

HOOROO ULURU

It's been a dusty dry old year
Sheep are fallin' down like flies
The cattle count's an all-time low
Which is no bloody surprise.

I can't recall when we had rain
The mind has gone a blank
I tell a lie ... it spat in July
But now there's nothin' in the tank.

The wife's fed up, the kids aren't well
'n' the bank account looks crook
Hasn't been this bad since Mum and Dad
Sold the farm a Tallarook.

Well Mick has offered me some work
Layin' bricks for a city mob
The pay's okay .. n' just eight hours a day!
And I guess ... well... a job's a job.

Chorus
So I'll say hooroo to Uluru
Billabong, red gum and kangaroo
Nothin' left to do but just shoot through
And say hooroo Uluru.

There's a place a stone's throw from the beach
That Mick says he's lined up
Well, I haven't seen or heard a wave
Since Adam was a pup.

But imagine me in a high-rise flat?
Neighbours breathin' down me neck
I'll prob'ly cop some hi-fi freak
And become a nervous wreck!

I'll have to find a place for Scruff
Me old blue cattle dog
Old cousin Jim might take him on
For his place outside Dungog.

And what about me poor old ute?
She wouldn't make the trip.
I could either flog her off for parts
Or just drive her to the tip.

Chorus
But I'll say hooroo to Uluru
Billabong, red gum and kangaroo
Nothin' left to do but just shoot through
And say hooroo Uluru.

So we're flyin' out, the clan and me
Care of Royal FDS
I'm leavin' here with me debts all clear
And me conscience in a mess.

Tell me when we get there, Doc
I'll just sit here and unwind
And dream of Scruff and me poor old ute
And the life I leave behind.

As I leave this place I shed a tear
It's hard for a country bloke
To leave his roots and his dry old boots
'n' swap the dust for the city smoke.

Hey, look, kids, way down below
Can you take us down some, Doc?
For a final view of my Uluru
My house, my home, my rock!

*And I say hooroo to Uluru
Billabong, red gum and kangaroo
Nothin' left to do but just shoot through
And say hooroo Uluru.*

Allan West
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60 lines