

# Little Girl From The Dryland

John Williamson

Perfectly pretty, perfectly shy  
Little girl from the dryland, wonderin' why  
There's no trees on the south side  
To stop that howlin' wind  
Little girl from the dryland

Only the creaky weatherboards  
Painted the milky green  
Keepin' that scary world outside  
It's bangin' on the windows  
Blowin' the washin' off the line  
Callin' out for that little girl on the dryland

Two older brothers, y' sister and you  
One little nipper, another one due  
Hiding under the homestead  
When strangers come along  
Father out on the wheatfield

You hide the whisky, but then what for?  
Your father is awake to you  
But you are 'protector'  
And your mother always knew  
You wondered why you were born  
Out on a wheatfield

You know there is much more to life  
Than sky and endless plains  
Your father told you stories of the war  
Of Singapore and Paris, and how you long to go  
But you are young, and stuck out on the dryland