

Cootamundra Wattle

John Williamson

Don't go lookin' through that old camphor box
 You know those old things only make you cry
 When you dream upon that little bunny rug
 It makes you think that life has passed you by
 There are days when you wish the world would stop
 But then you know some wounds would never heal
 But when I browse the early pages of the children
 It's then I know exactly how you feel.

Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining
 And the Cootamundra wattle is my friend
 For all at once my childhood never left me
 'Cause wattle blossoms bring it back again

It's Sunday and you should stop the worry woman,
 Come out here and sit down in the sun
 Can't you hear the magpies in the distance?
 Don't you feel the new day has begun?
 Can't you hear the bees making honey woman
 In the spotted gums where the bellbirds ring?
 You might grow old and bitter cause you missed it
 You know some people never hear such things

Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining
 And the Cootamundra wattle is my friend
 For all at once my childhood never left me
 'Cause wattle blossoms bring it back again

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Don't buy the daily papers any more woman
 Read all about what's going on in hell
 They don't care to tell the world of kindness
 Good news never made a paper sell

There's all the colours of the rainbow in the garden
 woman

And symphonies of music in the sky
 Heaven's all around us if you're looking
 But how can you see it if you cry

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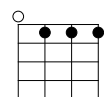
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