

# 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 5<sup>th</sup> 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 5<sup>th</sup> 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