

John Williamson, Little Girl From The Dryland

Perfectly pretty, perfectly shy
Little girl from the dryland, wonderin' why
There's no trees on the south side
To stop that howlin' wind
Little girl from the dryland

Only the creaky weatherboards
Painted the milky green
Keepin' that scary world outside
It's bangin' on the windows
Blowin' the washin' off the line
Callin' out for that little girl on the dryland

Two older brothers, y' sister and you
One little nipper, another one due
Hiding under the homestead
When strangers come along
Father out on the wheatfield

You hide the whisky, but then what for?
Your father is awake to you
But you are 'protector'
And your mother always knew
You wondered why you were born
Out on a wheatfield

You know there is much more to life
Than sky and endless plains
Your father told you stories of the war
Of Singapore and Paris, and how you long to go
But you are young, and stuck out on the dryland