the machine

Do we trust them?
I don't trust them
You don't trust them
We don't want them
But our voices don't mean shit
You say fuck them
We say fuck them
While we all feed the pig pen
You can't escape the golden grip

Don't trust no cunt



PUSH FORWARD FUCKEN ENGAGE

I know it's hard sometimes just to find the drive
And it's hard sometimes just being alive
Get ya fucking arse up snap out of this shit
You've got one life it's the only chance you'll get

Get rid of the cunts and sluts holding you back
Bleed out negative blood that's gonna make you snap
Stop living like an animal trapped in a cage
Push forward fucken engage!

PUSH FORWARD FUCKEN ENGAGE!

Don't live your life like you're under cover
Grab the world by the throat and choke the mother fucker
Stop talkin shit just fucken do it
Now your minds on fire I'm the one that lit it
Don't be afraid to be yourself it's up to you and no one else
Stop living like an animal trapped in a cage
Push forward fucken engage!

PUSH FORWARD FUCKEN ENGAGE!

Sometimes life does its best to grind you into the dirt
Sometimes life's a cunt and you've had a gut full

So make ya fucken mark make history
It's up to you what you wanna be
Stop living like an animal trapped in a cage
Push forward fucken engage!

PUSH FORWARD FUCKEN ENGAGE!

They want you to believe lies they feed to you
They are here to crush you and to hold you down
Wake up now and tell those cunts to suck it
It's all on you don't let those fuckers fuck it!

PUSH FORWARD



LINDA BROWN - THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE

The boys have eyed her off all night
Who the fuck knows where she's from
Slides off her stool to get a drink
She's got no knickers on

Tits are pouring out her bra
It's driving the lads mad
Tightest fucken arse on her
It'll make you punch your granddad

Jesse Patton put on a stride
A bull rider from the sticks
"I'm gonna towel this sheila up
While you cunts play with your dicks!"

Now, she's in your town
The nightmare, it's Linda Brown
She won't stop
She's got an angle, she's a grinder
And she won't fucken rest
'Till she's got the chop

She might take you home dickhead
If you're shouting the next round
At three thirty three you'll be fucking dead
You drunk piece of shit, you better go down

She said "Don't fucken cum yet or I'll fucken kill ya"
Jesse looked confused then he blew his load
Mr Patton took a breath and nodded off
She grabbed his knob and stretched it out and cut it off!

Spurting! Freaking out! Blood was in his cough.
Into her handbag goes another severed cock!

She dragged him closer to the car
Jesse almost dead (oh fuck)
Dragged the cunt beneath the wheel
Dropped a burnout on his head
Brains and asphalt meet
She had a pretty good one this week

From town to town, it's going down
The outback nightmare - Linda Brown!

Now, she's in your town
The nightmare, it's Linda Brown
She won't stop
She's got an angle, she's a grinder
And she won't fucken rest
'Till she's got the chop

She might take you home dickhead
If you're shouting the next round
At three thirty three you'll be fucking dead
You drunk piece of shit, you better go down

Go down!

SHE'S THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE!

SHE'S THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE!

Another town, another place
Shitcunts drinking, off their face
Flash this big cunt bit of vag
She'll kill this bloke back at his dad's
And when she thinks she's got her fix
She'll add his cock to the bag of dicks
That's right cunts, she's in your town
The outback nightmare - Linda Brown!

Now, she's in your town
The nightmare, it's Linda Brown
She won't stop
She's got an angle, she's a grinder
And she won't fucken rest
'Till she's got the chop
She might take you home dickhead
If you're shouting the next round
At three thirty three you'll be fucking dead
You drunk piece of shit, you better go down
Go down!

SHE'S THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE!

SHE'S THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE!

SHE'S THE OUTBACK NIGHTMARE!



THE EUREKA STOCKADE

From far and wide across the sea they came to mine the gold
The rush of getting rich some escaping horrors never told
The goldfields run by shit cunts drunk with power and corruption
If you didn't watch your step you'd get bashed for nothing

They stood their ground
They won't back down
From all different nations, seas they came across
They unite by the Southern Cross

The crown came down hard and tried to split them up
Ahh the diggers wouldn't have it and told them to go get fucked
They built themselves a big stockade
With the red coat cunts all keen to blue
The diggers were prepared to die
The screams echo FUCK YOU!

They stood their ground
They won't back down
From all different nations, seas they came across
They unite by the Southern Cross

They stood their ground
They won't back down
Fortune and dreams of freedom almost lost
They unite by the Southern Cross

The red coat cunts attack
The diggers fought side by side
Many that day would lose there lives
Beneath the southern sky

The diggers may have lost the fight but they made a fucken stand
In the end the corrupt crown would bow down to their demands
Persisting loss and horror the diggers got it done
Dreams of fortune, freedom
Have been fucken won

They stood their ground
They won't back down
From all different nations, seas they came across
They unite by the Southern Cross

They held their ground
They won't back down
Fortune and dreams of freedom almost lost
They unite by the Southern Cross

Just goes to show

Fuck all the bullshit
Fuck all the lies
Fuck their agenda
It will be their demise
From all different nations
And the seas we came across
We unite by the Southern Cross

UNITE!

UNITE!



3 HANDS OF TRUTH

Bungendore brothers were 3
Crown out of dirt to a family
Slept to the sound of the shears
Something's always happenin livin out here
Dad worked hard, Mum was love
3 boys learnt, 3 boys hunt
Droughts would come, they stayed tough
And rise from the dust

And Dad made the call, the boys were at an age
It was time to go to school

Bags were packed for the trip
The family dog embraced the grip
A Bungendore brother's journey
How much fun this could be
Mum bought tears, Dad stayed tough
3 boys fear, 3 boys chuffed
As the train left the station

Not prepared for the horror awaiting them
They were just kids
Infested by god's hand picked wretched men

By the grace of god, they were broken
Time and time again
With a fucken amen their souls were murdered
When will this end?
It's over

3 men go separate ways
Darkened by darkened days
Days are long, nights are long
Get the call - Mum's passed on
Dad's sorrow calls them back to the farm
Boys gotta head home

After the wake at the pub
Hearts are sinking onto the mud
Bungendore brothers look at themselves

So much time on the shelf
Mum was love, now Dad's fucked
We can't talk, we're all fucked
Junkie, piss head, black dog, yeah that's us

The brothers drink the night and fight the morning
The TV in the pub pipes up, it's a new story
The catholic church won't take responsibility

After a cunt ton of beers
The brothers hatched a plan
Revenge would set the tone
After two years of gettin clean
And training to be fucken killers
They would make their way to Rome

The years went by, they stayed true to the plan
Leaving with a heart full of hate
And a shake of their Dad's hand

The 3 monsters have landed
They have come to prepare

Call the connection
Recon, intel
AR15s and phosphorous grenades
Each brother has a combat knife
And two 9mm pistols
12 gauge shotgun
AK47 motherfucker
While a brother wraps gaff around another brother
Dressin' like the Swiss Guard
Hope it hides a black heart

Ok my brothers, I love yas, we are three
It's time to bring the wrath and let the whole world see
And on this day they will be the ones to suffer for once
Let's send these fuckers to their god
And see what he wants to do with the cunts

Let's go boys, fuck em up!

And so it began
The St Peters bloodbath

Men of cloth torn by bullets
Faces caved in, fatal blood loss
The cathedral repainted with death
Cardinals are set alight, begging for the brother's knives
The three show no mercy

No mercy
No mercy
No mercy
NO MERCY
NO MERCY
NO MERCY

They reload their weapons
The world will see, this killing spree, revenge was sweet
We got em all, they're all dead, dead, fucking dead
They're all dead, dead, see yas in hell
They're all dead, dead, fucking dead
They're all dead, dead

All except one

And there he sits laced in gold
And frozen by fear the blood spattered brothers
Engulf his presence
They slowly make their way past the altar
And at this time the old man feels not the hand of god
But the 3 hands of truth

It was the 3 hands of truth

They strip him naked
And dragged him to the altar
12 gauge shotty up his arse
One of the other brothers makes him deep throat a 9 mil

This will be a message from the 3
And you will die choking on your lies
And we will live for eternity
In the history of your demise

We will live for eternity
In the history of your demise

Righto lads, this is for all those people who suffered like us
On 3 - ONE, TWO...

So it's job and knock for the brothers
Each blood stained hand holds a pistol
To the temple of the brother beside him
"We fucken did it boys"
And with a look of love, some tears and a cheeky smirk
The triggers were pulled
And they fell into a triangle

The Bungendore brothers are free



FUCKIN UP ON THE PISS

Life is an up hill battle
I'm in the shit again
Can you throw a bloke a paddle
Watch me unravel
As I go to this dark cold place

Give me room give me space
Cause I'm off my face
I'm off me fucken head again
Knuckles busted up again
Fuck must have punched the shed again

He's coming for you
You fucken told him to
Here he comes
The same cunt with the blunt
And the box of piss
Tellin me to have another one
'Nother hit ...personality shift

I am the definition of fucked
I am the king of this disorder
I am my worst enemy's enemy
No one can bash the fuck out of me like me

This bloke's got a bit on his plate at the moment
This cold amber liquid
Got me feelin fucking loaded

Real me on the snooze
And the demon on the move
I'm possessed need an exorcist
Did ya think it'd come to this
May the power of alcohol compel me to be a dead set fuckwit

Fuck off

I am the definition of fucked
I am the king of this disorder
I am my worst enemy's enemy
No one can bash the fuck out of me like me

It satisfies you to watch loved ones
Pass judgment on a working class cunt
Let me light one up

It's your negative competitive objective
Someone give me a sedative
Before I'm dead in the bed I'm in

My nightmares filled with adrenalin
You celebrate when I'm suffering
Had enough of em
Nicotine that I'm puffin on
Give me sumthin for nuffin

I am the definition of fucked
I am the king of this disorder
I am my worst enemy's enemy
No one can bash the fuck out of me like me

SUCH IS KNIFE



DOWN BY THE CREEK

The Melaleuca's sway back and forth
As he trudges through the scrub
Sweat drains through his beard, hot sun boils his blood
Pains of hunger setting in, he must find a place to rest
Find himself some dinner, another fucking test

Peeling back the banksia to see a bank wet and damp
A second win, a cheeky grin, a perfect place to camp
All set up, who comes bouncing by?
A big red bastard, twinkle in his eye

A shaky hand scoops up rifle leaning by the tree
Rests the rifle on a dead log as slowly as can be
"Sorry mate, I gotta to eat"
What a meal that night
Down by the creek

Thoughts flow freely under the Southern Cross
Demons teach a bloke who's boss
Far away, blood of many on his hands
While the creek cools down his cans
Last tin crushed, fire all but coals
It's time to turn in
Out here no-one judges any man
For a life of sin

There's peaceful dreams to seek
The cicadas echo through the night
Down by the creek

At first light with dusty eyes he sees an unfamiliar sight
An eight foot salty carving through the creek
Like a sharpened knife
Then a sound more familiar, in seconds to arrive
A cloud of dust, a siren flash, a copper's four wheel drive

Desperate scramble for his gun, time not on his side
Nine millimetres drawn
"Oi, ya cunt. You're coming for a ride"

With a desperate deadly stare
Which meets both coppers in the eyes
"Fuck you ya fucken pigs..."

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

To the boys in blue amazement, he turns his back on them
It's not a fucken option locked up in a pen
Takes off his shirt off, wades into the water
The eight foot salty savours the slaughter

With a last deep breath for courage
He feels the mud with moving feet
The coppers hear him whisper softly
"It's ok mate, you gotta eat"
Now at rest there's always plenty peaceful dreams to seek
The kookaburras didn't laugh that morning

Down by the creek

THE LEGEND OF BORRY - PART 2

With a blinding light
And a smell that could melt a full grown wombat
Borry said "Settle down cock fucker."
"Have a go at ya, who shat in your lunch box?"
The demonic entity eye raped Borry
But he'll have none of that
"I am The Fist of Eureka, and no cunt's ever
gonna fuck with that!"

Yet here stands the Cunt of Cunts
The demon lord that's gonna fuck you up
"Open the box of beer and pack the bong,
let's settle this cunt - thong dick thong"

The Cunt of Cunts tells Borry if he wins
He can have whatever he wants
Borry wins the battle with a powerful strike
Shattering the demon's cuds
The dark lord balled up in pain
Said "Ok cunt, whatchya want?"
"I want to be the best Aussie metal drummer
in the fucken world"
"It is done"
In a cloud of dust he disappears
Like Satan's grandma's dildo
He punched some cones and grabbed his box
"Righto, it's time to go"

He's pissed as fuck, he sees a shadow in his truck
He opens the door and says "What the fuck?"
With Gemima pointed high he says "Step outside"
The figure hits the road and says
"I reary want a ride"
The sunrise shows itself
And reveals that the stow away
Was a small Asian sheila with sick tits
Who was dressed like a schlong
magnet

And she said "My name is Migoumi,
got nowhere to go and I'm reary sad"
Borry said "Sick cunt" picked her up
And spiral cut out passed her into the cab

While he was fucking her he couldn't believe
That such a small little sheila could cop it so sweet
Usually he'd scare the women with his monster cock
But Migoumi, she wrestled it like Irwin on a croc
That morning she got pregnant 4 times
With a fight in mind in Mt Isa
He gunned it down the road
He snorts some wizzer off her tits
While she packs a cone

Cyclists on the road
Borry thought he needed some fresh air
Crawls out through the window to the bonnet
Farts twice, loads Gemima
Blasting middle aged spandex suss cunts
Pulls up to an old pub
Called The Drunken Dingo Inn

A Cold Chisel cover band was
playing while he ordered
7 schooners for himself
A pot of pink
lemonade

And a pack of twisties for Migoumi
The drummer of the band throws his sticks to Borry
"Have a go cunt"
"Yeah fucken righto"

The sickest beats blast through the pub
Thunder cracks outside
Happy cheers turn into screams
People start to die
Solo finished, sticks are thrown
Melted corpses, limbs are lost
Migoumi's in the pokie room
Giving birth to the sons of Boz
He named them all -
Lorry, Semi, Truck and Dog
His boys were born with beards and all

"You boys are gonna fucken need to work,
So here's a hard hat each and a hi-viz shirt
Clean yourself up. Mum, get back in the truck
Wish me luck, make your dad proud
Run amok, don't give a fuck
Got a fight, gotta go,
might catch yas round
if I'm ever in town
Probably not,
anyway, I'm Isa
bound."

He's back on the road again

He hits the picks at Isa Foodworks
And people start to gather
Borry got Migoumi put five hundiy on him for the win
There stands 'Jimmy Two Papers'
A bare knuckle street fighter from Hervey Bay

The fight began and J2P hit him really fucken hard
With a left hook that binged him on the beak
Borry laughed "Are you jokin cunt?"
Blood dripped into his beard

The Fist of Eureka's eyes went white
Threw a devastating right
It crushed Jimmy Two Paper's throat
And it threw him to the ground
He grinded Jimmy's face off with his beard

Then he put Jimmy in a trolley
And wheeled him to a Cleanaway truck
That's about to pick up a bin
He kicked the driver out of the truck
Impaled Jimmy on the bin pickerupperer
And loaded him the bin
Put a brick on the pedal
Sent the truck off a cliff

And then he lit a spliff

SLAVE TO THE CRYSTAL PIPE

Fuck who you are with your face full of glass
Junkie in a kid's park breakin' into cars
No wonder why chicks get raped
Planned it at your mates place
While you're chewin' off your face

These crystal cockheads flood the streets
No singlets, thongs, no fuckin teeth
Lookin in your yard seein' what you got
What can an ice head flog to hock?

You knew that path was paved in shit
No-one forced you to take that hit
Bleed your family dry
Slave to the crystal pipe

And now your life has turned to shit
No-one to blame but you fuckwit
And now you're dead inside
Slave to the crystal pipe

They use lies to survive
These motherfuckers like dead shit wasps to a hive
Just fuckin die
It's not our fault you need a crutch
Get a job you useless cunt

These crystal cockheads flood the streets
No singlets, thongs, no fuckin teeth
Lookin in your yard seein' what you got
These dirty cunts might steal your dog!

You knew that path was paved in shit
No-one forced you to take that hit
Bleed your family dry
Slave to the crystal pipe

And now your life has turned to shit
No-one to blame but you fuckwit
And now you're dead inside
Slave to the crystal pipe

It's not our fault you're dumb as dog shit
It's not our fault you fucken steal shit
It's your fault stop blaming others
It's your fault, you're to blame
You hear me

Everyone has given up on you, why?
Coz they got sick of your delusion and your lies
That shit has turned you into a filthy fucking parasite
You'll rot your mates just to get a fix
Fuck off!

You knew that path was paved in shit
No-one forced you to take that hit
Bleed your family dry
Slave to the crystal pipe

And now your life has turned to shit
No-one to blame but you fuckwit
And now you're dead inside
Slave to the crystal pipe
You're dead inside
Slave to the crystal pipe

Parasite



THE HORROR AT PUMP STATION ROAD

It has begun

By day Kcuf Daeh absorbed solar torrents
Sun scorched the town of Yandina

Kcuf Daeh stays patient knowing
That he'll consume in the black hours
Between two and four he would emit
A hypnotic subterranean pulse
Animals from all over the town
Awoke in a trance like state
The mindless horde arrived
At Pump Station Road

The animals threw themselves down
Into the darkness of the waterhole
Kcuf Daeh consumes them all

Yandina was gripped with worry
But life went on and all the traditions
Of smoking marijuana, eating beer
And making children
Were all upheld that night

Next morning presented a terror
That would send the town
Into upheaval and panic
Every child and teenager
From the age of 3 to 19 were gone
Tales of the tremors
Filled the pub with tension

The black hours were upon the town again
A gargantuan pulse shook the town
Old man Hunter from a drunken slumber
Rose from his lost dog's bed
And dragged his arse out to his front gate

Old man Hunter's old bones
Paralysed with fear at the sight
Of the procession's lack of consciousness
As they paraded through the dark streets
He joins the mindless mass out of curiosity

They all converge at Pump Station Road
And begin their ghastly decent
Kcuf Daeh calls them with a monstrous pulse
One more time

The waterhole drained to reveal
A grotesque orb like monstrosity
A horrid sound vomited forth
And echoed around the stone chasm
The smell was profound
Old man Hunter breaks free
From the zombie parade

KCUF DAEH!

Old man Hunter was filled with dread
As the hypnotised townspeople
Fell into the repulsive aqueous eye
Of Kcuf Daeh

He lives a life of solitude
Fear, lost mind, paranoia
He will never return to
That macabre Pump Station Road

SUMTHIN'S GOTTA GIVE

We're creating technology
That's gettin smarter
And we're using the shit
And we're gettin fucken dumber
How's that fucken work?
In this age of entitlement
Our heads are jammed so far up our own arses
All we can see is our own fucken shit

What the fuck!
What the fuck is going on?
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

It won't
It won't be long
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

In this digital world
We spew forth love and peace and shit
But what does that matter
If you're a cunt in reality
We all have the right to freedom of speech
We also have the choice not to always blurt out
What's goin through our fucken spuds

What the fuck!
What the fuck is going on?
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

It won't
It won't be long

Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

Something's gotta give!

Everyone looking for the easy way
Everyone wins a prize
A keyboard is just a keyboard
But a fist is a fist

What the fuck!
What the fuck is going on?
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

It won't
It won't be long
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

Fuckheads come in all colours

Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give

The left and the right flap
Both belong to the same cunt



RISE OF THE REDCLAW

In the far northwest in the eye of the cyclone
He rises from beneath the mangroves
A thousand years he's been at rest
The Crab God has risen
Grab ya shit and fucken run
That Redclaw's gotta be fifty ton!
He makes his way south
This big cunt's heading for a mining town
Buck gets on the UHF
"Aah copy Gary - ahh you see what I'm seein' mate?"
"Yeah yeah copy that Buck, looks like a giant fucken mudcrab."
Gary gets crushed in his truck
Buck swings his bucket like a mad cunt trying to fuck it up
He gets on the blower to Jenny

It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
He's here to kill us all
Get fucken ready for war!
Fucken oath!
It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
We've gotta band together
Bring this motherfucker down!

Down south workin' on another site
Jenny picks up the phone
"Hey sweetheart, it's me. Hey listen,
I don't think I'm comin' home."
Phone cuts out and Jenny wept
Redclaw snaps Buck's fucken neck
And does a giant crab shit on the site shed
PPE can't save us now
The smoko cunt got melted in that crab shit
The first aid bloke got fucken stomped
Twisted metal, mud and blood
Radio silence, site is fucked
The 50 ton mudcrab lets out another horrid roar

It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
He's here to kill us all
Get fucken ready for war!
Fucken oath!
It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
We've gotta band together
Bring this motherfucker down!

The crab moves south
It comes across a meth lab
Filled with scratchy dickheads
They scatter like ants
And lie to each other as they fill their pockets
Redclaw rips the skulls from their heads
The acid from deep inside digests the dead
He devours the meth lab
Nothing stopping the God Mudcrab

Jenny retrofits steel spikes to her loader
She won't stop till she's got revenge and it's over
She welds through the night

With Redclaw now in sight
Demo charges set alight
Jenny wants to flank him from the right
The miners stop and stare in awe
Then die by the Redclaw
The explosions rock the site
Jenny charges forward in her loader
This is for you Buck, she don't give a fuck
She has lost a straight up good cunt who she loved
And she don't care anymore

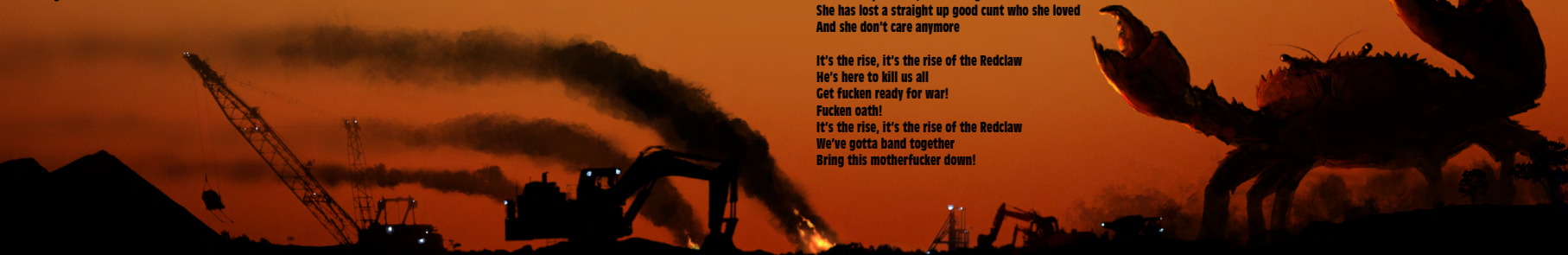
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He's here to kill us all
Get fucken ready for war!
Fucken oath!
It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
We've gotta band together
Bring this motherfucker down!

It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
He's here to kill us all
Get fucken ready for war!
Bring it down!
It's the rise, it's the rise of the Redclaw
We've gotta band together
Bring this motherfucker down!


Bring this motherfucker down!

Jenny rams the spikes into the crab
It vomits acid into the cab
Her face is burning
She wipes off melted fucken skin
Puts it on the dash


One last chance
Raise the blade
And kill the crab
But she can't do it
She's too fucked up



AUSTRALIAN MADE

A man with a beard and tattoos, wearing a dark denim shirt, is sitting in a workshop. He is looking off to the side with a thoughtful expression. A car wheel is visible in the background.

Day by day he grinds away
The sweat pissing from his brow
Thoughts of home, he holds them dear
He revisits them with a dirt covered hand
Holding a knock off beer
He keeps the fucken lights on
The kids keep asking where their dad's gone
But it has to be this way
Their dad is Australian Made

A woman with dark hair, wearing a dark shirt, is holding a glass of red wine. She is looking down at the glass with a serious expression.

Day by day she grinds away
She's all alone with three to raise
Kids to school, catch the train
Works the bar by night
Call centre by day
The kids always come first
A 3am glass of red
Quenches the thirst
She wouldn't have it any other way
Their mum is Australian Made

They are Australian Made

All music written and performed by Dead Kelly.
All music recorded, engineered and mixed by Dead Kelly at The M Room, Sunshine Coast, Queensland.
Mastered by Master Kelly at Crystal Mastering.
Artwork and photography by Dead Kelly, except Roger the Ripped Roo from Alice Springs Kangaroo Sanctuary.
Design and layout by Dead Kelly.

Special thanks to:

Didge Kelly for blastin it out on The Legend of Borry Part 2, and for blowin ya didgepipe on Australian Made.
Nails Kelly for bustin ya lung horn on Sumthin's Gotta Give.
Bunyip Kelly for ya part of "Buck" on Rise of the Redclaw, and ya blurts of brutality on The Horror at Pump Station Road.
Nutcracker Kelly for the sweet violin on Australian Made.

Butterfly Kelly for being Linda Brown on the Linda Brown artwork, many granddad's will be punched.
Torque Wrench Kelly for the pic of ya sweaty ballsack noggin on the Australian Made artwork.
Possum Kelly for ya pretty spud on the Australian Made artwork.
Butterfist Kelly for your appearance on Sumthin's Gotta Give.

Ninja Kelly, Pine Bark Throat Kelly, The Bearded Cube Kelly, Brendo Esky Bar Kelly, Four Ply Kelly, Thylacine Kelly.

Dead Kelly uses and proudly endorses the following trusted brands:

Eclipse Mints, Dolphin Mini Torches, QV Hand Cream, Paper Mate Kilometrico Pens, Stanley Tape Measures, Busse Combat Knives, Tasco Binoculars, Hovex Mosquito Coils, Quilton, Wacom, Cunt Beer, Suhr Guitars, Warwick Basses, Mesa/Boogie Amplifiers, Shure Microphones, Linda Brown footwear supplied by Brothel Creepers Australia, AAVIM Technology, Verbatim, Twinings Peppermint Tea, Bodum Coffee Plungers, Rectinol, Mackie, Husqvarna, Dr Stringfellow Oil & Polish, Youjizz for keeping the mind clear for creativity, Dunlop KT 26ers (also known as hip breakers), Lungbreach 40s for givin P.C.T. sumfin for nuffin, Dual Action Caviscon for easing the suffering of BP kabana lovers across Straya, Dr. Fuckthisshit work related arse rash scrub mung cream, Ansell Kevlar Battle Frangers for when it's some bad bush or ya have to go around the back way.

Big fucken shout outs to:

Alice Springs Kangaroo Sanctuary, The fucken lightning storm that nearly took out all our fucken hard drives and computers, insects, Yandina Hardware, Beer, Jetts Nambour, KFC, Snowy the mad bastard with the two million stubby holders, Mt Ninderry Platypus Supplies, Shake It Up Music Nambour and all the sick cunts who work there, Yandina Bowls Club, the dinner plate sized hunstman spider that crawled out of The Stanley Knife's guitar amp and made him squeal like a baby, Nambour Disposals for the balaclavas, Sarah at the Yandina IGA, RedTube for the memories, bongo vans, the lads at the Yandina bottleo, Mike Hockeye, Lemmy Putdatipin, Tungpunch Mafarbox, Captain Fat Duck & Silly Horse from the S.S. Brown Wind, Space travellers Tanikaze and Mikasa, Iron Thumbs Kelly: Cheers you solid cunt, I'll always be there to pull you out of a fucken Telstra pit.

And finally to all our fans - THE DEAD KELLY GANG - for being a bunch of fucken mad sick cunts. Without you, there is no Dead Kelly.
Cheers!

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