

# Cootamundra Wattle

John Williamson

Don't go lookin' through that old camphor box, woman  
You know those old things only make you cry.  
When you dream upon that little bunny rug  
It makes you think that life has passed you by.

There are days when you wish the world would stop, woman  
But then you know some wounds would never heal  
And when I browse the early pages of the children  
It's then I know exactly how you feel.

(chorus)

Hey it's July and the winter sun is shining,  
And the Cootamundra Wattle is my friend  
For all at once my childhood never left me  
'Cause wattle blossoms bring it back again.

It's Sunday and you should stop the worry, woman  
Come out here and sit down in the sun.  
Can't you hear the magpies in the distance  
Don't you feel a new day has begun  
And can't you hear the bees makin' honey, woman  
In the Spotted Gums where the bellbirds ring  
You might grow old and bitter 'cause you missed it,  
You know some people never hear such things.

(chorus with whistle)

Don't buy the daily papers anymore, woman  
Read all about what's going on in hell.  
They don't care to tell the world of kindness  
Good news never made a paper sell.  
There's all the colours of the rainbow in the garden, woman  
And symphonies of music in the sky,  
Heavens' all around us if you're lookin'  
But how can you see it if you cry?

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Lyrics submitted by Alison.

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