

It's A Way Of Life

John Williamson

Real country people in their prime,
Livin' in New South on Queensland time
He's a stockman, likes raisin' sheep,
Likes raisin' children, don't get much sleep
On the shady big verandah, with his hardworking wife,
Three young sidekicks,
It's a way of life.

Some years they make it, some years they don't
Sometimes the creek flows, sometimes it won't
Sometimes he's mean, he's got a gun
When the ewes are lambing he's got pigs on the run
Out in the lignum, on the water course
You could lose a pig dog, you could lose a horse.

Think you oughta know the channel's coming through
Wipin' out the bushland and the kangaroo
Greedy men with water rights to neutralise the land
When's it gonna stop I just don't understand.
With cotton in their ears and dollars in their eyes
Their banker grins and our country dies.

They love the bush, they grow the wool
They respect the land and it's beautiful
Blue Bonnets, Leatherheads and Red-Back Wrens
Bower Birds, Ring Necks and Water Hens
Red Wings and Red Tailed Black Cockatoos Think of all the rainb
ows we could lose

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