

# Town with No Cheer

Scarlett Johansson

Well it's hotter 'n blazes  
And all the long faces  
There'll be no oasis  
For a dry local grazier  
There'll be no refreshment  
For a thirsty jackaroo  
From Melbourne to Adelaide  
On the overlander  
With newfangled buffet cars  
And faster locomotives  
The train stopped  
In serviceton  
Less and less often  
There's nothing sadder  
Than a town with no cheer  
Voc rail decided the canteen  
Was no longer necessary there  
No spirits  
No bilgewater  
And 80 dry locals  
And the high noon sun  
Beats a hundred and four  
There's a hummingbird  
Trapped in a closed  
Down shoe store This tiny victorian rhubarb  
Kept the watering hole open  
For sixty five years  
Now it's boilin'  
In a miserable march 21 st  
Wrapped the hills in a blanket  
Of patterson's curse  
The train smokes  
Down the xylophone  
There'll be no stopping here  
All ya can be is thirsty  
n a town with no cheer  
No bourbon, no branchwater  
Though the townspeople here  
Fought her vic rail

Decree tooth and nail  
Now it's boilin'  
In a miserable march 21 st  
Wrapped the hills  
In a blanket of patterson's curse  
The train smokes  
Down the xylophone  
There'll be no stopping here  
All ya can be is thirsty  
In a town with no cheer

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