

STREETS OF BOURKE

(Neil Murray)

I pulled up after thirteen hours driving
I'd come up the Darling River looking for work
Just another bit of sad history
That ends up on the streets of Bourke

I ran into old Bill and he told me
Young people don't respect their elders anymore
It's hard to sleep or get any peace
I never used to have to lock my door

The best and worst little town in the world
If you know Bourke, you'll know Australia
If you can do good here, you'll do it anywhere

Some kid is bragging about the dope
He can't see around his neck there's already a rope
A gang of kids steal a lady's purse
Just one night on the streets of Bourke

Well it's no point blaming anyone
For in the end we're all at fault
Out on the streets of Bourke tonight
It's too late to call a halt

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All the old bush poets, tramped the outback
On lonely tracks, they found their words
Well this is as good a place as any to lay my hat
I could set myself up here in Bourke

All the Ngiyaampa, Muruwari and Barkindji peoples
It's from you I'd like to learn
I hope you keep your secrets safe in the back country
And may we meet in peace in Bourke

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