



THE AUSTRALIA THAT I KNEW

**When the shearing sheds are silent and the stock camps 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 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 a 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 folk pay their camping fees on land for which they fought
And fishing is a great escape; this 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 RM Williams is a yuppie clothing brand
Not a product of our heritage that grew off the land**

**When offering a hand makes people think you'll amputate
And two dogs meeting 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'!**

By Chris Long