Spirit of the Land (MySP D,A,Bm,Em,G) - Redgum

[D] [D] [A] [A] [Em] [Em] [D] [D]

[D] The rivers are dry across the land and the [A] farmers fields have turned to sand 'Cause the [Em] rain hasn't come for two [Bm] years going on [Em] three [A] The [D] topsoil's gone with the hot north wind, the [A] crops won't grow and rust set in And the [Em] cruel south wind of [A] winter brought no re [D] lief [D]

And the [Bm] old men in the [G] public bar talk of [A] floods and droughts be [D] fore And as the [Bm] night goes on the [G] conversations [A] die [A] But the [Bm] battlers don't give up, it's [A] written on their [D] hands And in their [G] eye [D] eye [Em] eyes, [A] and [A] the spirit of the land sur [D] vives [D]

[D] And on Saturday night in the Royal Hotel, [A] Henk the Dutchman plays guitar He sings [Em] country and western [Bm] favourites and re [Em] quests [A] It [D] used to be his second job, a [A] bit of a laugh for a couple of bob Now it's [Em] all he's got 'cause his [Bm] crops all died from [Em] thirst [Em]

[D] Then he spent his savings on cattle and sheep,
[A] got some credit, got in too deep
But [Em] stock won't graze on [Bm] pastures
turned to [Em] salt [A]
And then he [D] tried to get work as a travelling man
selling [A] Rawleighs products from the back of his van
But the [Em] cockies all shop in [Bm] town
where things are [Em] cheap [Em]

And the [Bm] old men in the [G] public bar talk of [A] floods and droughts be [D] fore And as the [Bm] night goes on the [G] conversations [A] die [A] But the [Bm] battlers don't give up, it's [A] written on their [D] hands And in their [G] eye [D] eye [Em] eyes, [A] and [A] the spirit of the land sur [D] vives

[D] And in the cricketers lounge late at night where the [A] cockies talk and the shearers fight And their [Em] wives drink shandies 'cause [Bm] they'll be driving [Em] home [A] The [D] talk centres on the price of wheat The [A] lack of grain and the lack of sleep Cause the [Em] credit stretched and it [Bm] won't stretch any [Em] more [Em]

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