

Baling

We drove the Yarra Valley with our daughter, float and horse,
We couldn't believe the tall green grass, we'd found a magic source.
They'd slashed and left the grass to rot, there's more than they could use,
In places it was past waist high, just saved for kangaroos.
"You're letting it go to waste," We said, "You ought to bale it up."
So many grassy places, you could bale to Koo Wee Rup.

We got home to our dried-up place which looked a bloody failure,
Then, we loaded fifty head of beef, a slasher and a baler.
No more we drove them upward, to mountain summer feed,
It's just another kick in the guts we really didn't need.
So we're coming down from Dargo where the earth is hard as rock,
The springs and dams are all dried up, we're ready to shoot our stock.

We baled the Princes highway, grass that no-one seemed to own,
And when we reached Traralgon, we let the cattle roam.
We baled around the cricket grounds and up some fancy drives,
Our camp spots dwelt in deep green grass, the cattle seemed to thrive.
We sent trucks of hay bales homeward time and time again,
Got kind of used to greenery, and even used to rain.

The council came and saw us 'cos the word had got around,
Then they offered to pay us as their contractor broke down.
Our machinery was struggling from all the wear and tear,
A mechanic's a 2-hour drive back home, but here they're everywhere.
We baled our way past factories where the air was rank and gritty,
Then we had to do some thinking 'cos we'd run into the city.

We baled along the Yarra but just baled litter and weeds,
Then we baled ourselves some brown snakes that were hiding in the reeds.
We baled the parliament gardens, 'cos the pollies were away,
Till we finally had to face it, all the grass was turned to hay.
So we offered to bale up gardens for a very modest fee,
We baled azaleas and lavender and were offered cups of tea.

We had to send the cattle back, all overweight and sick,
Been a thunderstorm back home, they'll get some good green pick.
At last the baler gummed right up, it's time to head for home,
We hope you like our handiwork, and the baler's up for loan.
If next year we're still in drought, we'll come back on a mission,
And if drought relief's too late again, we'll bale a politician.