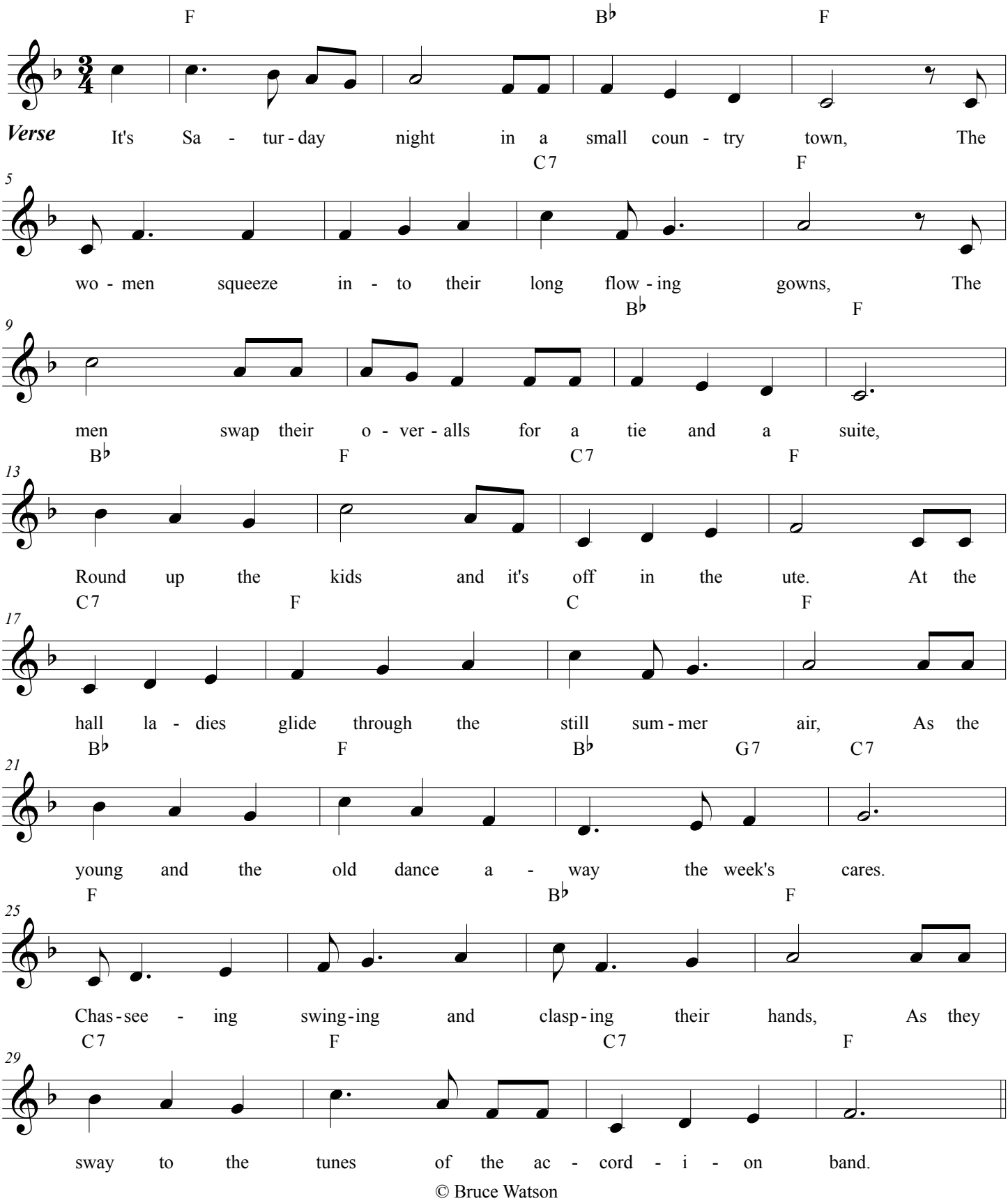
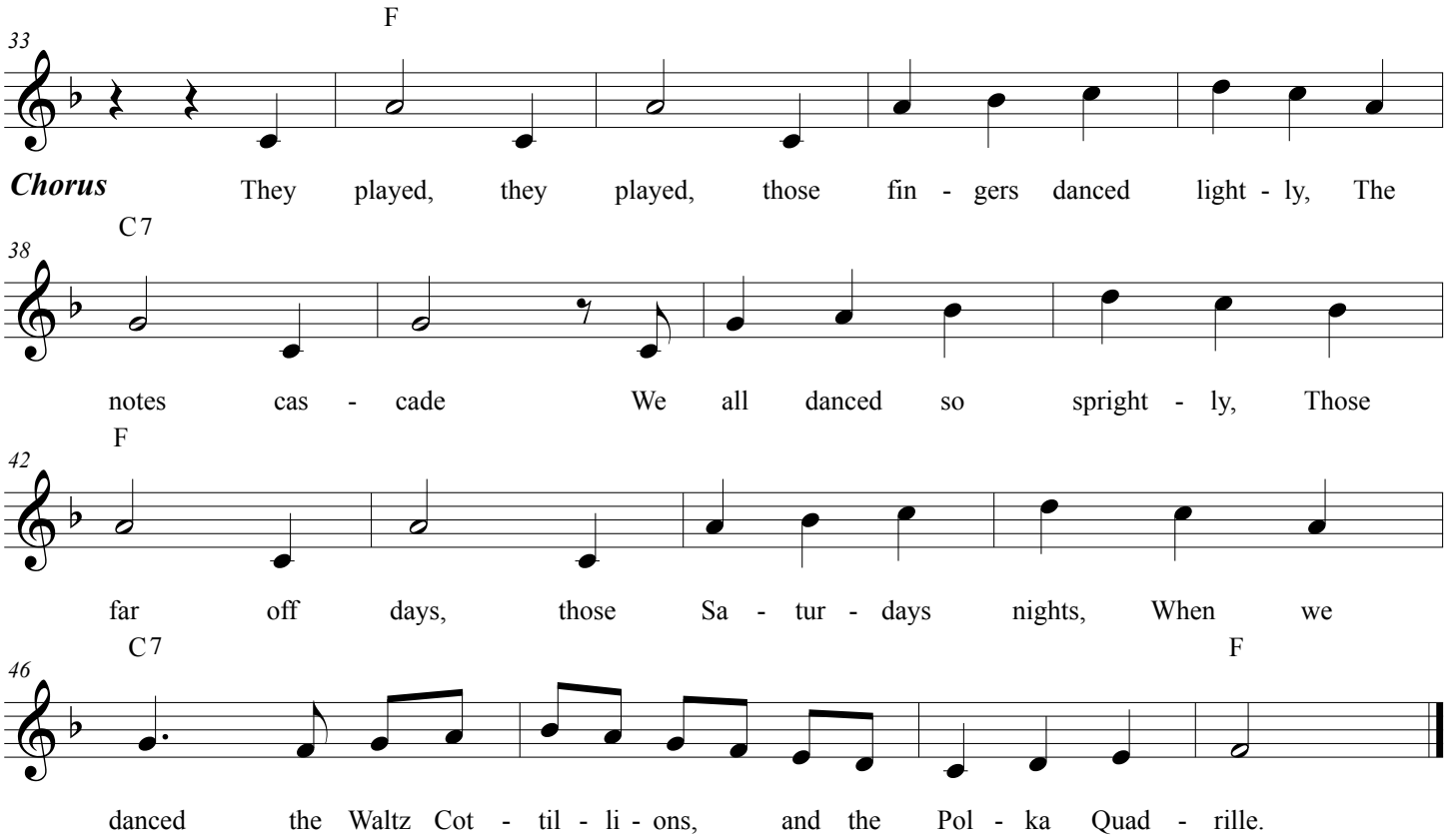
The Old Bush Dance

Bruce Watson



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It's Saturday night in a small country town,
The women all squeeze into
their long flowing gowns,
The men swap their overalls for a tie and a suit,
Round up the kids and it's off in the ute.
At the hall ladies glide through
the still summer air,
As the young and the old
dance away the week's cares,
Chasseeing, swinging and clapping their hands,
As they sway to the tunes of the accordion band.

Chorus:

They played, they played,
those findgers danced lightly,
The notes cascade, we all dance so sprightly
Those far off days, those Saturday nights,
When we danced the Waltz Cotillions
and the Polka Quadrille.

It's "Take your partners, please,"
says the caller once more,
As the weary hot couples find their way to the floor,
For the Alberts Quadrille
and the Waltz Country Dance,
A short introduction, then up strikes the band.
Young couples dance closely, some awkward and shy,
As the mothers and fathers keep a close watchful eye,
The kids weave and dart like a flock of galahs,
As the music drifts up through the night to the stars.

Chorus

Now it's karaoke bars and it's poker machines,
For some people that's what a good time out means,
Not for them the concertina, the banjo and bones,
The button accordion and the fiddle's sweet tones.
Real music is people like you and me here,
Not woofers and tweeters and electronic gear.
So let's sing and let's dance for the music of old,
May it live on and on, may it shine through like gold.

Chorus