

Drought Time

Slim Dusty

I know that this is not a happy story,
And it's one I'm sad to have to tell,
It's just a simple story of my home place,
Now searing drought has gripped it in it's spell,
All the rolling hills around that once were grassland,
Are now the sand hills, barren, brown an' bare.
Where once our home was happy, filled with laughter,
There's nothing now but worry and despair.
It's hard for those of us who love our farm land,
To watch them weather and so slowly die,
And to see our stock that once we were so proud of,
Sold for a song before unbelieving eyes,
But I'm not alone in this unhappy story,
There are many others just the same as I.
And I speak for all of them here when I tell you,
Our feelings are the same when all hopes die.

In my sleep I hear the hungry cattle calling,
In my dreams I see a sparkling waterfall,
Hear the rattle of the rain upon the roof top,
And wake to find there's nothing there at all;
But just another hazy day that's dawnin',
No a rain cloud to be found in the empty sky,
And I gaze upon the dams that once held water,
Where now the thirsty cattle come to die.

The droughts I know always will be broken,
As surely as the night time follows day,
But when I see the way dumb creatures suffer,
"Oh, Lord let it be soon" is what I pray,
"Let blessed raindrops soak the thirsty acres,
Let them once again be lush an' vivid green,
So they give new life to all those starving creatures,
To graze again contented and serene."
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And wake to find there's nothing there at all.