

“THE MAN FROM CHARTERS TOWERS” [apologies to A.B. “Banjo” Paterson]

It was the man from Charters Towers who struck the Canberra town,
He talked about our national parks, he talked about the crown.
He listened here, he listened there till he was like to drop,
Until at last in sheer despair he said it's time to stop.
Politics will need to change,
AUSTRALIAN'S see the need,
The nanny state is getting worse, we need a better creed.

The worn out parties he had known,
Almost forty years.
They did the best they knew they could,
While quelling all our fears.
The parties seemed to miss the need,
Bout “COMMON SENSE” for “COMMON WEALTH”,
They tried their best to pass the test but faction lines
Had blurred their minds, and taken out their very soul.

For them to argue white was black and black to argue
It was white, missed the point of what was right.
When human being, we were seeing
Let's answer to the call
We need a show, without the snow, no black no white, a shining light,
And justice for us all.

Minor parties come and go, since nineteen hundred one,
We've seen them bloom like desert flowers,
Under hot AUSTRALIAN sun.
To frizzle like a snuffed out plant, when water's not been won,
We need the man from Charters Towers,
To help us get things done.

The British system served us well, two hundred years or so.
But he saw the flaws behind closed doors,
Of elected reps, who climbed the steps,
Of nation's sacred hall, to toe the line, it's so benign
Forget our vote that promised more, to gild the truth we all deplore,
To keep us all not in the know, blinded with the chamber's snow,
The man from Charters Towers for me he wanted more.

He had a dream and launched the kite
And flew it past some blokes that care,
Some Sheila's too who heard the call were
Starting to prepare,
A plan that might, be oh so right,
They grabbed the strings,
It got some wind and filled the country sky,
To get a chance to soar on high,
And flutter in fresh air...

He fetched a wild up country yell, might wake the dead to hear,
And though he seemed to know full well,
Of desert flowers parched to hell.
Belief in Independent thought,
That "Common Sense" would not be fought'
That "Common Wealth" we could resume,
He planted seeds that he did tend, with thoughtful words that he did send,
And watched the country bloom.

The others' kites were ripped and torn,
From flying with their wind so long,
They came to earth for they were worn.
Now left, now right, but not for me.
Their breeze has dropped, for them for now
AUSTRALIAN'S let us all rejoice for we are young and free
We'll watch the country bloom again.
The Man from Charters Towers speaks for you but works with me.

Ross Leslie Palmer 14/6/2011