

Country Towns
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You've seen one, you've seen them all,
The Cenotaph, the Memorial Hall,
The place where some explorer stayed
Or died... or slept...but never got laid.
There's never a scandal on display
Where it's always Tourist Heritage Day.
You're just in time for the Blue Gum Fair,
To run the gauntlet of poker ware,
Of bright hand-painted buzz saw blades
And all the crap like Grandma made.
Tea cosies, doylies and crocheted booties,
Quandong jam is where the fruit is.
Try the honey from local bees
Who've sucked the life from local trees.
There's a twenty page book on its heritage history,
Maybe this would solve the mystery
Of why anyone would settle here
On a river of dust by a broken wier.
Three hours from the city'll knock it over
Where they'll dare to get dirt
on their Vogue Range Rover.
But you gotta keep driving for a real country town,
Out to the land where the sun goes down.
Where the blowflies grow big as a 7-4-7,
And nobody's heard of a 7-11.
Where they look at you funny and talk real slow,
where they don't want to help and don't seem to know,
where Bradley John Murdoch filled up his truck
and Peter Falconio ran out of luck.
Out where closing a gate is considered good manners
and little Azaria lives with goannas.
Step into the pub for a bit of shade
Where the wallaby pies are all hand made.
The Federal was built in 1901
Its been handed down from father to son.
Three generations pulled beer for the town
And three generations watered it down.

Clarrie the barman has all his own teeth
And a jar full of others the losers bequeath.
He likes a good punch up on Saturday night,
his sister's the nurse so she'll see you right.
...Should be good this weekend though,
the pipeline workers are rolling in dough.
They're out there digging holes for weeks
and then they come in to Buggerup Creek.
Nothing to do but drink till they drop,
and three hundred miles to the nearest cop.---
Might be best if you get on - keep moving round,
another 9 hours to the next big town.
Three pubs, a post office, two pubs and a silo,
Rumour has it in May they'll be getting a Buy-Lo.
So is this the country you wanted to see?
Where Lawson and Banjo and Gordon roamed free?
The land where the swaggie sat down by his fire
and did things to sheep that the nation admired,
A wide brown land, it's that allright
where stoned koalas mate all night
where the crack of the stockwhip hangs in the air
but I wouldn't know cause I'm not going there.