

Galleries of pink Galahs

Songwriter: John Williamson – 1986 – Album: Mallee Boy

Galleries of pink Galahs

Crystal nights with diamond stars

Apricots preserved in jars

That's my home

Land of oceans in the sun

Purple hazes, river gum

Breaks your heart when rain won't come

It breaks your heart

It takes a harsh and cruel drought

To sort the weaker saplings out

It makes room for stronger trees

Maybe that's what life's about

Winter's come, the hills are brown

Shops are closed, the blinds are down

Everybody's leavin' town

They can't go on

The south wind through veranda gauze

Whines and bangs the homestead doors

A mother curses dusty floors

And feels alone

Trucks and bulk bins filled with rust

Boy leaves home to make a crust

A father's dreams reduced to dust

But he must go on

Tortured red gums unashamed

Sun burnt country wisely named

Chisel-ploughed and wire-claimed

But never never never tamed

Whirlwind swirls a paper high

Same old news of further dry

Of broken clouds just passing by

That's my home

Land of oceans in the sun

Purple hazes, river gum

Breaks your heart when rain won't come

It breaks your heart