

Lloyd Fell's Songbook - Volume 2



This book contains the lyrics of another 70 of my songs.

(Formatted conveniently for singalong)

#1 A SONG THAT'S TRUE

Me and my guitar will tell you what we like to do
To sing a song, a simple song, a love song just for you
Me and my guitar we love to sing a song that's true
Sing a song, sing along, a love song just for you

It isn't very hard to do. It links our hearts together
You and me and all the world
Connects our lives for ever
Between our hearts will be a truth
That's neither right nor wrong
It simply is a joy that we can sing a song

Repeat first verse

#2 WE USE FOR A LIVING

We use for a living
That is our way
Like many in Nature before
But we must take care to
Conserve what we're using
Or we won't be here any more

We kill for a living
That is our way
Like many in Nature before
But we must be careful
To leave some survivors
Or we won't be here any more

But we spoil and we waste
With unnatural haste
And we maim and we needlessly plunder
If we know what we need
Let's take heed with due speed
Or our greed it will surely destroy us

We live here in wonder
At our world around us
And which of us understands why
But if we are thankful
It really is joyful
To be and to live till we die

#3 MERRY OLD TOWN

(Written in a state of despair after attending the Blue Mountains Folk Festival and envying all the performers for their great skill, but, in the end, appreciating them as well)

There are times I think that life is hardly worth living
And I try to smile but it always turns to a frown
So I go to a place where everything has been forgiven
In a song I heard – it was a song I heard - about a merry old town

It's a town where the music comes down
And stirs your soul and turns you around
And carries you away on a magical sound
And there you are in that merry old town

**And so I go
Where I'm free
In my song
Where I can be me
So I go
When I'm down
In my song
To that merry old town**

There are times I think that the world is treating me badly
And everywhere I look there is something getting me down
So I go to a place where everybody treats you gladly
In a song I heard – it was a song I heard - about a merry old town

It's a town where the music comes down
And stirs your soul and turns you around
And carries you away on a magical sound
And there you are in that merry old town

Repeat Chorus twice

Additional:

There are times I think that this is not what I want to be doing
And I'm trapped and everything bad is holding me down
So I go to a place where the good times seem to be flowing
In a song I heard – it was a song I heard - about a merry old town

#4 RAIN SOUNDS

Oh it's been a long time
Since we had a drop of rain
Everything's as dry as dust
Stricken by the drought again
Grass is nearly gone now
Tank is nearly dry too, but,
Can you hear that strange sound?
Yes, I think I can - can you?
Oh yes, I'm sure I can

**Hear the rain pitter patter on the rooftop
Gutter's gurglin', tank'll soon be full
Hear the rain pitter patter on the rooftop
Hear it rain, hear it rain**

Oh, I thought those dark clouds
Were just another empty hope
So many hot and windy nights
I felt that I could hardly cope
But now that I can lie here
And listen to the sound of rain
I know that I can carry on
I feel that I'm refreshed again
Oh, yes, I know I am

Chorus

#5 I'D LOVE TO BE THE GARDENER UP AT OLD ST JOHN OF GOD

He's someone that I'd like to be - I bet you'll never guess
He works all day for very little pay and his clothes get in a mess
But he gets satisfaction and enjoyment there I know
From planting, hoeing, watering and watching flowers grow

**Oh well I've,
Worked on Central Station and on farms out back of Bourke
For every job there is to do I've done that kind of work
There's just one job I'd really love although it may sound odd
I'd love to be the gardener up at old St John of God**

He stops to talk to the patients and his work gets way behind
The boss he says, "that's quite OK", he doesn't seem to mind
(Spoken) Actually, it's part of the therapy
He works so hard at other times the flowers really grow
And win the prize for Church or Grave at the local flower show

Repeat Chorus

He lives out in the sunshine and he loves to till the soil
And when that's done he knows the joy of resting after toil
And when it rains he sits inside his little shed I know
And says, "thank God", and watches how it makes the flowers grow

Repeat Chorus

I've got a funny feeling that he gives those flowers love
He puts into gardening the spirit from above
It's not just fertilizer and not just his great big hoe
It must be the love of God that makes the flowers grow

Repeat Chorus

#6 TAKE MY HAND

(From Stress the Musical – although written prior to that)

Take my hand while I tell you my story
Hold me close as I try to tell you why
There are times when I so miss my children
That I'm sad even though there's you and I

Take my hand while I talk to my children
Hold me close when I hear no reply
Be with me as I cry in the night-time
For it's this love we share, you and I

So alone, I'm so alone
I want you to be here next to me
When you're here there's a better kind of feeling
Oh, I'm so alone

Take my hand while I think of the future
Hold me close while I worry about the past
Be with me as I live for the moment
For it's all here and now and you and I

#7 THE SEARCH

(From Stress the Musical)

In the deep of my heart and the high in the sky
I think something should be the same
But the way that I feel is cut off from the world
And so I look for something to blame
Is it friends who don't like me or the smoke and the fumes?
Or my bed or my sex or the food I consumes?
Or the pressures of work, or the heat or the cold?
Or perhaps it's that I'm growing old?
Could it be that for me there can never be peace?
What I know, no one knows, what I see, no one sees
I'm alone, on my own, there's a gulf that divides
What's out there from in here, the world from my inside
I don't know where to go, will I change, will I grow?
So my search must go on, maybe yes, maybe no
Will the reach of my mind match the big world outside?
Will the deep of my heart ever be like the high in the sky?

#8 PLEASE DON'T POUR YOUR CONTENTS OVER ME

There's a sort of an unwritten deal between teachers and students, parents and children, bosses and their staff, that if the teacher says something and the learner can repeat it verbatim, this is education!

A wise young person said to me where teaching is concerned
There's more to school than simply information to be learned
The truth of education in this phrase could be distilled
We're fires to be kindled, not vessels to be filled

**Oh, you can't pour your contents into me
Who you are is all I need to see
How you live and what you give to other people free
Please don't pour your contents over me**

My children often say to me: well, yes Dad, no Dad, but
You keep repeating warnings like a record in a rut
We can't respond to everything you wished for us and willed
We're fires to be kindled, not vessels to be filled

A lover told me once that I was very nice to know
Except, she said, for one thing, dear, which really has to go
You try to tell me how to live my life and be fulfilled
I'm a fire to be kindled, not a vessel to be filled

My workmates said you want to be a better boss, my friend?
Then we suggest you make your goal those preaching ways to mend
Instead, discuss your plans with those appropriately skilled
We're fires to be kindled, not vessels to be filled

#9 JUST FIX THE SYMPTOMS, DOC (Don't make me change my life)

Oh! Doctor somebody, I think I've got a pain
It comes and goes, here and there
But I think it's in my brain
Oh! Oh! Oh! there it goes again

**I want relief and its up to you to make it go away
You know I have to do the things I have to do each day
But I didn't ask for misery and I can't bear any strife
Just fix the symptoms, Doc
Don't make me change my life**

Oh! Doctor somebody, there's poison in my food
I want it plastic shiny clean, but it doesn't taste too good
Oh! I can't fix it, but I wish somebody would

Oh! Doctor somebody, so many things I need
You gotta fix the environment
But satisfy my greed
Oh! Oh! From this bind I must be freed

Repeat Chorus and Verse 1

#10 I JUST DO WHAT I DO

I just do what I do, never sure if it's true
Always wondering why it should be
Who am I? If I try, will I ever find?
That everything I've ever done is me

Who I am is what I do and that is why
I can be in love with you

#11 SINGIN' CITY

(Written and sung for our farewell party when we left Armidale to return to the Blue Mountains in 1999)

There's a city I know that's got problems today
From Sydney and Brisbane it's too far away
For people to do more than stay for the night
But it's so cold in winter you'll die of frostbite

**But there's something about it that sings
Something about it that sings
What could it be?**

**They call it sobriety city
Where people find hope after living in pain
Goodbye to pride and self-pity
Hello to living again**

Its graziers think that they still own the world
Its Uni in comfortable shelter is curled
Its numbers are falling but who gives a damn
Its tourist attraction is the world's slowest tram

Chorus

There are many who can't abide pooftas or wogs
And some who complain about wintry fogs
But if you should find yourself stuck there one day
With two fine cathedrals it's a great place to pray

Chorus

#12 QUIET BLOKES ANONYMOUS

(Originally created for the Two Lloyds)

Welcome to the meeting tonight - of Quiet Blokes Anonymous. The only requirement to be here is that you could have been a quite bloke - and we don't demand rigorous honesty - even about that.

**(Hey) We're just a couple of quiet blokes, but there's something that we like to do
We've been thinking that it could be something that you like too
We don't care about who does what and whether its right or wrong
We're just a couple of quiet blokes who love to sing a song**

My name's Sam and I'm a quiet bloke and I never did anything wrong
Once or twice I nearly went astray, but my will was always strong
I don't like to brag about having a direct line from above, but
The bloke upstairs, he said that this is a song you are going to love

Chorus

My name's Sam and I'm a quiet bloke and I never did anything bad
All these women tried to love me to death, but they'd always end up sad
I don't care about their broken hearts and the lies I've had to tell
The bloke upstairs, he said I love the way you con so well

Chorus

Our name's Sam and we are quiet blokes – we've never sung this song before
When it's done and the applause dies down we may never sing it any more
We just thought it was a good idea and we knew we can't go wrong
(Cause) The bloke upstairs, he is a quiet bloke, and he loves to sing along

Chorus

#13 DON'T BE MY DESIRE

Giving in to temptation will kill the desire

They say that desire . . . cannot be fulfilled
But I light the fire, of my desire, and I do what I willed
My will is stronger . . . than anyone knows
And I have a hunger, and it will last longer, as history shows

I climbed the mountain . . . and the ocean I swam
For I light the fire, and as it flames higher, I will be what I am
So don't be my desire . . . you're not ready to die
For I will forsake you, and I will break you, and never know why

And the reason is
I can't deal with temptation
And I can't live in the pain
No I can't bear the sensation
La la la. La la la
I cannot find it, whatever it takes, it's not mine

#14 NOW I'M HOME

Once upon a time I was a traveller
Drifting around from town to town
Never stopping long
Give me a month and I'll be gone
But a drifter's life can get you down
A drifter's life sure can get you down

**Now I'm home, now I'm home
There's no need for me to roam
I have been so far away
But now I'm home, I'm home to stay**

Once upon a time I was a drinker
Searching for the magic in a beer
Sometimes playing rough
Got to pretend I'm feeling tough
But a drinker's life is full of fear
A drinker's life is mostly full of fear

Chorus

Once upon a time I was a loner
Hiding out from any honest face
Too much pride to see
What if they got too close to me
For a loner cannot be disgraced
A loner cannot bear to be disgraced

Chorus

Once upon a time I was a loser
Always out of luck and doing dough
Always on the run
Said I was following the sun
But a loser has no place to go
A loser really has no place to go

Chorus

#15 REACH OUT YOUR HAND

Lonely and afraid, no place to go
I didn't care much about livin'
Who cares a damn for the loser that I am
And the misery where I've been driven

And as I lay there thinking something stirred
A feeling that beside me stood a friend
I half reached out my hand. You took my hand
All the mysteries I began to know

**I want the hand to always be there
Responsible for that I want to be
Want the hand to always be there
I understand it begins with me**

I was all but gone, nothin' left to do
I didn't know much about livin'
You offered me your hand when I reached out my hand
Showed me about love and forgivin'
So if you're lonely too and afraid
And thinkin' that you have no place to go
I offer you my hand if you reach out your hand
All the mysteries we come to know

Chorus

You showed me what to do, showed me how to live
About caring for each other
There's another soul who seems to understand
I can call a sister or a brother
And when I stumbled and could fall
And maybe I might lose my way again
There was your hand when I held out my hand
All the mysteries there are for us to know

Chorus

It had to be like that, that's how it had to be
My life and yours is worth livin'
We might show the way for others just like us
Show them about love and forgivin'
So when you see a stranger who's alone
And thinkin' that there's nowhere left to go
Offer them your hand if they reach out their hand
All the mysteries we come to know

There's a little bit of heaven in your hand
It begins with me I understand

Chorus

#16 THE FANTASY

Now, here's a little tale of a fantasy that I had one night in the pub
Saw a very funny fella with his hair gone yella and a face like a witchety grub (Reminded me of Yoder, actually, out of Star Wars)
He said: I'm gonna take you to a place where you can get everything you want and some
I said: I don't ordinarily do such things but I just might possibly come

Well, he took me to a place where there were boys and girls all dressed in satin and lace
And the one that came to kiss me had a very alluring, titillating face
I could see that she was keen on me and being rather nervous I was frozen where I stood
I thought: what ordinarily wouldn't happen now looks as if it possibly could

So, I tried to look romantic and I forced a smile and I said (ahem!) how do you do?
She said: I think I know you, but I'm not quite sure, would you tell me who are you?
She said: I gotta check the list. I said: well sure if you insist and then I'll know my name
forthwith
Well, it ain't necessarily always so, but tonight I think I'd better be Smith

Well, a funny thing it was but they didn't have a Smith on the list so we had to leave
But the yella fella said: never mind that Fred, I've a few more up my sleeve
I can take you to a place where you get paid a thousand bucks and money grows on trees
I said: I don't customarily need that much but, yes, if you wouldn't mind, please

I imagined all the things that I could buy when I was rich as we lined up for our dough
Like a blue and red Mercedes and a mansion and a yacht and a lawnmower that would go
But the awful truth again was when they asked me who I was and I was still not really sure
They quite categorically pointed out that the money wasn't growing any more

Well, I was getting quite depressed and my mood got worse so I toddled off to see the Doc
He looked quite at ease thinking up a disease that would give me a pretty bad shock
He said: you maybe got a cancer, but I think I got the answer if you take these little pills
It's an indisputably proven fact little pills will settle all ills
(And don't forget to pay the bills. Next)

Well, it didn't fix the problem and I saw that I was beaten so I turned my head for home
And I'm willing to admit that it was really a relief to see the last of that little yella gnome
I thought: I've only got myself and if I'm not sure who I am then I haven't got a lot
But a thought momentarily struck me then - better make the most of what I've got!

#17 AS IF

(Written for 'The Constructivist's Picnic' – the opening session of the 5th Australasian Conference on Personal Construct Psychology, University of Adelaide, 1990, which I presented together with David Russell and Graham Bird from the University of Western Sydney.)

It's as if the sun is shining
It's as if the sky is blue
It's as if the clouds are drifting by
And the friend with me is you
It's as if I see around me
All that I could do
It's as if this world I'm seeing
Is all the world that's true

But is it so?
Oh is it so?

It's as if my mind is dreaming
Of a world that's far away
And the people there are just like me
They dream and work and play
It's as if I hear them singing
How then can I say?
That this world in which we're living
Is only mine today

So what is real?
Oh what is real?

It's as if I see you smiling
It's as if I feel you near
It's as if I hear your gentle voice
That stills and calms my fear
It's as if I know you're by me
The love that I hold dear
And in my imagination
It seems as if you're here

How can it be?
How can it be?

It's as if the moon is glowing
It's as if a shining star
Is beaming down for us to read
A message from afar
It's as if my mind is saying
You can be what you dare
Let's rejoice that we are human
And behave as if we are

#18 YOU CAN FAKE IT 'TIL YOU MAKE IT

(Written for 'The Constructivist's Picnic' – the opening session of the 5th Australasian Conference on Personal Construct Psychology, University of Adelaide, 1990, which I presented together with David Russell and Graham Bird from the University of Western Sydney.)

(Introduction) Something always bothers me in that which I construe
I wonder if it is a thing which also bothers you
When I believe that something is as real as real can be
How do I know it's not my mind deceiving me?

Constructivism tells me that I arrange my seeing
Proactively, I could be interfering with my being
This can be a worry! You can fake it, so they say
'Til you make it, but I take it I might make it anyway

**Oh you can fake it 'til you make it so they say
Pretend that this is it - it's quite okay
You can fake it 'til you make it
But you'd better not mistake it
If it really was and now it's gone away**

Everyone is searching for the very best there is
But what if it is here and now pretending it is this?
I can't tell what was fiction or was fantasy or fact
Or if it was my brilliance or something that I lacked

(David) I'm a serious psychologist, I have a vision splendid
I can't always define it, but you know what is intended
A new epistemology for eco-social living
Sharing the belief that love is for the giving

Creating worlds of harmony and agricultural glory
And images and archetypes - I think we'll have a story
Once upon a time . . . what's that I am told?
Have I added something - is this the myth of old?

Chorus

(Graham) I'm a radical constructivist, I think - well, nearly
I wish I had a way of saying what I was more clearly
I personally empathise with those like Miller Mair
Naked in experience - I know that I am there

Constructively, in criticism, like a Corgi yapping
In poetry, seeking out the sound of one hand clapping
Quietly pretending that I'm search for a rhyme
I wonder if I made it up or knew it all the time

Chorus

(Lloyd) I am an academic chap in many little ways
Except when singing songs or having fun in plays
But underneath the jargon and the chatter of my role
I want to share with you the music in my soul

An ethical biology means living as we're made to
In love, especially, love when we're afraid to
Uncertainty is in our bones, but knowing how we know
Compels us to be honest - flowing as we grow

Chorus

#19 A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE

(Written for a business workshop on Knowledge in the Workplace I did for senior executives of the Stanwell Corporation in Rockhampton in 2001)

What's a little knowledge amongst friends?
Is it true that knowledge never ends?
Where then does it come from, who has got it now?
I would like to get some if I've not forgotten how!
What's it worth in dollars? It depends
What's a little knowledge amongst friends?

Knowledge is not everything it seems
Much of it is playing in our dreams
When we are connecting, something new is born
But when we are cornered, all we knew is gone
Confidence and loving is the key
Knowledge lives where spirit can run free

What's a little knowledge amongst friends?
Is it true that knowledge never ends?
Where then does it come from, who has got it now?
I would like to get some if I've not forgotten how!
What's it worth in dollars? It depends
What's a little knowledge amongst friends?

#20 CONFIDENCE

There's a story I have to tell
Of psychological moment
And I wish I could learn it well
And find the comfortable me
Throw away that anxiety
And accept the uncertainty
For living life in the present tense
What we need is confidence

Confidence, confidence
What we need is confidence
Confidence, confidence
What we need is confidence

I met a man who was somewhat shy
He chose responsible virtues
He – always sensibly – wondered why
Life was boring as hell
Then it happened he came upon
A friend who said to him “Listen son”
There's no need for a lot of sense
What we need is confidence

Chorus

There are women I know who say
With justifiable anger
Life is more than just work and play
Life is people as well
Love is what makes a heart grow strong
Life will tell us what's right and wrong
Let's not sit on the bloody fence
What we need is confidence

Chorus

#21 WORSHIP NOTHING (unfinished)

I'm thinking that we should worship nothing
So for nothing, in devotion, let us pray
And should you think that this is sacrilegious
Let me explain that it's the only thing we worship anyway

It's the hole within the cup that makes it useful
It's the space between the walls that gives us somewhere nice to live

And the opening in the doorway is the bit you enter through
And the gap under the windows lets the air in too

If you get asked what you're doing and you don't want to explain
Just say you're doing nothing and they'll never ask again

I met a sobbing lady who said that she was sad
When I asked her what's the matter she says "nothing"
But it's obvious that "nothing" must be very, very, bad

So we must not under estimate – nor deprecate nor desecrate - nor litigate nor castigate – nor
obfuscate nor sublimate – nor modulate nor overstate – nor irritate nor suffocate - nor palliate
nor mitigate – nor titivate nor masturbate — nor underrate nor understate – nothing.

It's the distance between here and there that makes it worth the trip
And the centre of the doughnut makes it what it is

It's the emptiness you feel when there is nothing left to will
That provides the space the loving spirit always yearns to fill

If we didn't worship nothing there would only just be stuff
And of that I'm sure you know, we already have enough

#22 SOMETHING BIGGER

I am a part of something bigger
And I belong to something round
I can see up into the sky-yi-i
If I am standing on the ground

I am a part of something bigger
And it will empower me
You are a precious part of
I am a precious part of
We are constituents, but we are not the holy, holy

We are a part of something bigger
And we belong to something that is whole
Holy, holy, whole

#23 WALLY

(A true story, this was written for my friend, Lloyd Porter, from Armidale, about his son Wally)

If you think about living and dying
And most of us do now and then
You'll never get tired of this story
Though you hear it again and again
Though you hear it again and again

It tells of how young Wally Porter
Lay in his hospital bed
How his Dad kept a vigil beside him
Despite what the good doctors said
Despite what the good doctors said

The doctors had tried all their treatments
Told Dad: no more can be done
You may have to turn off the life support
We see little hope for your son
We see little hope for your son

Think about Wally
Think about Wally
Think about Wally
My friend

But the Father continued his vigil
It's out of your hands now, he said
It's out of our hands absolutely
And in someone else's instead
In someone else's instead

We must not give up without hearing
The prayers that so many have prayed
Like simple soft music they carried
The boy and his Father each day
The boy and his Father each day

You know Wally loved country music
So Slim Dusty records they played
Night after night there was music
Wally's Dad listened and stayed
Wally's Dad listened and stayed

Chorus

For thirty-one days in a coma
The boy had not even stirred
When suddenly Wally sat upright
Said: what was that song that I heard?
What was that song that I heard?

The boy and his Father connected
To the tune of a Slim Dusty song
That song was the music of angels
For those who had waited so long
For those who had waited so long

Now Wally can listen to music
And maybe the prayers of his friends
And Father can sing of his loved one
And we never know where it ends
We never know where it ends

Chorus

#24 SPIRIT THINKING

Spirit thinking
All around us
Spirit thinking
In the air
Spirit thinking
All inside us
Spirit thinking
Do we care?

I would like to be a thoughtful spirit
Above, beneath, within and all around
Enjoy thoughtful spirit kinds of singing
Listen to the thoughtful spirit sound

Float away on foamy clouds of sunlight
Trickle along rivulets of sand
Sail upon a never-ending spiral
Stand upon a solid, timeless, land

For I think we might be thoughtful spirits
You and I... and Jenny down the road
Carrying one another's burden
It 'aint heavy, sister, brother, shares the load

Chorus

#25 INTRO (A New Beginning)

Oh I need a little song
One that isn't very long
With a bouncy sort of tune
Which I can sing at the beginning
Of my little bit of singing
One that's not too difficult to croon

'Cause I always find the first
Is when my nerves are at their worst
And I can't think what to do
So this into's meant to be
So that you get used to me
And I hope to hell that I get used to you!

#26 WHAT'S A FRIEND?

(Written for Pete Lowe on his birthday in 2001)

What's a friend?
That's a simple question you might say
But simple ones are hardest in a way
Some of them need asking every day
What's a friend?

Does a friend
Listen to what you really want to say?
But not let you always have your way?
Feel the same at work as when at play?
Does a friend?

Should a friend
Tell you of his deeply moving dreams?
Admit when unwittingly he schemes?
Of fairy cakes and other crazy themes?
Should a friend?

For a friend
Showground mallee of his younger days
Flaking wooden buildings through the haze
Sunrise light that never ever stays
For a friend

Can a friend
Be as tender as he can be strong?
Not reject you just because you're wrong?
Accept birthday wishes in a song?
Can a friend?

Will a friend
Live his own adventures at the time?
Go on showing others where to climb?
Understand when songwriter's can't rhyme?
That's a friend!

#27 CO-LEARNING

**Taking hold and letting go
Now I'm here, now I flow
Moving, together moving
Taking hold and letting go
Sacrificing what we know
Moving, together moving
In the stream of life**

In the stream of life I can drift along
Carefully avoiding the shore
Or else beach myself and stay right where I am
This is it - there can be nothing more
But if I made a pact to go learning with you
In the midst of the stream of life
Would I know what to do?

Chorus

If we never take hold we will drift by the shore
Where the new growth is just taking hold
A firm hand is needed - a purpose in mind
To grasp it we need to be bold
But 'tis far greater courage which soon we will need
When that growth has gripped us
And we know that we've got to be freed

Chorus

#28 I AM A SCIENTIST

(Written and performed for a workshop I did at the Second Conference on Spirituality, Leadership and Management, University of Western Sydney, Richmond, NSW)

I am a scientist
That is why I do insist
In what we do
We analyse and quantify
Our statistics never lie
Our statistics never lie

I am a scientist
That is why I will persist
With method true
This or that it has to be
Testing my hypotheses
Testing my hypotheses
With certain probabilities
With certain probabilities

Oh but I can tell you how something works

I am a scientist
That is why I do insist
In good 'controls'
Variables must match you see
Hiding context carefully
Hiding context carefully

I am a scientist
From speculation I desist
I must be clear
To guard against a logic slip
From seeing things that don't exist
From seeing things that don't exist
From making laws that are not true
From making laws that are not true

Oh but I can tell you how something works

#29 BRIDGE BUILDER

There's black and white and day and night
And all this land and sky
Us and them and her and him
And, 'specially, you and I
There's light and dark and drive and park
And off to work and play
There's wet and dry and swim and fly
And drat! and hip hooray!

**Oh, I'm a bridge builder 'til I die
I don't care when or where or why
I might build bridges up into the sky
I'm a bridge builder 'til I die**

There's this and that and dog and cat
And maybe man and mouse
Here and now and bull and cow
Just-good-friends and spouse
There's late and early, Fred and Shirley
Bandicoot and rat
There's been and come and Dad and Mum
And even tit for tat

Chorus

There's up and down and smile and frown
Returned and gone away
Together with and separate
And sure to be and may
There's hot and cold and young and old
And you and I again
Stop and go, goodbye, hello
I'll see you now and then

Chorus

ALTERNATIVE CHORUS

Oh, yes, we're bridge builders 'til we die
We don't care when or where or why
We might build bridges up into the sky
Yes, we're bridge builders 'til we die

#30 BENNELONG SONG - KOOMPARTOO (Fresh Start)

Koompartoo, Koompartoo
Bennelong song, old song
Whose song? Our song
Bennelong song, b'long right now
Bennelong

I heard of your song and I knew you
The old and the new seemed the same
I heard and I knew you were crying out
And wondered if I was to blame

I know there were crimes that were done you
I know that your race was abused
But the past doesn't give us the answer today
And history can't be excused

Ah! Bennelong
You discovered the white folk's temptations
And drank yourself into despair
You took on the white folk's temptations so well
And neither of us seemed to care

You and I need to sit by the fire
Watching the coals break apart
We need to sit by the fire tonight
The coals are like each other's heart

There are many who try to divide us
Drive in like wedges their lies
But they're only human like you and I, friend
And everyone lives and then dies

In the timelessness here by the fire
We'll see in the flicker and glow
In the embers of us in the fire tonight
The spirit that you and I know

You and I need to sit by the fire
Watching the coals come apart
We need to sit by the fire tonight
We need to make a fresh start

Chorus

Koompartoo, Koompartoo

#31 THE ALMOND TREE

The oldest gaol in Australia is at Richmond in Tasmania, and there between the solitary punishment cells and the flogging yard is an old almond tree. Legend has it that the tree was planted by an aboriginal boy who was brought there by the soldiers, not for punishment, but for treatment of injuries he had received. How he received the injuries it doesn't say, but, according to the story, he was grateful because they saved his life and he planted a sapling to improve the barren gaol. The almond tree must have been witness to a lot of man's inhumanity to man since then. I stood beneath it wondering what I could learn about the deaths of all these people in our gaols today.

I have stood in convict prison cells where men were left to die alone
"Insolent and drunken" was the reason for their solitary stay
Many years have passed and convict gaols like Richmond now are gone
But still I hear of people who in solitary cells have died today

Oh Almond Tree
In the gaol at Richmond Town
Do you know the story of the aborigine
Who died in custody today?

#32 MAN2MAN

(Written for the Springwood Men's Group as a theme song, which we sang together)

Man to man, man to man,
Each of us needs the other
Man to man, man to man,
I was meant to be a brother
I can be humble, I can be strong
I can be lots of things, even be wrong
I'm happy mixing, wherever I can,
With all the rest of the clan
Until it has to be,
It has to be,
Man to man

#33 TRUE BLUE MOUNTAINS AIR

**I love to sit and gaze o'er this valley
And hear a train rollin' through.
The peace that is there, in the true Blue Mountains air,
It says I know you love me and, Oh, I love you.**

The light is always changing in the valley
Trees turn from green to grey to blue
The swirling drifts of light fill me with wonder
And I know in my heart that I love you

Morning sunlight lights the valley brightest
Sparkling on the face of every tree
Then I feel most clearly in the sparkle of my heart
The love that you express for me

Chorus

The curves and dimples seen across the valley
Are moving patterns, living tapestry
They speak to me of life in all its splendour
They expand and then return the love in me

Sometimes they reflect a sweet, soft, sadness
Spreading shadow rivulets and mysteries of being
But soon the silence speaks to me of trusting
And my heart says: never be afraid of seeing

Chorus

The setting sun casts a haze upon the trees
The darkness stealing in perceptibly
An orange glow spreads above the stark horizon line
Till night merges once again the sky and tree

Dotted lights at night across the valley
Stars around that great expanse of sky
And when the moon is round and brightly shining
Our loving brings a tear into my eye

Chorus

Curls of smoke from autumn leaves and chimneys
Imbue a homely feeling in my heart
I think of you and I in future winters
The valley says we will not need to part

You said to me: it's easy to believe that there's a God up there
When the valley holds your gaze as it does mine
I believe that this God will give us power to love
As long as trees will grow and stars will shine

Chorus

It says I know you love me and, Oh, I love you
Yes I do, yes I do, I love you
It says I know that you love me and you know I love you

34 BUILD A HOME

(Part of my attempt to build a new life after my marriage broke up. It was performed at Nursing Homes and Hospitals from time to time)

**Build a home, where you can
Try to make it, a place for lovers
Sit a while, take your time
What's the rush, Brother, what's the hurry
Now is the best, time there is
And it's all, all been provided
We can be, what we will
We can be anything, anything we want to be**

See the spider spin his web
In a most unlikely place
He has to build a new home every day
Undeterred, he starts again
Never slackens in his pace
The spark of life that shows such things the Way
Is the same old spark that makes me want to say

Chorus

See the swallow build her nest
In the old familiar way
Then one day her nest falls to the ground
With her mate she starts again
Builds anew that very day
The spark of life that shows such things the way
Is the same old spark that makes me want to say

Chorus

#35 THE NORTH COAST MAIL

(First performed with the impromptu Male Sexuality Workshop Choir at the University of Western Sydney, Hawkesbury campus. This is what it was like for me riding on that train as a boy. It is written in the language of the time. It was performed at Nursing Homes and Hospitals from time to time and at a Health Centre)

**So we'll catch the North Coast Mail
Come rain or wind or hail
Tonight we will not fail
To catch the North Coast Mail
Yes we'll catch the North Coast Mail
The safe way is the rail
Don't fly or walk or sail
Come on and catch the North Coast Mail**

We were drinkin' in Coffs Harbour with the timbercuttin' done
When someone said: why don't we have ourselves a bit of fun
I know a bloke who said he 'ad a quid that I could borrow
Let's catch the train to Sydney - we'll be there by tomorrow

She pulls out o' South Grafton when the sun is gettin' low
Got to finish milkin' early if you really want to go
Chuck off the old gumboots and grab the duffle coat
If you've never been to Sydney then you're just a billygoat

Chorus

There's a tribe gets on at Raleigh and I don't mean abos neither
They're same as us, if you don't know that, we don't like you either
But we all get shook together and noone gives a stuff
On the Collombatti flood plain where the track is bloody rough

In a dogbox in the winter it gets pretty bloody cold
And someone gets too close and then it's on for young and old
There's some takes rum and some that don't and some that play it straight
There's some that think it's awful and there's some who think it's great

Chorus

We get footwarmers at Kempsey and a long refreshment stop
And we stretch our legs and try to score some chocolates from the shop
(Ha!) We took our boots off and some passengers departed
With windows up you sure as Hell could tell when someone farted

By 3 am, well, most of us have finally shut up shop
When suddenly there's a screechin' and she shudders to a stop
My body wonders why it's stopped rollin' like a log
And I hear a mournful stationmaster wail: Dungog

Chorus

We're not feelin' all that well - bit homesick too, I'd say
When she creeps into Central, No 1, by light of day
There's the big old Hotel Sydney and the giant Horden's store
But I really can't remember what I came to Sydney for

We could take a Manly ferry; we could go up to the Cross
But a Sunday spent in Sydney is a bloody dead loss
So we'll hang around the Station, have a drink and tell a tale
And we'll head back home tonight, Eh? - on the North Coast Mail

Chorus

#36 I'LL FIND IT IN ME

(Part of my attempt to build a new life after my marriage broke up. It was performed at Nursing Homes and Hospitals from time to time)

Sometimes I sit and I don't know what I should do
And I don't even know whether I'm happy or blue
Don't know what this sad feeling is behind every smile
Or why I'm still wondering about love all the while

**But I know if I keep on working at
A love that is free
I know that I'll find it somewhere, and,
I'll find it in me
I know that I'll find it somewhere, and,
I'll find it in me**

There are times I look and I can't be sure what I've seen
And I try to reflect on the meaning of all that has been
Don't know what this deep longing is here in my heart
Or why in this life pantomime I am playing this part

Chorus

#37 THE PEACE SONG

There was Robbie from Glencoe
He was badly hurt you know
Lost both legs, fighting for the cause

My brother Jack was one who fell
When they stormed the Dardanelles
And they said that was the war to end all wars

There was Vong in Vietnam
Bud and Marty too, Goddamn
Kristian and Natasha, in the snow

Karim half buried in the sand
M'bele shot with spear in hand
A boy and horse crushed at the Alamo

From the Falklands to Shanghai
Over land and sea and sky
Let us gather all the Battle refugees
For we have it in our hands
Right here where everybody stands
To make the sounds that bring our lands to peace

So, let's all join hands for peace
Oh, yes, let's all join hands for peace
If we can do it for today
We can do it all the way
So let's all join hands
Let's all join hands for peace

There is George from Birmingham
And he doesn't give a damn
Through an alcoholic haze of pain and hate

There is Corey from L.A.
Trying to throw her life away
More pills and booze and it will be too late

There is Jimmy and there's Jill
Sweet young Mary, tough old Bill
All belonging somewhere down skid row

Ashok, Pedro and Pierre
Proud, but yet in deep despair
Where it will end only God could know

So from every lonely place
Which the alcoholics face
Let us gather all the mental refugees
For we have it in our hands
Right here where everybody stands
To make the sounds that bring our minds to peace

Chorus

#38 CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

(A song I entered in a songwriting competition around 1975. This is one of the earliest songs I still have on record)

Children are born helpless into this world of ours
Everyone needs loving like the sun provides the flowers
Some are given food to waste and too much modern care
Some are left to fight for life in hunger and despair

Some kids have an education, lead the way in thought
Others learn by tasting life and who can call that nought?
But equal opportunity is still a distant sight
Everybody loves the children - can't we make it right?

**Children of the world we love you, can't we make it right?
Children listening everywhere come sing of love tonight
All the little voices resound with quiet might
Love of children everywhere means we can make it right**

Some kids live in crowded streets, some kids live alone
Some kids live in houses and some just mingle round
Doctors keep some kids alive while other kids must die
Who knows which is which, who understands the reason why?

Chorus

No matter where the children are they share a common joy
The wisdom and the faith in life of every girl and boy
What wealth and science can't provide is coming from above
Humanity, our greatest hope, begins with children's love

Chorus

#39 WINMALEE MORNINGS

Winmalee mornings are beautiful mornings
Sun shining bright in a sky clear and blue
Warm is the feeling just lying there listening
Currawongs chortle in eucalypt trees
The earth is alive and the bush is rejoicing
A nature communion of freedom and joy, Oh, yes
Trees in the sunshine and birds in the trees

Winmalee gardens are part of the mountain
Sun dappled lawns under canopies green
Down the steep sandstone the wildflowers straggling
Garden shrubs mingling with Banksia men
Bright coloured parrots are cracking the berries
Everything fitting like hand into glove, Oh, yes
Nature surrounding in our Winmalee

Winmalee lovers are beautiful people
Soothed and refreshed by the birds and the trees
Seeing our feelings reflected in Nature
Bower Bird shy to the Mynah so bold
Masses of greenery swirling above us
Here is a haven for sharing our love, Oh, yes
Family haven in our Winmalee

#40 A SPECIAL PLACE

There's a place that I know, where I'm longing to go,
But it's rare that it's found, at all, in your life.
You can be who you are, searching near, searching far,
But you know you're not there, no, you're not there.
Till you find someone who, is within reach of it too,
That's the place that I found, one night, with you.
Oh, Oh, with you.

There's a place I can be, where I am really me,
That's a wonderful place to be, that I know.
And when you are just you, I can be with that too,
And it's also a great, great place, to be sure.
But the best place of all, is the place that I call,
(The third place) The place that I can, only go, with you.
Oh, oh, with you.

SPOKEN: Yes, being the person I am, is what I like to do,
And seeing the person you are, that is beautiful too,
But the third place is somewhere we never could go on our own,
It's the place where there's just us, alone.

There's a place that I know, where true lovers go,
And they really can fly, high, in the sky.
There's a place I can swear, which is not here or there,
It's a different somewhere, I don't care, it's just there.
And I know we will go, while our hearts ever grow,
To the place that I found, one night, with you.
Oh, oh, with you.

I only know that I'm dreaming about it now
Right now,
Of being there now,
With you,
Oh, oh, with you, with you, with you.

#41 I NEVER SAW THE STARLIGHT (unfinished)

I never saw the sunshine
Shining so warm and true
I never saw the sun shine through
As when I spent that day with you
I never saw the sunshine
I only knew the rain
I couldn't see the sunshine
Clouded over by the pain
I never saw the sunshine
Until I saw it shine with you

I never saw the starlight
I never knew the sky
I never saw the stars shine through
As I saw them that night with you
I never saw the starlight
I never really saw the moon
I couldn't see the starlight
Dawn would come too soon
I never saw the starlight
Until I saw it shine with you

#42 IMAGINE TWIN PINES – MY HOME

I imagine two pines
Standing side by side
A track that runs between them
That isn't very wide
One is always taller than the other
Looking up to where the sunlight shines
But I know 'twas not imagination
That they were always called Twin Pines
That they were always called Twin Pines

It was my home
Where I was born
Where I first cried and crawled and walked upon the land
It is my home
Where I was born
It is my home
Still - it is my home

I imagine people
Standing side by side
My Mother and my Father
Just before he died
One is always taller than the other
Looking up to where their faces strained
But I know 'twas not imagination
That I was meant to feel their pain
That I was meant to feel their pain

It was never easy in that life they lived together
On a farm that took their hopes and dreams and turned them into dust
Bad times get forgotten and there are the happy memories
But growing up you learn
That in imagination
You can trust

I imagine children
Standing side by side
My sister and my brother
What they tried to hide
One was always taller than the other
Looking up in wonder at the world
But I know 'twas not imagination
That I was meant to honour them
That I was meant to honour them

Chorus

Repeat first verse

#43 PENNY'S COMIN' (TO MEET ME)

I'm sittin', waitin', anticipatin',
My girlfriend's on her way, to meet me.

Penny's comin', the sky is blue,
She might say to me, I love you,
Often, that's what she does.
Penny's comin', I feel great,
We might stay awake, very late.
And if we do, we'll do the things,
that show our love is true.
Penny's comin',

**And then the,
Stars are shining, and the moon is bright,
The waves crash over us, all the night.
The music's ringing, the strings are singin',
Then the cymbals crash, the woodwind wails,
And then, the trumpets blow.**

Penny's comin', she won't be long,
So I'm singin', my Penny song,
A simple, kind of love song.
Penny's comin', I can't wait,
I get excited, before each date.
And when we meet, we always greet,
each other with a kiss.
Penny's comin',

Chorus

.
Now it's late, and the time has went,
Day is dawning, and the fire's spent.
Oh, oh, we must be partin'.
Penny's goin', the feelin's sad,
But I can remember, the times we had.
And they must be, my happy thoughts,
to see me through until,
Penny's comin',
To meet me.

#44 SO MUCH A WOMAN

The tenderest touch that I feel
Is your hand on my cheek when the day has been lonely and hard
And the feeling which seems the most real
Is the warmth of your head as it lies on my shoulder at night
The swirl of your hips round the table
The smile in your eyes and the smell of your freshly-washed hair
The natural way you undress without shyness
And lie down beside me now

**'Cause you're so much a woman
And so much a mate for a man**

The way that you tell me your fears
And listen to all my confusion and trying again
My heartaches that you alone hear
Your comforting voice speaking words that are honest and plain
The curve of your body before me
The soft mystery of your strong and yet delicate frame
The sigh that you share with me open-heartedly
As I press your breast to me now

Chorus

The time when you told me of him
The man that you used to love, might have married, but yet
My ex-wife could well be your friend
You know about sadness and parting and what might have been
Your face sometimes searches out mine
And it touches and heals the mutual loneliness there
Those small hands that reach out for mine in the firelight
As we sit quietly now

Chorus

The way you admire my arms
The me that I see in your eyes when we've just made love
You compliment me with your charms
Your laughter enlivens the humour you find in my ways
Your shoulders and arms look so fine
The way that your body excites me to flaming desire
Your trust in me is what binds me wholeheartedly
Come lie down beside me now

**'Cause you're so much a woman
And so much a mate for a man**

#45 WITH THIS RING

There comes a time in every life
When you can put an end to doubt
There comes a time in every life
When you can know you know

And if you've made some big mistakes
As you searched for what is true
You know the kind of love it takes
To say - I say to you

**With this ring do I say I love you
With this ring do I say I'll be true
With this ring do I say I love you
And will you marry me - with this ring**

Yes when a man can take a wife
And really know there's nothing more
He's ever wanted in his life
And he can be so sure

Chorus

And all who've tasted pain and strife
Can see that love never dies
And there's a power in this life
For everyone who tries

Chorus

With this ring do you say I love you
With this ring do you say I'll be true
With this ring do you say I love you
And I will marry you - with this ring

#46 KOOKABURRA LAUGHING

I heard the kookaburra laughing
Up in the old gum tree
I heard the kookaburra laughing, laughing,
With me

Oh, I don't know why the kookaburra's laughing
No, I don't know why it is
But he's laughing, laughing,
With me

I heard the mopoke owl crying
Over the stormy sea
I heard the mopoke owl crying, crying,
With me

Oh, I don't know why the mopoke owl is crying
No, I don't know why it is
But he's crying, crying,
With me

I saw the world around me growing
Bigger and wild and free
I saw the world around me growing, growing,
With me

I heard the world around me singing
Sing loud and strong and free
I heard the world around me singing, singing,
With me

Oh, I'm sure I heard the world around me singing
Yes, I'm sure I heard it sing, heard it singing, singing,
With me

#47 I'M CRYING TOO

(He) Hey girl, why are you crying?
What's that sad expression on your face
Do you feel, right now,
That there is nothing more between us?
If that's so, then I can feel, I'm crying too

(Both) **I'm crying too**
'Cause I'm losing you
There doesn't seem to be
Any way for you and me
So it's the only thing to do
I'm crying too

(She) Hey boy, why are you crying?
What's that sad expression on your face
Do you feel, right now,
That there is nothing more between us?
If that's so, then I can feel, I'm crying too

(Both) Chorus

#48 THE METAPHOR SONG - I am your someone

INTRO: I am a someone
Standing here now
You people show me a way to relate
You say: Give me your metaphor
Tell me your story, and
Over the mountain we'll go-o-o

Give me your metaphor
Tell me your story
Paint me your picture
Sing me your song
(Because) You are my everyone
I am your someone
We are our everything
So we are one

VERSE: I am a kookaburra
Sitting on a branch
Ready for someone to laugh with (Ha,ha,ha,ha)
Will you be my kookaburra
Sittin' on a branch, and
Over the mountain we'll go-o-o
(Each person a new verse - alternating with Chorus)

#49 THE FAMILY SONG (sung by Lloyd with Graham miming)

Billy, where have you been, son?
I've been trying to sleep - well
Are you going or coming?
No, don't tell me now - that will keep
Did you hear about the neighbours?
Wasn't that a disgrace?
Yes, it certainly was

'Course I knew it was coming
What with - don't eat that, that's for tea
You're always hungry - 'cept at mealtimes
I don't know what's the matter with me
Tried to bring you up right
Now you're turning out almost
As bad as the kids next door

Look

**I know it sounds silly, but Billy, I want you
To be what I want you to be**

That's my towel you've been using
Oh my God it's confusing
Where was I - the neighbours
I knew there was something
Don't pick your nose when I'm talking to you!
You know that it's not the right time
TIME TIME TIME TIME

(sung by Lloyd and Graham)

There's no time to be happy or glad
Get off son, hullo Mum, goodbye Dad
Listen, you're not allowed to be sad

Yes, I knew there was something peculiar
When I heard all that shouting -
In the neighbours - last night
Well, of course, you didn't hear it
You're never here are you!
Did you have a nice evening by the way
With that Lucy? She's not right for you

Chorus

I wonder if the neighbours ever made love?
To one another I mean. No darling
You wouldn't understand
It's just that I don't want
The same thing that happened
To the neighbours to ever
Happen to you - you see

Chorus

You see I knew them so well
Before all this fuss
And really they seemed like a very nice
Ordinary, well-to-do, family
Like us

#50 FIRST SLAM SONG

(Written after the first, very dissatisfying, meeting I attended, in November 1999, of the proposed new company, Spirituality, Leadership and Management)

I went along to a meeting about SLaM
And the first thing they asked me was who I am
But the second question was the one that had me stalled
What are we to tell the world SLaM is called?
It's an acronym that's very hard to rhyme you see
Leadership and management and spirit-uality

There is no proper plan
Do I know who I am?
What is this thing called SLaM?
Ai-eee

Now everybody there had a special role to play
And SLaM was a place where everybody has a say
But what if there is someone who is bossy, even rude and crass
It isn't very spiritual to kick 'em up the Khyber Pass
Whatever it is this is bigger than you and me
Leadership and management and spirit-uality

Chorus

#51 JUST GOOD FRIENDS

(He) Boy meets girl and then he's in a whirl
That's what happens when a boy meets girl
(She) Girl meets boy and then she jumps for joy
That's what happens when a girl meets boy

(Both) Girls and boys can have lots of fun
They can teach each other how to skip and run
But then they start to get serious
And want to fall in love

**We want to be just good friends
We don't want to go to bed
We want to be just good friends
Touch each other's heart and head
We want to be just good friends
Hear each thing the other said
We want to be, we want to be,
Just good friends**

(He) Boy takes girl on his banana boat
Drops the gangplank and away they float
(She) Girl takes boy onto the deck to swoon
Kisses him beneath the silv'ry moon

(Both) Boys and girls can have lots of fun
They can laugh and play beneath the shining sun
But when they start to get serious
That's when it's time to say

Chorus

Additional Verses

(She) We both sing a bit and like to laugh
(He) (Ah) but I'm a student and your a staff
(She) We're co-learners in Ecology
(He) That's a Course about you and me

(Both) We're co-learners in Ecology
And that's a course about you and me
(She) You will pass if you are nice to me [He gives her an apple]
(He) I don't want to fail!

Chorus

(She) Girl puts boy into a happy mood
And not by ironing and cooking food
(He) Boy and girl can share a lot of things
Without the need for an engagement ring

(Both) Boys and girls can have lots of fun
And no regrets when the day is done
Without the need to get serious
Or to fall in love

Chorus

#52 RELOCATION, RE-TRAINING AND REDUNDANCY

The three R's used to be reading, 'riting and 'rithmetic, but in organisations today there is a new version of the three R's:

We face the greatest difficulty with our business plan
And it seems to be because our costs are high
Our income is declining, the accountant won't stop whining
And we cannot seem to work out why

I have heard there is an answer for a major corporation such as we are
And the cunning thing about it is it doesn't hurt a bit, 'cause
We apply it to our staff
After all they are the least important resource that the company possesses
And they know that it is good for them because they have been told
That this is what the experts say

It's the only way, so we start on it today
Relocation, re-training and redundancy
Never voice your fear, because all we hear
Is relocation, re-training and redundancy

#53 THE NAMING OF THE CATTLE YARDS

What happened with the building of the cattleyards has already become a legend in modern times, but it could also have happened, in this historic place, a hundred years ago. This song is to preserve the legend for all time. The tune is based on familiar old bush songs so you can easily pick it up - and maybe feel that you are a part of history - as you sing along.

Just down from Macarthur's old graveyard
Under the apple box trees
There was a landmark erected (they say)
Round about May '93

There were many who did the erection
And some of them were heard to say
That it sometimes fell short of perfection (it did)
But what is perfection today?

The fact is it turned out a beauty
As cattleyards go 'twas the best
And this is why Camden Park weaners (you know)
Are always ahead of the rest
Camden Park weaners are best

.

The one problem came at the christening
And history tells of the shame
They couldn't agree what to call them (you see)
So now we must give them a name

We sing of the Camden Park weaners
And how they are free of disease
But what of the health of the people who built
The cattleyards under the trees?

Yes, what of the health of the people who built
The cattleyards under the trees?

There was one who could weld like a demon
Working from plans that were rough
For nigh on two months he was welding that pipe
And two months he said was enough!

So let's
Sing of the Paul Williams cattleyards
Under the apple box trees
Drink to the Paul Williams cattleyards
Drink to the sky and the breeze

There was one with a grey beard and wisdom
And an eye for a good job - or bad!
So many days putting up belting (he said)
You may see a grown man cry yet!

So let's
Sing of the Michael Starr cattleyards etc.

There was one who was strong and determined
Persistent despite all setbacks
When attacked from the rear by a forklift (I hear)
He nearly lost more than his dacks!

So let's
Sing of the Jethro Hughes cattleyards etc

There was one with a dry sense of humour
His old brown hat like a good friend
He said it will never be finished (you know)
But he was there right to the end!

So let's
Sing of the Brian Peachey cattleyards etc

There was one who works fast while he's talking
A cigarette stuck to his head
He doesn't mind stirring and getting a bite
And says what he thinks should be said!

So let's
Sing of the Phil Geist cattleyards etc

There was one who was tall as a tree trunk
Could sledgehammer posts that were high
Though that hammer got heavy they gave him no rest
It's no wonder a few sparks would fly!

So let's
Sing of the Chris Creak cattleyards etc

There was one who was just volunteering
A gentleman patient and true
I should imagine if tempers get frayed
He's the right man to calm down a "blue"!

So let's
Sing of the Don Someone's cattleyards etc

There was one who kept track of proceedings
And ordered and measured and drew
She never did shirk any part of the work
She did what she said she would do!

So let's
Sing of the Heather Vallance cattleyards etc

There was one who was quite a mechanic
A versatile tradesman and all
Called Mr Fixit he'd go anywhere
But now there is noone to call!

So let's
Sing of the Rob Goodwin cattleyards etc

There was one who hung gates on the weekend
A very well organised guy
His wife does a very nice barbecue lunch
While others make do with a pie!

So let's
Sing of the Ernie Jones<-cattleyards etc

There was one who was younger and fresher
Than anyone else on the scale
He'll be the last one when all's said and done
To pass on this legendary tale!

So let's
Sing of the Gavin Wilson cattleyards etc

.

So we sing of the Camden Park weaners
And how they are free of disease
But that is the song of the people who built
The cattleyards under the trees

And long may it live in our mem'ries
The names of the cattleyard crew
You tell your children and it will be part
Of the Camden Park history too

You tell your children and it will be part
Of the Camden Park history too

#54 THE MACARTHUR SHEARING SHED

(Written and performed for the opening of the new shearing shed at the Elizabeth Macarthur Research Institute, Menangle, NSW, 1994.)

**There's a special kind of wool at Menangle
There's a special kind of shearing shed
The same sheep they shear, for two hundred years
You can take it that they're not well bred
But the people who work at Menangle
Are a special kind of breed it is said
They work all day, but then they play
At the Macarthur Shearing Shed**

The construction of the shearing shed was not a big event
Ten bulldozers and fifteen trucks and a few bags of cement
But a shearing shed in Sydney town is not a common sight
So it was to be opened on a certain Friday night

Chorus

So people came from near and far to wet the infant's head
And write into history the Macarthur Shearing Shed
It doesn't yet have tales to tell, but that won't take too long
So we celebrate the opening in the way we sing this song

Chorus

The contractor arrived for work with two lambs on his truck
When told "no lambs allowed" he said "well, I'll be - blowed"
But in the end they had to part, the Veterinary Act was such
You can always tell a Veterinary, but you can't tell them much

Chorus

The Macarthur Minibale is here
Forty-eight grams full
The Macarthur Minibale is here
Great old-fashioned wool
The Macarthur Minibale will sell
When the floor price drops I'm sure
They'll clear the stores and yell for more
Real Macarthur wool

Chorus

#55 BRIGHT AS A BUTTON

(Written for my step-son, Andrew Frith, when he was aged about 10)

Bright as a button
Strong as a man
Fast as a hurricane
(Catch me if you can)
Big as a battleship
Round as a whale
Smooth as a s-s-snake
Careful as a snail

Warm as the sunshine
Clear as the sky
Fresh as the flowers
Andrew am I

Bright as a button
Tall as a tree
Cool as a cucumber
Fitter than a flea
Shy as a field mouse
Sharp as a tack
Bold as a badger
Skinny as a crack

Warm as the sunshine
Clear as the sky
Fresh as the flowers
Andrew am I

Bright as a button
Brave as a bull
Heavy as a wagon
You can hardly pull
Cheeky as a rattlesnake
Soft as a skunk
Loud as a cicada
Thoughtful as a monk

Warm as the sunshine
Clear as the sky
Fresh as the flowers
Andrew am I

Bright as a button
Busy as a bee
Playful as a puppy
That has just been let free

Quiet as a church mouse
Noisy as a plane
Friendly as a farmer
Gentle as the rain

Warm as the sunshine
Clear as the sky
Fresh as the flowers
Andrew am I

Bright as a button
Still as a stone
Mighty as a giant
(Look how much I've grown!)
Kind as a caterpillar
Strong as an ox
Cuddly as a cockroach (Oh no!)
Daring as a fox

Warm as the sunshine
Clear as the sky
Fresh as the flowers
Andrew am I

#56 CHRISTOPHER'S RHYME

(Written for my son, Chris Fell, when he was aged about 10 or 11)

Let A be A plus 1
The loop has just begun
For . . . next . . . if then . . . run
Now, goto have some fun

Chris is a computer cat
And everything that's that is that
And you must be exact, precise
And if you are it's very nice

For you can have music in so many systems
There's ways of thinking that you haven't thought
You can't escape the computer invasion
Don't try to run for you'll only get caught

I wish to tell you that this isn't harmful
This is just man's way of using his time
Come hear the music that's playing inside you
Come joining the singing of Christopher's Rhyme

#57 NIFTY NICK

(Written for my son, Nick Fell, when he was aged about 8 or 9)

Now this is a song about someone I know
I don't wish to brag and I don't wish to blow
But will you sing loudly and be of good cheer
For Nick can sing louder than anyone here

Nifty Nick da da da da
Nifty Nick da da da da
Nifty Nick da da da da
We all love nifty ol' Nick

Now if you've never met him you're in for a treat
And you'll think at first that he's gentle and sweet
Well he is, but he's also quite bossy and tough
So I would advise you, just don't treat him rough

Chorus

#58 SONG FOR JOHN

(Written for my son, John Fell, when he was aged about 6 or 7 and sung to him when he woke in the morning)

Good morning Mr Sunshine Man
You welcome me this morn
I know you have a daily plan
And you come back each dawn

And now you're here it's good to see
A brilliant sunny day
So you can watch the fun as we
Will all get up to play

#59 MAY THE GOOD THINGS

(Written for friends getting married – later extended, but this verse was the best bit)

May the good things stay the same
And the hard ones all get easier
May you both enjoy the game
Now you're friends and lovers true
And married too.

#60 IT'S SUCH A SUNNY DAY IN SPRING

(A relic, written on the first day of spring, 1972, at Werribee in the midst of my PhD studies)

Let's pretend the world is fine and everything will be alright
It's such a sunny day in Spring
Though we search for happiness, the kind of joy is hard to find
That such a sunny day can bring
And don't you underestimate the happiness that you can take
From such a sunny day in Spring
Forget your troubles and your care
Simply let your body bear
A happy, sunny day in Spring

Now I will bet that you will get
Real happy now and then
But then you'll fret and get upset
And have to count to ten

Well you might be surprised to know that when your efforts seem in vain
And answers to your problems can't be found
That much of Nature's up and down is just simply sun or rain
And sunny days must come around
Let's pretend the world is fine and everything will be alright
It's such a sunny day in Spring
Forget your troubles and your care
Simply let your body bear
A happy, sunny day
It takes your cares away
A happy, sunny day in Spring

#61 THE DREAM THAT I DO

**Dreamin' and doin' I go on my way
Where the road goes I can't say (but)
Dreamin' and doin' I say unto you
I'm livin', livin',
The dream that I do**

I said to my friend 'How ya doin'?'
He answered me 'I'm doin' fine
I've a small piece of land, folks to lend me a hand
And I'm building a home that is mine'
(spoken) Just a little shack you know, good for . .

Chorus

My friend said to me 'How'er you doin'?'
I answered 'Yair, life's going good
I've been everywhere, so I haven't a care
And I don't want for friendship or food
(spoken) I'm comfortable, you know, sort of . .

Chorus

#62 JOHN'S DITTY

(Written for my son, John Fell, when he was aged about 6 or 7)

The night was dark and stormy
The dunny light was dim
We heard a crash and then a splash
My Gosh, he's fallen in

When you and I went looking
Nothing could be seen
But just his hat, wet and flat
Floating where he'd been

He's gone right through we're thinking
And never will be back
But then we spy
His little eye
Peeping through a crack

Behind the door in hiding
He thinks it's very funny
To see that we
Had thought that he
Had fallen in the dunny

#63 THE BUREAUCRATS ARE BUSY (unfinished)

The bureaucrats are busy and they don't like any harm
They draft their regulations in an attitude of calm
Never of achievements do they boast or else confess
For the use of proper process is the hallmark of success
It clearly doesn't matter when the job will all be done
The elegance of protocol is their idea of fun

While the giant corporations swoop and soar
Whatever it is I'll have some more
Nobody need worry if we take over your life
We're giving you employment and an answer to your strife
We have to be the biggest or we'll never be the best
We're going to survive and to hell with all the rest

I try to teach these children every day and night I do
How would you like it if they hadn't teachered you
I do not find it easy, but I shall not be dismayed
It isn't about winning, but how good a game you've played
I wish that someone noticed what a heavy load we bear
And how we learn the lesson that the world just isn't fair

I'm a clever doctor and I help you if I can
Contemplating treatments means working to a plan
Everything that worked before is good to use again
Notwithstanding that it may have caused a little pain
When the patient dies one has to know that is was fate
With lots of people living, I'm feeling rather great

I'll do your sums very quickly and well for you
Fiscal mismanagement might sound the knell for you

#64 **AND THE LAC BEETLE SINGS . . .**

(Written for the opening of an art exhibition by Heather Vallance and Pete Lowe in Canowindra, NSW)

Now Leo created the great Mona Lisa
And could never quite get her to smile
Pablo avoided such problems as that
By inventing the cubism style

Giotto built grottos and Florence Cathedral
And pioneered painting with space
Rembrandt did Night Watch, a scene of the daytime
But he made it too big for his place

Renoir loved people in Paris and elsewhere
He loved everywhere that he went
Salvador didn't like clocks that looked straight
So he ended up painting them bent

But what puts the shine on creating is found
Inside shells in the Asian Rain Tree
Where did it come from and how does it sing to
The creative spirit in me?

Well, the magic bell rings
As if a god pulled the strings
All the colours she brings
And the lac beetle sings . . . TWICE

Edgar loved ballet and racetracks and dancers
And a few other bachelors gay
Paul C. liked still life but also did landscapes
Of his favourite Mont far away

Constable wandered round Hay Wains and valleys
Had only one love of his life
Which makes it surprising that he would paint landscapes
Not sit around painting his wife

Michel hung around in a chair on the ceiling
And he didn't come down very much
And after four years he looked up still wondering
Should the fingers of man and god touch

So what do you do when you sit around hoping
That wondrous creations will come?
The best preparation for something to happen
Is years of time wasting and fun!

Chorus TWICE

Monet was haystacked by daytime exposure
Could not get the lighting quite right
So he turned to cool water with bridges and lilies
Which he painted from morning till night

Vincent was troubled and life got too much
But he showed us the real Starry Night
Sunflowers, Irises, deeply expressed
As he tried to share with us his sight

Paul G. took a tropical journey and stayed there
And painted great questions of life
But like all the others who struggle to show us
He never got free of his strife

So let us be thankful that helpful lac beetles
Allow us to shine now and then
They reveal colours for which we are searching
And hoping to find - if and when

Chorus TWICE

Now I wrote a song for the wedding of Heather
And Pete, but it never got sung
It faded away, but now from its ashes
It happened that this song has sprung
Thank you for helping me sing it this evening
And now it has run out of . . . dried up, it's gone . . .

Chorus TWICE

And the lac beetle sings . . .
And the lac beetle sings . . .

#65 THE SOUND OF HOPE

Through the long, lonely night
There is sound, but no sight
And the music plays on
As you hold me so tight
And we try as we might
To find love with the dawn

With the dawn nature cries
I see hope in your eyes
And the music still plays
Though the wind often sighs
If the song never dies
Then I know that love stays

**There are tears, there are fears
But we find through the years
Music has saved our soul
You will always be near
And the world full of cheer
For the song makes us whole**

MUSICAL BRIDGE

Chorus

MUSICAL FINALE

#65 THE CHUCKLE CAFE

(Written at the request of Alan Stewart for the opening of his latest venture in Hong Kong, being the Chuckle Café)

Where are the English if not in the noonday sun*?
Where do Americans go to have their fun?
Where does a Frenchman whip up his esprit?
I can tell you if you listen carefully . . .

Chorus (Note: lines for audience response)

**It's a happy place where the conversation runs its very, merry way
And the humour lies in the sweet surprise
Of the laughing eyes and the dreadful lies we tell
As we tickle one another with word or two
(We tickle one another with word or two)
You tick me and I tack you
(You tick me and I tack you)
Ni hao ma; (ni hao ma), ni hao ma; (ni hao ma)
We tickle, (we tickle), we tackle, (we tackle),
Then we come right out and cackle
Everybody's in it at the Chuckle Cafe
The Chuckle, the Chuckle Cafe**

Where do New Zealanders find their zany streak?
And Aussies, with no paddle, up the bloody creek?
Where do South Africans join the happy throng
I will show you if you simply come along . . .

Where does a Welsh lass find a place to sing?
Where does a Scotsman do the Highland fling?
Where are the Irish, smiling eyes and all?
Come on all you locals, we can have a ball . . .

Chorus

BRIDGE (recitative)

So there are no star comedians, the humour is inside us
And every now and then, it cannot help but chide us
Into letting it escape where it no longer feels restricted
And before you even realise you have become addicted
To the simple joy of laughter
The respite of the mind
(sung) Which is what we find . . . (to Chorus)

*Noel Coward actually wrote 'midday' sun, but refers also to the 'noonday' gun, which I think is a Hong Kong thing (or used to be).

#66 THANKS FOR BEING

(Written in honour of all those grandparents who have no choice but to bring up their children's young children because of drugs, tragedy or ill health)

I had my children a long, long time ago
Things that I was quick at then are now a wee bit slow
My children had children, it turned out what I had to do
Was bring up my grandchildren now with love

And I know they would rather have their parents here today
But yet it fills my heart with joy to hear them say

Thanks for being here for me too
Thanks for being grandparents true
Thanks for being and for all that you do
I want you to know I love you

I am self-conscious in the younger parents' gaze
Some of my equipment has seen better days
But I've picked up the language, a few words here and there
So I say 'I'm so over that' and 'cool'

I'm not good at computer games nor can I run too fast
Even with a good head start I always finish last
When it comes to fashion I may seem to be a bit behind
But, in my day, I've seen it all before

And there are some very modern things I do a different way
But yet the love that binds us all still seems to say

Chorus

I want you to know I love you

And I know they would rather have their parents here today
But yet it fills my heart with joy to hear them say

Chorus

#67 BIOLOGICAL CYBERNETICS – A SCIENTIFIC REVUE

(Written for a workshop on Co-Drifting which I gave with David Russell to the Cybernetics Group in Adelaide)

1. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Are people who live in a song
With melody fine, an
Occasional rhyme and a
Feeling strong (feeling strong)
That whatever should happen in Adelaide
And whether its right or its wrong
We'll sing a polemic on
Matters systemical
All day long!
(We'll sing a polemic on
Matters systemical
All day long!)

2. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Are in the political fray
They study autonomy
In the economy
Have their say (have their say)
And the true believers in Adelaide
Believe that it is okay
To practise reflexion and
Make a connection in
Every way!
(To practise reflexion and
Make a connection in
Every way!)

3. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
They speak for me and for you
Proactive cognition with
Some repetition we
All can do (all can do)
So that people from all over Adelaide
Will want to verbalise too
An heuristic fiction
Without contradiction as
If it's true!
(An heuristic fiction
Without contradiction as
If it's true!)

4. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Are never reluctant to say
Objectively rigorous
Accurate figures have
Had their day (had their day)
And the steersmen and women of Adelaide
Are so dynamic they may
Dispense with the actual
Forego the factual
And let's play!
(Dispense with the actual
Forego the factual
And let's play!)

5. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Are tautologically free
And interrelated
Holistically stated is
How to be (how to be)
And we speak this riddle in Adelaide
That to believe is to see
And here is a thesis on
Autopoiesis from
A to Z!
(And here is a thesis on
Autopoiesis from
A to Z!)

6. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Are people who know how to choose
The paradox lurking
There in the working of
Words we use (words we use)
So we can in the suburbs of Adelaide
Epistemologically
Construct a reality
Free of banality
That's good news!
(Construct a reality
Free of banality
That's good news!)

7. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Occasionally run into strife
With sudden saltatory
Self-regulatory
Ways of life (ways of life)
By developing language in Adelaide
So neologisms are rife
Is that in the dictionary?
Or is it fictionary?
Ah! that's life!
(Is that in the dictionary?
Or is it fictionary?
Ah! that's life!)

8. Cybernetical people in Adelaide
Have something important to say
On being adaptive and
Most interactive at
Work and play (work and play)
And we join with the people in Adelaide
In showing each other the way
We haven't a clue if it
Benefits you but it
Feels okay!
(We haven't a clue if it
Benefits you but it
Feels okay!)

#68 STRESS THE MUSICAL FINALE

Everyone here has a song to sing and a melody to play
Everyone here has a tune to share and a word or two to say
Isn't it great to communicate what your mind and body know?
From your inside out to your outside in -
To let the meaning flow

And so

I love stress, I love stress, I love stress, etc.

#69 **EBB AND FLOW**

(From Stress the Musical – although written prior to that)

There's yin and yang
Life in motion
Sailing free upon an ocean
Sometimes windy, sometimes calm
And fish are swimming, birds are flying
Lovers living, soaring free
This is what they say to me

**To and fro, lead and follow,
Yield and go and ebb and flow.
You and I, gently flowing,
To and fro, I love you so
Take me there to where you're going,
Come with me to where I'll go,
To and fro, lead and follow,
Yield and go and ebb and flow.**

God help me, please, to really know
When to ebb and when to flow
To and fro, stop and go
When I feel the moving, flowing
Then I know that you are near
Did you whisper in my ear?

Chorus

#70 OFFICE NEUROSES

(From Stress the Musical)

I work in an office and it isn't easy
It gives me neuroses and pimples and piles
The telephone's ringing and someone keeps bringing me
Mountains of paper, memos and files
The boss is abusing me, look how they're using me
I've run out of paper clips. Who's got my pen?
Everyone baits me, the tea lady hates me
I don't think I'll ever be human again

Everyone else has got fancy new keyboards
Mine is all crappy, they bought it last year
I want my own printer and wireless connections
I can't walk from this desk to way over here
(Now the photocopier's jammed again)
The emails are too much. The boss doesn't do much
I don't think I'll last till my long service break
It's not payday this week, the outlook sure is bleak
These office neuroses are too much to take