

Rosewood Hill

John Williamson

She had her back to him
As he walked in through the door
He'd been down in the forest
He said, "I cut me a walkin' stick palm
Down by the stingin' tree
Never thought I'd see the day I'd need one"

She said, "The real estate people came again today
I made them a pot of tea
They said we'd fetch a million dollars
For our little old 'Rosewood Hill'
I guess they thought we might consider

What would we do with a million
When we own paradise
Buy us an acre of sand
You tell those eager beavers
They won't be talkin' to me
This paradise is not for sale"

He's the last of the old cow cockies
Up there in the clouds
Wouldn't white-coast gold shoes love to get
Their hands on his land

Smell the crispy bacon
Spit and crackle on the fry
The promise of a brand new day
Shake the cloudy blanket
And throw it to the sky
The valley takes your breath away

The crows are perched and waitin'
The family dreams of gold
Surely soon the old man will fade away