

## **Tom Waits**

### **"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 in 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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