

Camel Train to Yamba

John Williamson

Every Christmas holidays my father drove a camel train
It was called a camel train, he wouldn't stop for no-one

Oh we wanna wee wee
We want him to pull over
He wouldn't stop until we got to Yamba

How much further now dad, how much more to go?
Just hang on kids, have a sleep, this road is rough and slow-ow
Most of it was gravel rrrrr rrrrr rrrrr rrrr rrrrr rrrrr rrrrr

No matter how much we moaned he kept on through the mountains
The old family car winding, grinding through the dust
We always got car sick, boo, stick it out the window
He wouldn't stop until we got to Yamba

How much longer now dad, how much more to go?
Just hang on kids, play a game, I spy with my little...
Most of it was gravel rrrrr rrrrr rrrrr rrrr rrrrr rrrrr rrrrr

I spy with my little eye something beginning with s... h... sh.
..
Shut up!

Nowadays there's no chance of driving like a camel train
Roadhouses jump out and pull you off the road

Oh we wanna wee wee
We want a smurf and icecream
It always takes us days to get to Yamba

How much further now dad, how much more to go?
Just eat up your lollies, you kids have made us slow!

(Mumbling and grumbling to each other)
Now I won't stop until we get to Yamba

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We want him to pull over
He wouldn't stop until we got to Yamba

No, he wouldn't stop until we got to Yamba