

Trees Have Now Gone

John Williamson

Why don't we go back to the sheep,
And leave this old lady alone.
We've pushed and we've pulled,
We've killed and we've mauled,
And there's nowhere to hide from the sun.
Why do we take more than we need,
What is this strange disease?
We turn everything we can see into money,
Damn the earth, damn the sky, damn the seas.

Why do we destroy so much life,
When we're more than flesh on the bone.
I jump in my truck, but I'm out o' luck
'Cause most of the trees have now gone.

(Take the) girls for a pony ride, show them the brigalow.
Like the hair on my face it was all over the place,
Eighty odd years ago,
(There's a) couple on the side of the road,
And one's got some kind of grub.
(There was) box and boonery, belah and black wallaby.
Ask the old bloke down the pub.
There was supple-jack and leopard wood,
Myall, Wilga and it goes on.
I jump in my truck, but I'm out o' luck,
'Cause most of the trees have now gone,
Most of the trees have now gone.

(So why) don't we go back to the wool,
Start keeping the whole world warm,
We've dug and we've dirted,
We've sprayed and we've squirted,
And it all floats away in the storm.
My life is just a flash in the dark, I know,
And I'm just a victim of fate,
Why was I born in this beautiful world,
Why was I born too late,
To walk in the virgin bushland,
Put damper and billy on,
I jump in my truck, but I'm out o' luck,
'Cause most of the trees are now gone
Most of the trees have now gone.