

## Paul Kantner

### "Bradman"

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Sydney, 1926, this is the story of a man  
Just a kid in from the sticks, just a kid with a plan  
St George took a gamble, played him in first grade  
Pretty soon that young man showed them how to flash  
the blade  
And at the age of nineteen he was playing for the State  
From Adelaide to Brisbane the runs did not abate  
He hit 'em hard, he hit 'em straight

He was more than just a batsman  
He was something like a tide  
He was more than just one man  
He could take on any side  
They always came for Bradman 'cause fortune used to  
hide in the palm of his hand

A team came out from England  
Wally Hammond wore his felt hat like a chief  
All through the summer of '28, '29 they gave the  
greencaps no relief  
Some reputations came to grief  
They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn  
And in the hour of greatest slaughter the great  
avenger is being born  
But who then could have seen the shape of things to  
come  
In Bradman's first test he went for eighteen and for  
one  
They dropped him like a gun  
Now big Maurice Tate was the trickiest of them all  
And a man with a wisecracking habit  
But there's one crack that won't stop ringing in his ears  
"Hey Whitey, that's my rabbit"  
Bradman never forgot it

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England 1930 and the seed burst into flower  
All of Jackson's grace failed him, it was Bradman was  
the power  
He murdered them in Yorkshire, he danced for them in  
Kent  
He laughed at them in Leicestershire, Leeds was an  
event  
Three hundred runs he took and rewrote all the books  
That really knocked those gents  
The critics could not comprehend his nonchalant  
phenomenon  
"Why this man is a machine," they said. "Even his  
friends say he isn't human"  
Even friends have to cut something

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Summer 1932 and Captain Douglas had a plan  
When Larwood bowled to Bradman it was more than  
man to man  
And staid Adelaide nearly boiled over as rage ruled  
over sense  
When Oldfield hit the ground they nearly jumped the  
fence  
Now Bill Woodill was as fine a man as ever went to  
wicket  
And the bruises on his body that day showed that he  
could stick it  
But to this day he's still quoted and only he could wear  
it  
"There's two teams out there today and only one of  
them's playing cricket."

He was longer than a memory, bigger than a town  
He feet they used to sparkle and he always kept them  
on the ground  
Fathers took their sons who never lost the sound of the  
roar of the grandstand

Now shadows they grow longer and there's so much  
more yet to be told  
But we're not getting any younger, so let the part tell  
the whole  
Now the players all wear colours, the circus is in town  
I can no longer go down there, down to that sacred

ground

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