

Loving the day in the desert town here,  
Where life is for living as flowers bloom near;  
When people come to town from all over Australia,  
The heart of the nation is Broken Hill Station.

Driving down the road to get from town to town,  
From here and there to get Broken Hill both up and down;  
We travel from wherever to this outback desert town,  
Where people live and the bush and sticks getting frown.

The beauty of Broken Hill is the passion of the perfect,  
The purple red and crimson sunsets in the eye of all the people;  
And when they day is done and the red earth dirt is dust,  
The dusk turns into morning when the sunrise again and new day begins.

As the houses line the streets as the dog barks in the night,  
And the birds begin to chirp as their native hearts have done;  
For when the light as day has shone down along the creeks,  
Softness tenderness and care, flow from the glowing cheeks.

To write the next line, I need a different new incline,  
That melts the hearts of people as the faces shine what they have felt;  
And the subtle of time burns within the beast and mind,  
As minerals from the ground are found and brought out of the mine.

So as the tourists go home and leave the Broken Hill people here,  
You hear the train's horn blowing as they depart to go there;  
And when the sea change comes of back to the coastal shores,  
The desert is left dry and dusty as the people welcome more.

Signed,

Stayed in Broken Hill