

Pipe Dream

John Williamson

Do what you wanna do
Work when you wanna work
You're your own boss
Doin' it your own way
It's the last frontier
Away out here
Where dreamers and good old drifters go
Got a bit of red dirt with m' claim on it
An opal down there with m' name on it
A little bit of black with a flame on it, I see

It's a pipe dream
But it's the right dream for me

Do what you wanna do
Sleep when you wanna sleep
You're your own boss
Doin' it your own way
Yeah, and you'll get lost
Tie a ribbon 'round a Buddawood tree
A hundred dusty tracks all look the same
Got a half-dead Dodge with a tray on it
A shearers' cot, it just lays on it
I might even spend a few days on it, mmm

It's a pipe dream
But it's the right dream for me

Got a thunderbox with a view from it
The sun hits the seat, I feel warm from it
Paradise, well not far from it, mmm