

Cootamundra Wattle

John Williamson

Don't go lookin' through that old camphor box woman,
You know those old things only make you cry.
When you dream upon that little bunny rug
It makes you think that life has passed you by
There are days when you wish the world would stop woman,
But then you know some wounds would never heal
But when I browse the early pages of the children
It's then I know exactly how you feel.
Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining
And the Cootamundra wattle is my friend
For all at once my childhood never left me
'Cause wattle blossoms bring it back again

It's Sunday and you should stop the worry woman,
Come out here and sit down in the sun
Can't you hear the magpies in the distance?
Don't you feel the new day has begun?
Can't you hear the bees making honey woman,
In the spotted gums where the bellbirds ring?
You might grow old and bitter cause you missed it,
You know some people never hear such things

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Don't buy the daily papers any more woman,
Read all about what's going on in hell.
They don't care to tell the world of kindness,
Good news never made a paper sell.
There's all the colours of the rainbow in the garden woman,
And symphonies of music in the sky.
Heaven's all around us if you're looking,
But how can you see it if you cry.

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