

Buck & Deanne

"Tearz In Yer Earz"

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Tearz In Yer Earz
By Buck & Deanne
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I wrote my girl from Jericho
I got a gig in Bendigo
And after Forbes I'll be home in a week

She wrote me back from Captain's Flat
Said, "I'm headin' up the Birdsville Track
With a banjo player from Stockwell Creek."

Well, if that don't beat all
Think I'll give them both a call:
I'm gonna speak with this banjo playin' creep.

Ah, but wait, here comes the stinger
She got ring, I got the finger,
There's no such place as Stockwell Creek.

I went buskin' in Deniliquin,
Played a club at Shepparton
And got drunk with a mate in Nar Nar Goon.

He told me he'd heard a rumour
While pullin' cones in Cooma
That my girl was with a Maouri west of Broome.

I felt so sad without her near
It was like having her here,
With a non de plume I booked a flight to Broome.

And then suddenly, it hit me,
Like a loud round of artillery,
There's nothing but the ocean west of Broome.

At a festival near Long Plains
The MC recognised my name.
"Your missus was just in here blowin' a didgeridoo."

I rushed over to stage 2

But when I got there she'd shot thru
Leavin' nothing but a note from me to you.

She said: "I liked you better before
I knew you so well, but let's talk it thru,
Why don't we meet in Wallaroo?

"Give me a call tomorrow morning."
But this routine was getting boring,
I know there's no such flamin' place as Wallaroo.

At a joint near Davis Port
I asked a trucker, "Goin' north?"
He said, "Sorry Pal, I'm headin' south to Wallaroo."

Ah, you could've knocked me down flat,
I was lyin' on my back,
Tearz in my earz from cryin over you.

Yeah, you coulda knocked me down flat,
I was lyin' on my back,
Tearz in my earz from cryin
Tearz in my earz from cryin
Tearz in my earz from cryin over you.

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