

Redgum, Spirit Of The Land

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

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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