

We The People
Program 233 January 26, 2017
We the People 233 Australia Day 2017



Good day to you. It's Australia Day and I am drawn to verse to do my bit at the request of 4CRB and happy to do it. So with apologies to Banjo Patterson and Dorothea Mackellar, let's begin.

Australia Day 2017

(music under)

I love a sunburnt country
Where the UV's through the roof,
Of rugged charcoal barbies
Where the beer is 90 proof,
I love the way we struggle
To put food upon the plate,
While the politicians use our dough
And simply call it fate.

Ah, the pollied life is good you see
They use the public purse,
Then lie about the trip they took
They are the people's curse,
They do it with a sleight of hand
Don't give two hoots for us,
Just check in with the pensioners
It makes me want to cuss.

Then Susan Ley just happens
To buy an apartment tall,
By chance she's on the Gold Coast
Free travel for them all,
But we've done nothing wrong they say
The evil lines they flog,
To we the mug Australians
And to the drovers dog.

A cremated sausage sanga
Between sheets of damper stale,
Neath the shadow of the high rise
And the archaic shackled rail,
The people of the Gold Coast
Rightly celebrate today,
While seedy back room developers
Plot their greedy way.

I love a sunburnt country
Where the schools don't teach our way,
Where Aussie history's unimportant
And other cultures have their say,
So if we don't value
And rise up for what we want,
If we don't fight for voices freedom
Then we are a stupid lot.

Our PM's a merchant banker
The other a union hack,
Their cohort specially chosen
To stick us in the back,
Its bloody un-Australian for them
To slowly steal our pension,
Then try and cover up their tracks
By stealth and misdirection.

(Continue with cadence change)

The Gold Coast's a place of fancy, attracts the greedy dandy,
Come and gather in their fetid rooms round every darkened street,
The Mayor's in an awful hurry, to pour more concrete,
that's a worry
The Gold Coasts changing badly with developers replete.

In place of Gold Coast prattle, I can hear the fiendish rattle
Of the tramways and the buses making hurry down the street,
And the language uninviting of bureaucrats all fighting,
Comes fitfully and faintly through the ceaseless tramp of feet.

Our wild life doesn't matter in the endless Council chatter
While the place is brought to grid lock with far to many folk,
And those who think it's progress, when in fact its regress
Just explain it to the Koala and to the fools who sent us broke.

If you want a solid future, not one of fetid stupor
If you want Australia Day to bring good will and fair accord,
Then take an interest in your city and chuck out the boulder and the gritty
Let your voice be heard and loudly with all the will you can afford.

(Sign off)*My friends, don't take what we have for granted as greedy self interest forces are afoot to ruin the Gold Coast as we know it. Otherwise, celebrate Australia Day and guard it well. My thanks to pensioner Harry for the beautiful rendition of Waltzing Matilda played under this offering of mine. You see Mr Turnbull PM and Ms Andrews MP we might be older but we still make beautiful music in real life and don't deserve the pension cuts.*

Until next time this is Kent Bayley