

## **Birdsville Races**

### **Verse 1**

Out where the red horizon shimmers  
And the heat comes down like flame,  
There's a town that wakes each springtime  
To a race that's earned its fame.  
The Birdsville mob comes roaring in,  
From stations far and wide —  
With horses, hopes, and half-told yarns  
They've polished on the ride.

### **Verse 2**

In Birdsville's dusty paddock, where the flies all think they're kings,  
You'll find horses, hats, and humans held together with old strings.  
The bookies shout, the crowd goes wild, the sun cooks every face —  
It's the only place on Earth where even camels feel outpaced.

### **Verse 3**

The bookies set their tables crooked,  
The punters line the rails,  
And every tale grows taller still  
With each round of the ales.  
A mare from Thargomindah  
Stood proud as desert queens,  
Though her rider swore she'd only run  
When bribed with tinned sardines.

### **[Chorus]**

Birdsville Races, take me there  
Birdsville Races, dust in the air

Hold your horse and hold your breath  
Then watch 'em fly, then watch 'em fly  
Birdsville Races, line up strong  
Birdsville Races, all day long  
When that roar rolls out the track  
You feel Queensland bouncing back

#### **Verse 4**

A bloke rolled in from Boulia with a swagger and a grin,  
Claimed his mare was never last, because she's never *been* in.”  
But when the starter dropped the flag she bolted for the bar,  
Proving once again that in Birdsville, legends are bazaar.

#### **Verse 5**

A tourist from the city tried to look the outback part,  
Bought a hat so wide and floppy it could shade a cattle yard.  
But when the desert winds kicked up, it flew off like a kite —  
Last seen heading northward, doing fifty in full flight.

#### **Verse 6**

Two mates set up a campsite with a tent that *should* have stood,  
But the poles were bent, the ropes were short, and nothing looked too good.  
They swore it was “deliberate — an aerodynamic plan,”  
Till a dingo stole their esky, and headed off to Cannes.

[Chorus]

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#### **Verse 7**

The pub was packed from dusk till dawn with yarns both tall and bent,  
One bloke claimed he'd seen rain — the crowd laughed him out the tent.  
For in Birdsville, truth gets dusty and the legends grow like weeds,  
Fed by beer, the desert heat, and travellers' wild misdeeds.

#### **Verse 8**

A shearer turned up proudly in his finest racing gear,  
Which looked like clothes he'd worn since very late last New Year.  
He claimed the dust was "lucky dust" and the stains were "battle scars,"  
But the crowd said he'd be safer if he showered beneath the stars.

#### **Verse 9**

A local cook served "mystery stew" that bubbled like a bog,  
He swore it was gourmet food "Made from camel, roo, and frog."  
The punters took one cautious sip, then bolted for the door,  
Proving Birdsville's greatest races are to the dunny door.

#### **Verse 10**

A band struck up at sunset with a banjo out of tune,  
The drummer kept on missing beats like tyres in a dune.  
But when the crowd got dancing, kicking dust into the sky,  
It felt like Birdsville's version of a desert lullaby.

#### **Verse 11**

Then night rolled in like velvet  
And the campfires cracked with cheer,  
For Birdsville's not just racing —

It's the spirit of the year.

Where strangers turn to neighbours

And the desert feels less wide,

And every soul who's been there

Keeps the memory at their side.

### **Verse 12**

So raise a glass to Birdsville,

Where the desert meets the cheer,

Where every yarn grows longer

With each passing outback year.

For those who've felt that sunrise

On the edge of the Simpson's sweep,

The memory stays forever —

And a promise that we keep.

### **[Chorus]**

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