

The Camel Boy

John Williamson

They called him Camel Boy
But he was a man
He walked behind us... with a billy
He tended the campfire... and he made the tea
Drowned in the colours... we didn't see

And the ghost gums stand... gleaming white
Showed him a paint brush... he showed us the light
I apologise... for the condescension
Paid no attention to the pain of the Camel Boy

It's Namatjira... he became the one
We remember... all alone
Under a huge sky... with a gentle hand
Painted the pictures... of an ancient land

What fools we were... what did we mean
Dressed in white... to meet the queen
Take down her picture... hang up a ghost gum
Put up a landscape... by the Camel Boy

'Cause her majesty... was in his eye
The 'sleeping lubra', the Aranda sky
I apologise... for the condescension
Paid no attention to the pain of the Camel Boy

And the ghost gums stand... gleaming white
Showed him a paint brush... he showed us the light
Drowned in the colours... we didn't see
What a man was he... Albert the Camel Boy
Albert the Camel Boy
Namatjira the Camel Boy