

## Westown

John Williamson

This town got off on the wrong foot  
Where black man meets the white  
Where the black crow meets the seagull  
Two wrongs don't make it right

Get away from it all on your leathery legs  
Go fishin' on the pier  
In Westown

There's nothing to do in Westown  
Sink a middy down the pub  
Take a woman home to your caravan  
But carry a mulga club.

And watch where you walk in your wobbly boots  
Or the night will rob you blind  
In Westown

Oh, see the dance of the egret pelican Ponder  
Take a walk on wrinkled sand and wonder  
Hard to imagine floods and summer thunder  
In Westown

And there's nowhere to go in Westown  
Take a drive in a blistered car  
But you won't get away from yesterday  
They'll wanna know who you are

Oh, the shimmering heat will burn your mind  
It's wild and rusty red  
In Westown