Red sand

Aloan

Way out back of the Coolgardie
Round the turn of the century
Two riders came out of the west
They were lookin' for the colour of gold
Trading on an old red blanket
Took 'em in a young boy
Passed him on to a pearl lugger
That was Java bound outa Roebuck Bay
The crew were mainly Manila men
And the young boy must have known
He'd never be back now
Down in the red sand
Manila-man got the machete

Manila-man cut him down cold
Die with the Balander boss on a lugger
Could not have been more
Than twelve years old
Looking out on a clear sky
As the sun beats down on her head
A mother alone
Fails to understand
And as the long years go by
Just an old red blanket to dry
The tears for the son
Who'll never be home
Down in the red sand

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