

# My Boomerang Won't Come Back

Charlie Drake

(low chanting)

In the bad bad lands of Australia many years ago  
The Aborigine tribes were meeting, having a big pow-wow

(chanting)

(low voice): We've got a lot of trouble, Chief, on account of your son Mac!

(midrange voice): My boy Mac, what's wrong with him?

(high-pitched voice, young prince): My boomerang won't come back!

(low voices): Your boomerang won't come back

(prince): My boomerang won't come back

My boomerang won't come back

I've waved the thing all over the place

Practiced till I was black in the face

I'm a big disgrace t' the Aborigine race

My boomerang won't back

I want a kangaroo (yeah yeah)

Make kangaroo stew (yea yeah)

But I'm a big disgrace t' the Aborigine race

My boomerang won't back

They banished him from the tribes' lair & sent him on his way

He had a hapless boomerang, so here he could not stay

(shrieks of animals)

(prince): This is nice, isn't it? Getting banished at my time in life. What a way to  
Spend an evening. Sittin' on a rock in the middle of the desert with me boomerang in me  
Hand. I should very likely get bushwhacked. (animal shriek) (prince): Get out of here,

Nasty bushwhackin' animal! Think I'll make a nice cup of tea. (boing boing boing)

(prince): Good gracious! There goes a kangaroo! I must have practice with me boomerang.

Hey, right behind the left elbow, then slowly back... (kangaroo): If you throw that thing

At me, I'll jump right on your head! (laughs) (prince): Ain't it marvelous! In a land

Full of kangaroos I might not get that one!

For 3 long months he sat there, or maybe it was 4

Then an old old man in a kangaroo skin came a-knockin' at his door

(old man): I'm the local with doctor, son. They call me Joe Joseph Black.

Now tell me, what's your trouble, boy?

(prince): My boomerang won't come back!

(old man): Your boomerang won't come back

(prince): My boomerang won't come back

My boomerang won't come back

I've waved the thing all over the place  
Practiced till I was black in the face  
I'm a big disgrace t' the Aborigine race  
My boomerang won't back

(old man): Don't worry, boy, I know the trick & to you I'm gonna show it

If you want your boomerang to come back, well, first you've got to throw it!

(prince): Oh yes, never thought of that. Daddy will be pleased. Must have a girl...

(old man): Excuse me. Now then, slowly back...& throw! (sound of boomerang flying)

(old man): Oh my God! Avit the flying doctah! He-he-he-he!

(prince): Can you do farther eat?

(old man): Don't talk to me about first taste boy; you owe me 14 chickens for teaching

You to throw the boomerang; first things first. (prince): Yes, I know that, but I mean, I

Think, on this occasion, you know ...& fade

---

Lyrics powered by lyrics.tancode.com

written by DRAKE, DIAMOND

Lyrics Â© DOWNTOWN MUSIC PUBLISHING LLC, Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>