Browndog's Song: The Sequel

Dallas Steele

Well I was poking along in my WB
Just idling at a hundred and forty three
And listening to Travis Sinn play his greatest hits

The sun was shining and the birds were about
Except for a couple I had to take out, when I left the road to avoid a big kangaroo

Now I like birds just as much as you
But Iâ€™ve been through three front ends in this Ute
And that suicide skippy was determined to make it four

Tearing round cars was becoming a trend
Dotted lines, double lines and even on the bends
When a major event made me re-think the things I was doing

A cloud of smoke came in my rear view,
My hair stood up and some how I knew
That the brown dog was hot off a meltdown and running behind

I knew it was him as his truck whistled past,
His eyes were bugged out and he was poopin broken glass
And the blow-up doll riding shotgun was trembling with fear

Rubber and sparks was flying out the back
And it looked like a bushfire blowing from the stacks
The rear view mirrors were gone and one side was smashed

I turned down the stereo and gave him a call
Said â€˜browndog you copy mate? Whatâ€™s going on?â€•
And the reply that I heard made me fear for the motorists ahead

â€˜For the last three days Iâ€™ve been mullin down
I run out of gear so asked around town
But all I could get was this god damn acid tripsâ€™

â€˜With me and me leprechaun hooking along, And I donâ€™t think weâ€™re doing to many things wrong
And Iâ€™m lucky these unicorns are so damn easy to cartâ€™

Now this scared me more as he powered through dip
Because he stoped hauling stock when he smashed that ship and the trailers he was pulling were flat tops full of

freight

I thought â€˜somehow Iâ€™ve got to try stop this machine
But itâ€™s gonna be hard because the little fullaâ€™s keen
And heâ€™s driving like heâ€™s got a big cramp in his Achillesâ€™ tendonâ€™

I said â€˜mate I know youâ€™re sort of pushed for time, but if you pull up ahead I can feed you a lineâ€™
Well Iâ€™ve never seen a truck start stopping like this one did

There was smoke pouring out of the tires that were left
And the screeching and crunching made me wish I was deaf
Then the trailers all started to try overtake each other

Well I pulled up watching in absolute horror when a voice at me window said â€˜how ya goin brother?â€™
Which frightened me more because the trust hadnâ€™t even stopped skidding

There were two grey nomads in a truck stop bay
And I thought â€˜this is it mate. This is there sayâ€™
As an unmanned truck and three trailers headed their way

Well it would have been good if it had all stopped there
But it smashed up the caravan and camper chairs
And spread all of grandmas washing out the back

At the edge of the scrub appeared a grey haired man
With an axe and a little bit of wood in his hand which he probably dropped when he saw his home scattered about

Well his white face turned a mad shade of red as he lifted his axe and started going off his head and making a definite b-line for the Kennworthâ€™s door

I said to the browndog â€˜dude get in, I donâ€™t want to see how this is gonna end, and letâ€™s be bloody be thankful nobody really got hurt... yetâ€™

The very next day in the local rag
Was a front page picture of a plastic bag
Which the cops said was full of dangerous acid trips

The story continued on page two and three
And I was surprised they had someone in custody
And I wondered who the bloody hell did they pin for than

At the bottom it said continue page four
When I turned the page I nearly hit the floor when I saw who was locked in the back of a paddy wagon

With her mouth wide open like the day she was born

And trembling with fear because she new she was gone
Was brown dogs
Old style
Doggy style
Any hole
Half busted
Well used
At me blow up doll

Lyrics Submitted by Lauren Dye

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