

# COME AWAY FROM THAT COUNTRY

(Neil Murray)

*Even in favourable seasons, cropping in marginal country is ill considered. In drought it is a disaster. Farmer suicides increase. Soils are trashed. The spectre of climate change makes it even more risky. A gentle plea to those who should relax their grip, pull back, ease off, don't go hard against the land. Learn to let go, move and adapt.*

In the mallee, hopeful tractors  
Make dust all night and day  
It don't matter how you work it  
The seasons have gone astray

This little farm your parents left you  
Shouldn't be an early grave  
You go on breaking your back  
Thinking they're proud you stayed

Winter skies are clear and dry  
And the desert's creeping south  
Crocodiles move on the Gold Coast  
and there's grit in your mouth

The pelican knows when to stay  
And it knows where to go  
Don't be stubborn with that land  
You can't beat it with your bones.

Come away from that country  
Leave the plough in the ground  
Some places you just can't farm  
let the rain fall further out

They say a young man stretched a kangaroo skin  
That became a big salt lake  
That's where the waters run to  
And where they evaporate

So come away from that country  
Leave the plough in the ground  
Some places you just can't farm  
Let the rain fall further out