

## 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

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