## Tom Waits, Town With No Cheer

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

the train stopped in Serviceton less and less often There's nothing sadder than a town with no cheer VicRail 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 in a town with no cheer no Bourbon, no Branchwater though the townspeople here fought the 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