

Galleries Of Pink Galahs

John Williamson

Galleries of pink Galahs
Crystal nights with diamond stars
Apricots preserved in jars
That's my home

Land of oceans in the sun
Purple hazes, river gum
Breaks your heart when rain won't come
It breaks your heart

It takes a harsh and cruel drought
To sort the weaker saplings out
It makes room for stronger trees
Maybe that's what life's about

Winter's come, the hills are brown
Shops are closed, the blinds are down
Everybody's leavin' town
They can't go on

The south wind through veranda gauze
Whines and bangs the homestead doors
A mother curses dusty floors
And feels alone

Trucks and bulk bins filled with rust
Boy leaves home to make a crust
A father's dreams reduced to dust
But he must go on

Tortured red gums unashamed
Sun burnt country wisely named
Chisel-ploughed and wire-claimed
But never never never tamed

Whirlwind swirls a paper high
Same old news of further dry
Of broken clouds just passing by
That's my home

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