

My Right Hand Man

Company B

Let's go back to 1990; it's not so far away
Where with each misty morning dawns a more exciting day
Peace and love are everywhere, defeating hate and greed
Thatcher is resigning
Germans are uniting
Even that Mandela fella's freed;
There's never been a better time to lead.

Here in 1990, Australia's doing well
No child lives in poverty (as far as we can tell)
And all I hear across the land's a chorus of content
And positive appraisal
And love for Bob and Hazel
Yes, I'm a hit with each constituent
And unemployment's only [cough] percent.

It's a comfy bloody country
Comfy and relaxed
Not too bloody up itself
Or too highly taxed
It's a lovely bloody system
That I try to understand
But I don't really get it
I give much of the credit -
I'm indebted to my right-hand man,
To my right-hand man.

My right-hand man's a charmer, the smoothest of the smooth
He's got a nut for every bolt, a tongue for every groove,
A pleasurer as Treasurer, creating harmony
On the economic levers
And he loves the true believers
He's the linchpin in my winning dynasty:
With him around, there's not much use for me!

... Of course, he's quite peculiar, if that's for me to say,
A little un-Australian in his own endearing way
I take him to the footy, and his eyes aren't on the ball!
And in his private parlour
He plays the works of Mahler
The strangest sound's cascading down the hall:
It doesn't sound like Billy Thorpe at all!

It's a comfy bloody country
'Cos we know what's in our heart
Beer and boots, not wine and suits
Cricket - not art!
It's a lovely bloody system
And I'll lead it while I can
Just a bloke and his mates
But if you wanna talk rates
Just look for the midnight tan
On my right-hand man.