

Don't Sell Australia Out

By Chris Long

When the shearing sheds are silent and the stock camp's fallen quiet,
When the gidgee coals no longer glow across the outback night.
And the bush is forced to hang a sign, "gone broke and won't be back",
And the spirits fear to find a way beyond the beaten track.

When harvesters stand derelict upon the wind swept plains,
And brave hearts pin their hopes no more on chance of loving rains,
When a hundred outback settlements are ghost towns overnight,
When we've lost the drive and heart we had to once more see us right.

When "Pioneer" means stereo and "Digger" some backhoe,
And the "Outback" is behind the house. There's nowhere else to go.
And "Anzac" is a biscuit brand and probably foreign owned,
And education really means, brainwashed and neatly cloned.

When you have to bake a loaf of bread to make a decent crust,
And our heritage once enshrined in gold is crumbling to dust.
And old folks pay their camping fees on land for which they fought,
And fishing is a great escape, that is, until you're caught.

When you see our kids with Yankee caps and resentment in their eyes,
And the soaring crime and hopeless hearts is no longer a surprise,
When the name of R.M. Williams is some yuppie clothing brand,
Not a product of our heritage that grew from off the land.

When offering a hand makes people think you'll amputate,
And two dogs humping in the street is what you call a "Mate".
When "Political Correctness" has replaced all common sense,
When you're forced to see it their way, there's no sitting on the fence.

Yes one day you might find yourself an outcast in this land,
Perhaps your heart will tell you then "I should have made a stand",
Just go and ask the farmers, that should remove all doubt,
Then join the swelling ranks who say, "Don't sell Australia Out".