

# Cold Chisel, Red Sand

Way out back of the Coolgardie  
Round the turn of the century  
Two riders came out of the west  
They were lookin' for the colour of gold  
Trading on an old red blanket  
Took 'em in a young boy  
Passed him on to a pearl lugger  
That was Java bound outa Roebuck Bay  
The crew were mainly Manila men  
And the young boy must have known  
He'd never be back now  
Down in the red sand  
Manila-man got the machete  
Manila-man cut him down cold  
Die with the Balander boss on a lugger  
Could not have been more  
Than twelve years old  
Looking out on a clear sky  
As the sun beats down on her head  
A mother alone  
Fails to understand  
And as the long years go by  
Just an old red blanket to dry  
The tears for the son  
Who'll never be home  
Down in the red sand