

# MENINDEE

(Neil Murray)

Last drinks boys at Menindee  
In the year of 1860  
After eleven drunken weeks  
It's time to take your leave  
And be first across the country to the Gulf  
So drink your drinks and drink 'em slow  
'Cause soon you'll all be gone  
As part of a team of a great explorin' dream  
Let's hope your leaders will know where to go

Oh, Mr Burke do I really have to go?  
Ya see I've got this awful feelin' in my bones  
I'm afraid that I won't see my home again  
And I dreamt the dingoes were tearing off my clothes

Oh Yakayi, yakayi, yakayi, yakayi, yakayi  
Oh, worry, worry, worry, worry me  
I'd much rather stay in the shade at Menindee  
Where the old Darlin' River flows

I'll give this much to Burke  
He was a man of nerve  
But he couldn't pick a bushman from a cove  
To give spell binder Wright  
A job just on sight  
Was askin' for trouble from the word go  
So it's away, away we go  
Away up north out in the great unknown  
Well who's idea was it, to walk across the country  
I say leave the bloody country to the crows

Oh Yakayi, yakayi, yakayi, yakayi, yakayi  
Oh, worry, worry, worry, worry me  
I'd much rather stay in the shade at Menindee  
Where the old Darlin' River flows  
Oh, in the shade of the pub at Menindee  
Where the beer is cold, cold, cold

After four months of toil and trouble  
From the Gulf to the Cooper we returned  
Only to find they'd left nine hours before  
And not a soul to help us in our bind

Oh Mr Burke where did all the black fellas go?  
Mr Burke how we gonna make it on our own?  
I'd give everything on this day to be four hundred miles away

With a cold beer sloshin' in my mouth

Oh Yakayi, yakayi, yakayi, yakayi,yakayi

Oh, worry, worry, worry, worry, me  
I'd much rather stay in the shade at Menindee  
Where the old Darlin' River flows

Oh, in the shade of the pub at Menindee  
Where the beer is cold, cold, cold  
Oh, in the shade of the pub at Menindee  
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