

Paradise Creek

Words & Music: Pat Drummond (3.55)

For all the swaggies, past and present. Dateline... between Warialda and Guyra

Written on the banks of Paradise creek between Warialda and Guyra, this song celebrates the simple joy of being in The Bush... alone and immensely grateful for the fact that the mobile phone had no signal. What many previous generations took for granted (and often complained about).....to be alone, isolated, without an agenda and beyond the reach and demands of our modern world... is now one of the last great luxuries of life. I have, I admit ,been disproportionately blessed by my job with an excess of this kind of experienceand I've loved every minute.

There's a blood red sun on the river gums
Goin' down through the trees where the river runs
Where a fire is built and the camp is laid
and the billy's boiled and the damper's made
Paradise Creek well named, well named I say
Paradise Creek where the camp is laid
Paradise Creek where the damper's made
Paradise Creek well named, well named I say

There's a Mallard flock where the ford begins
Tucked down with their beaks stuck in their wings
And the water dances on the riverstone
And I'm out on the bush all on my own
Paradise Creek tonight you'll be my home
Paradise Creek, by the riverstone
Paradise Creek, I'm on my own
Paradise Creek tonight you'll be my home

So I'll lay me down to sleep tonight
Where the fire is warm and the moon is bright
With the bull frog beat and the harmonies
laid in by the crickets and the summer breeze
Paradise Creek sing your song for me.
Paradise Creek, with the harmonies
Paradise Creek, and the summer breeze
Paradise Creek sing your songs for me.