

Hey Juanita

Urthboy

She never would've set foot in the Carousel Club
If she'd known her steps took her up to where she got shot
Wouldn't take a second look, look where she could end up
Opposite upset crooks slamming that door shut
Years later when the secretary came forward
When nothing could be done with what she said she saw
And the life of the woman gone lying on the floor
The men standing over her the gun still drawn

Hey Juanita where did you go?
We miss you and there's something that we want you to know
You never left in our memory though it's so long ago
We send search parties to look for your spirit
And know you

Put your life on the line
When they took you away from the light
And they pretty much got away with it
Yeah they pretty much got away with it
When they dragged you west through the night
It was not the time for goodbyes
And we'll never let them get away with it
No we'll never let them get away with it

The same men visited her five days prior
To let her know that she was in the line of the fire
Intended to abduct her but it didn't transpire
Her friend got the door when they enquired
They invited her to talk "We can chat" they said
Last thing we want to do is put a bag on your head
Paid by powerful enemies but she wasn't scared
But she don't want to follow Arthur King's steps
Tied up in a car boot, locked up in a cheap room
That'd have to scar you, watch out who you speak to
Juanita knew as King knew, just what they were up to
At high noon, corrupt cops were the hired goons, friendly warning
The kind that makes most stop talking
Pack bags, get walking, bad things happen under moonlight
Depending on what you write, friendly warning

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You see, long before the battle wreaked havoc on Victoria St

When evictions notices gave one week
Three hundred people, leave where you live
And they left, well at least most of 'em did
They were supposed to disappear; this should've been clean
They came in heavy handed and she described the scenes
They knew it went to Askin, a premier who happened
To work Hand in hand with Saffron
Back then a bag man and bad men
Their mate Theeman, developer who bought the public housing
Overlooking Sydney Harbour, knew the place was worth a pretty penny
He could make a killing putting up new apartments
If only all the residents departed
That's when the hard men come in
Thugs come knocking while the cops are just watching
Friendly warning, pay attention to the friendly warning