

John Williamson, Mallee Boy

Well I've ripped and dug out burrows on a sandy bulloak hill,
Eradicating rabbits doesn't take a lot of skill
But a boy born in the Mallee doesn't find 'em hard to kill
No self-respecting farmer lets a rodent eat his wheat
He'll shoot 'em and he'll skin 'em and he'll dress 'em up to eat
But since the spread of mixo He's almost got 'em beat
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee boy
Where little town dogs howl at the morning train,
Where a cocky makes a living on twelve inches of rain
Where his woman provides and is rare to complain
And I still love the smell of that sandy soil,
Some say it's dusty, some say it's gold
Cause it grows the sweetest fat lambs the markets ever sold
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy,
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.
Where you can lose an ear on duck opening day,
Where slickers bring their shotguns from miles away,
And shoot the life out of shags and swans that fly their way.
Where a bloke grows as stocky as a Mallee bull,
Where they come from miles around to see the tractor pull,
When the paddocks are clean and seed silos are full,
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.
Well I've ripped and dug out burrows on a sandy bulloak hill,
Eradicating rabbits doesn't take a lot of skill,
And a boy born in the Mallee doesn't find 'em hard to kill.
But they'll never be as rare as a Quandong tree
My grandma made some jam for my brothers and me
They're like the Mallee Fowl you hardly ever see
But I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.