

## Mallee Boy

John Williamson

Well I've ripped and dug out burrows on a sandy bulloak hill,  
Eradicating rabbits doesn't take a lot of skill  
But a boy born in the Mallee doesn't find 'em hard to kill  
No self-respecting farmer lets a rodent eat his wheat  
He'll shoot 'em and he'll skin 'em and he'll dress 'em up to eat  
t  
But since the spread of mixo He's almost got 'em beat  
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee boy  
Where little town dogs howl at the morning train,  
Where a cocky makes a living on twelve inches of rain  
Where his woman provides and is rare to complain  
And I still love the smell of that sandy soil,  
Some say it's dusty, some say it's gold  
Cause it grows the sweetest fat lambs the markets ever sold  
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy,  
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.  
Where you can lose an ear on duck opening day,  
Where slickers bring their shotguns from miles away,  
And shoot the life out of shags and swans that fly their way.  
Where a bloke grows as stocky as a Mallee bull,  
Where they come from miles around to see the tractor pull,  
When the paddocks are clean and seed silos are full,  
And I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.  
Well I've ripped and dug out burrows on a sandy bulloak hill,  
Eradicating rabbits doesn't take a lot of skill,  
And a boy born in the Mallee doesn't find 'em hard to kill.  
But they'll never be as rare as a Quandong tree  
My grandma made some jam for my brothers and me  
They're like the Mallee Fowl you hardly ever see  
But I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.  
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.  
No I don't mind at all if you call me a Mallee Boy.