

# Quinella Holiday

## Midnight Oil

The bar was crowded in the arvo din  
And the voices got higher and higher  
For the man at the back with the tickets in his hat  
He would have to do more than aspire to A place with some light on the sand near a beach  
A place near some green running water  
Place on the hill with a view of the sea  
And the cooking was done by his daughter If the quinella comes in today  
If the quinella comes in today The day is late and the race is run  
A full weeks wages and a lot's been done  
'Cause the meeting is over and the crowd has thinned  
In the game of chance, the dice has rolled it's spin Another long week, lady luck makes it plain  
His dreams and his hopes are dashed in vain  
In the final shout now, as they call his name  
His tickets lie like scattered leaves out on that asphalt plain If the quinella comes in today  
And if the quinella comes in today  
And if the quinella Looking around for the moment that's right  
Lottery life well, the numbers are tight  
As they try one more pull on the handle too late  
He thinks of what could be it sticks in his throat If the quinella comes in today  
If the quinella comes in today  
If the quinella

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