

Maurie Fields

"An Aussie Bush Christmas"

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Santa arrives in his horse drawn cart
Although it's real hot he's still playin' the part
Parks in the shade of a Coolabah tree
Rubs, Hoh-hoh-hoh, then slaps his knee

The kids gather 'round in their thongs and their shorts
Black, white and brindle, they come in all sorts
The presents come out and their beauty's no fear
Santa sits down and says give us a beer

An Aussie bush Christmas is a fabulous one
No sign of snow, just hot Aussie sun
But that doesn't matter 'cause this time of year
Christmas is Christmas, even out here

Come mutton and damper and chokin' wild duck
On soft paper plates off the back of the track
The Coolgardie safe's just loaded with beer
Enough liquid amber to last 'til New Year

The pavlova's meltin', the dogs think its grouse
They've already had half of it under the house
Young Mick Maloney comes down the track
He works in the city but he always comes back

An Aussie bush Christmas is a fabulous one
No sign of snow, just hot Aussie sun
But that doesn't matter 'cause this time of year
Christmas is Christmas, even out here

We're ready to leave and the truck's loaded up
There's nothin' much left 'cept some used paper cups
Old Paddy Maloney's asleep by a log
When he wakes up, he'll be sick as a dog

The spirit of Christmas was with us today
No fir trees, no tinsel, just smiles and giddy
But Christmas is Christmas, whether big, whether small
And an Aussie bush Christmas is the best one of all

An Aussie bush Christmas is a fabulous one

No sign of snow, just hot Aussie sun
But that doesn't matter 'cause this time of year
Christmas is Christmas, even out here

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