

# 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.