

# Clean Up Our Own Backyard

Slim Dusty

There's an old rhyme that pits out time take it for  
what it's worth,  
Things are crook at Tallarook and there ain't no work  
in Burke,  
But we still find room for the many who come a-knockin'  
at our door,  
And we sell our wide brown acres without a second  
thought,

Some will say we are building a nation rich and strong,  
But if you take a closer look at it perhaps we've got  
it wrong,  
Makes you think maybe we're a bit crazy doing it quite  
so hard,  
Shouldn't be a crime to take the time to clean up our  
own backyard.

In the country towns and the land around, in the city  
streets and slums,  
The dreamtime lore has gone before and the walkabout is  
done,  
On the streets at night you see the plight of our old  
ones and our young,  
And the sound old rep you go the flow, but still the  
people come.

Just a little drop of caring in an ocean of neglect,  
Can't stand the tide of anger from the lost and  
dispossessed,  
In the land of promise keepin' our promise gets to be  
too hard,  
Shouldn't be a crime to take the time to clean up our  
own backyard.

Make you think maybe we're a bit crazy doing it quite  
so hard,  
Shouldn't be a crime to take the time to clean up our  
own backyard.