

# 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

### Whilsting

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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

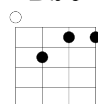
And symphonies of music in the sky  
 Heaven's all around us if you're looking  
 But how can you see it if you cry

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  
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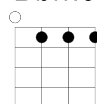
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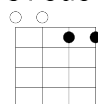
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