

# Town With No Cheer

Tom Waits

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  
No, there's nothing sadder than a town with no cheer  
Vic Rail decided the canteen was no longer necessary there  
No spirits, no bilgewater and eighty 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 twenty-first  
Wrapped the hills in the blanket of Patterson's curse  
The train smokes down the xylophone, there'll be no stopping here  
All you can be is thirsty in 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 twenty-first  
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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