02 RAG AND BONE

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As a nine year old, I was excited to hear the 'Rag and Bone' man calling out "BottleO", clip-clopping his way down our street in Parramatta with his horse and cart. They were the original re-cyclers. There are different words in different versions over the years to suit the intended purpose, as in many of my songs.

INTRO Jimmy Collins was a funny faced kid and he hung around the bar takin' what they'd give. He was the ugliest boy in a fam'ly of five so to keep alive he left home. Jimmy Collins hit the open road and he tried to live by the country code but he took to the city in the great depression with a great recession in pride. Am CHORUS Bone, bone, rag and bone. Am G Any old bottles and tins around your home. G7 | I don't want sticks and stones . . . F C just Rag & Bone. Rag & Bone. Jimmy Collins bought a horse and dray from collecting bottles and soiled hay. He set up a business and he made a life G7 selling cityside, secondhand. Jimmy Collins would rattle and roll down the Highbury Street by the Junior school, and the kids would scream and whistle and shout at the silly old goat with the bones.

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G
                                    Am
CHORUS Bone, bone, rag and bone.
          Any old bottles and tins around your home.
                               G7 . . . . . |
          just Rag & Bone.
                              Rag & Bone.
     Jimmy Collins at sixty-five
     is neither dead nor neither alive.
     He's a solitary soul from a distant age
     when a man worked hard for the money he made.
     Now he won't take the pension 'cause he's self-employed
     and the only real trouble's he gets annoyed
     when the kids get rough and they kick his shins.
     Does anybody care if an old man wins?
          Put yourself in the old man's skin.
softer
                 G
                                    Am
CHORUS Bone, bone, rag and bone.
                                                 Am
                            G
          Any old bottles and tins around your home.
                               G7....|
          I don't want sticks and stones . . . .
louder
                                     Am
CHORUS Bone, bone, rag and bone.
          Any old bottles and tins around your home.
                              G7 . . . . . |
          I don't want sticks and stones . . . .
louder
                  G
                                     Am
CHORUS Bone, bone, rag and bone.
                                                 Am
          Any old bottles and tins around your home.
                                G7 . . . . . |
          I don't want sticks and stones . . . .
                     CFCFCFCF
          just Rag & Bone.
                                                         REPEAT and FADE
                                 Rag & Bone.
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