

# John Williamson, Cracker Night

Teary eyes at the window,  
Where did Mum and Dad go?  
I wish someone would hurry up and come and get me,  
Gee I'm scared  
The cat shot through, She saw the light and fled.  
Cracker night was a real big deal, when I was a little kid  
They started lettin' them off after tea I ran inside and hid  
And all the dogs from everywhere were underneath me bed.

We all went down in our dressing gowns to see the big bonfire  
Wide eyes watched the straw man burn on a mile-high pile of tyres  
Hot as hell, big black smell and red hot rings of wire.

Sky rockets zinging,  
Catherine wheels spinning,  
What a flamin' evening,  
Fire trucks were screaming  
Smoky haze hangin' round for days  
And Grandma's ears were ringing.

Everynight after school draggin' bits of wood,  
Boxes and branches and rotten old fences,  
And mattresses were good.  
We even scrounged a vinyl lounge  
And anything we could

Little Guy Fawkes's and letter boxes  
Blown all out of shape  
Light the wick and back off quick,  
And make the big escape  
Cackin' ourselves and rippin' my shirt  
Scrambling through the gate

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Catherine wheels spinning  
What a flamin' evening  
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And Grandma's ears were ringing.

A house burnt down on the edge of town  
We all took off with Pa  
This thing whizzed across the road  
And nearly hit our car  
A bang and spark lit up the park  
And everyone went Ah! Ah! Ah!

Cracker night was a real big deal,  
When I was a little kid,  
It seems like only yesterday  
Tucked away in bed  
Dreams of schemes and double bungers  
Daring things we did