

Charlie Drake

"My Boomerang Won't Come Back"

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In the bad, bad lands of
Australia many years ago
The Aborigine tribes were meeting
Having a big pow wow

We've got a lot of trouble, Chief
On account of your son, Mac
My boy Mac, what's wrong with him

My boomerang won't come back
Your boomerang won't come back

[CHORUS]

My boomerang won't come back
My boomerang won't come back
I've waved the thing all over the place
Practiced till I was black in the face
I'm a big disgrace to the Aborigine race
My boomerang won't back

I can ride a kangaroo (yeah, yeah)
Make kinkijou stew (yeah, yeah)
But I'm a big disgrace
To the Aborigine race
My boomerang won't come back

They banished him
From the tribes then
And sent him on his way
He had a backless boomerang
So here he could not stay

This is nice, isn't it
Getting banished at my time in life
What a way to spend an evening
Sitting on a rock in the
Middle of the desert with
Me boomerang in me hand

For three long months he sat there
Or maybe it was four
Then an old, old man

In a kangaroo skin came
A-knocking at his door

I'm the local witch doctor, son
They call me George Alfred Black
Now tell me, what's your trouble, boy

My boomerang won't come back
Your boomerang won't come back

[Repeat CHORUS]

Don't worry, boy
I know the trick
And to you, I'm gonna show it
If you want your
Boomerang to come back
Well, first you've got to throw it

Oh, yes, never thought of that
Now then, slowly back and throw

[Repeat CHORUS]

I can ride a kangaroo (yeah, yeah)
Make kinkijou stew (yeah, yeah)
But I'm a big disgrace
To the Aborigine race
My boomerang won't come back

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