

## Redgum

# "Spirit Of The Land"

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The rivers are dry across the land and the farmers  
fields have turned to sand  
'Cause the rain hasn't come for two years going on  
three  
The topsoil's gone with the hot north wind, the crops  
won't grow and rust set in  
And the cruel south wind of winter brought no relief

And the old men in the public bar talk of floods and  
droughts before  
And as the night goes on the conversations die  
But the battlers don't give up, it's written on their hands  
And in their eye-eye-eye-eye-eyes, and the spirit of the  
land survives

And on Saturday night in the Royal Hotel, Hank the  
Dutchman plays guitar  
He sings country and western favourites and requests  
It used to be his second job, a bit of a laugh for a  
couple of bob  
Now it's all he's got 'cause his crops all died from thirst

Then he spent his savings on cattle and sheep, he got  
some credit, got in too deep  
But stock won't graze on pastures turned to salt  
And then he tried to get work as a travelling man  
selling Rawleighs products from the back of his van  
But the cockies all shop in town where things are cheap

And the old men in the public bar talk of floods and  
droughts before  
And as the night goes on the conversations die  
But the battlers don't give up, it's written on their hands  
And in their eye-eye-eye-eye-eye-eyes, and the spirit of the  
land survives

The school's all rundown, the roofs rusted and the  
paint's peelin'  
The playground's just a dustbowl, not a spot of green  
The kids still kick their footballs sending dust clouds to  
the sun  
And it's good to know the drought can't spoil the fun

And in the cricketers lounge late at night where the  
cockies talk and the shearers fight  
And their wives drink shandies 'cause they'll be dri

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