

Redgum, The Last Frontier

There's a corrugated highway Leading north from Port Augusta
lined with ratted cars that didn't rate a tow
The Salt plains out of Pimba And your eyes begin to stream
On to Kingoonya huddled dusty by the road
Romantic notions shattered Like the tyres that didn't hack it
This has got to be the country's last frontier
Where a sports car's next to useless Running cattle grids and river beds
We drove a van from 1963

Someone mentioned walkabout And kiss your job goodbye
Just to see the country shimmer through the windscreen
Drinking beer, telling stories While laughter filled the night
And flexi-time's behind you like a bad dream

You got a flat on Anzac Highway And Lawson on your shelf
Its a Southern Comfort, air-conditioned rage
Where a homestead's more than just a cheap print Dangling from a wall

And mateship's more than lines upon a page

We went looking for Australia In between the TV lines
'Cause the ABC just couldn't make it real
Colour documentary From a beanbag on the floor:
Never shows as much as it conceals

A stark and blistered Alice Springs And a river runs with shame
And you wipe the sheets of bulldust from your eyes
Another country's uniform And the mirage it falls apart
To the open gap between the truth and lies

Go and see your country, mate The travel agents scream
Politicians sell it's heart just for a past-time
Signs and high-wire fences Hold the land where I belong
It's as if I'm in the outback for the last time