

It's good to be an Australian to the letter and the line,

Where the best will live to love the beauty all so fine;

While the weather plays it's part and tricks to treat the land,

And the people walk along and read along to the right hand.

I am, you are, we are Australian and I still call Australia home,

And I've been around the world five times but where ever I roam;

I come back to the land I love to go walkabout and dreamtime,

And I live to see creation in perfection in my words of rhyme.

And I love a sun burnt country with droughts and flooding rains,

With a thousand beaches a thousand times with all the pains;

And as the waves wash up upon the shores, with the salt air to my nose,

I live in risen victory of the freshness of life, as in the smell of a rose.

I'll have a drink and call you mate and love to see the young ladies,

And put a dollar in the bank and spend it on what is made as his;

For it's good to be an Australian, better than the best can know,

For like the wattle and the gum tree, it's heaven where here we grow.

The kangaroo and koala and platypus and cockatoo talk,

And the voice is one of significance as these marsupials walk;

For we move on earth in harmony with the rest of the changing world,

And the universe consumes us all but still all Australians hold their worth.

For it's good to be an Australian where the country boy is blue,

And the shearer and the drover will take the wife home too true;

And the people will multiply under the crimson paradise sky,

But remember that mountains with money we must cross over and fly.

**Signed,**

**Straight Ayes**