

Scarlett Johansson "Town With No Cheer"

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Well it's hotter 'n blazes
And all the long faces
There'll be no oasis
For a dry local grazier
There'll be no refreshment
For a thirsty jackaroo
From Melbourne to Adelaide
On the overlander
With newfangled buffet cars
And faster locomotives
The train stopped
In serviceton
Less and less often
There's nothing sadder
Than a town with no cheer
Voc rail decided the canteen
Was no longer necessary there
No spirits
No bilgewater
And 80 dry locals
And the high noon sun
Beats a hundred and four
There's a hummingbird
Trapped in a closed
Down shoe store

This tiny victorian rhubarb

Kept the watering hole open
For sixty five years
Now it's boilin'
In a miserable march 21 st
Wrapped the hills in a blanket
Of patterson's curse
The train smokes
Down the xylophone
There'll be no stopping here
All ya can be is thirsty
n a town with no cheer
No bourbon, no branchwater
Though the townspeople here
Fought her vic rail

Decree tooth and nail
Now it's boilin'
In a miserable march 21 st
Wrapped the hills
In a blanket of patterson's curse
The train smokes
Down the xylophone
There'll be no stopping here
All ya can be is thirsty
In a town with no cheer

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