

Simpson Desert

John Williamson

We're headin' for the Simpson Desert, my good ol' mates and me
Lots of plans, and pots and pans, and a billie for billie tea
We gonna catch some yabbies, they're yummy and they're free
Tiggles calls 'em craw-bobs, but it's all the same to me

We're headin' for the Simpson Desert, there's no need to speed
But we won't dilly-dally with everything we need
'Cause high rock and sand dunes and dodgin' kangaroos
We'll pump, dig, jump, start, or winch each other through

Yeah, we're headin' for the Simpson Desert, the girls are with us too
They will come in handy, to make an Irish stew
Ya gotta keep 'em laughing, I reckon that's the case
A happy wife is a happy life, no argument from me

Yeah, we're headin' for Ethabuka, away from Finch's Line
Underneath the cooler, around the beach and fire
I'm gonna touch the stars and I'm gonna touch the moon
And I'll grab a cup of Milky Way, and I'll eat it with a spoon

Now, I find it very difficult to drink this Miller, see
I'm gonna have to find a way to finish off this thing
It's all very well for Mick, he's sinking down a few
Mate is pouring wine, so the girls are giggling too

No, I don't know how to finish it, I'll bugger it if I do
There's a thousand persons you could write them to
You gotta make the words flow, near enough, I do
If you snuff up the rhythm, you'll be thrown in the billabong
And everyone will go to bed (Aww)