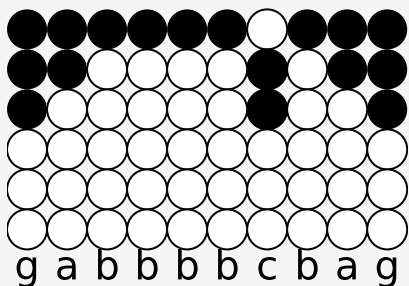


Tin whistle tabs for: Cootamundra Wattle

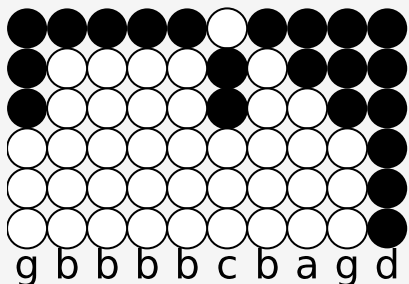
Author/Performer: John Williamson



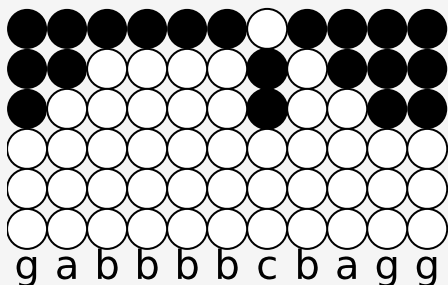
Don't go look-in' through, that old, cam-phor box,



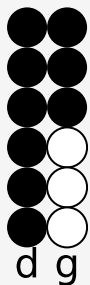
wom-an,



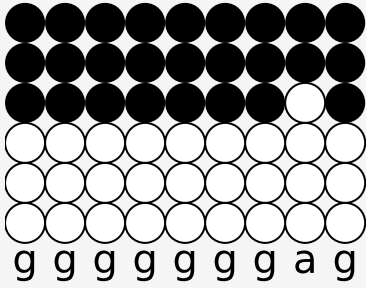
You know, those old things, on-ly, make you cry,



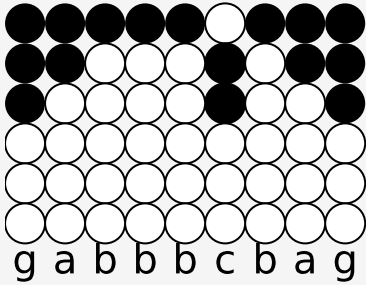
When you dream, u-pon that lit-tle bun-ny rug,



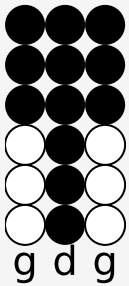
wo-man,



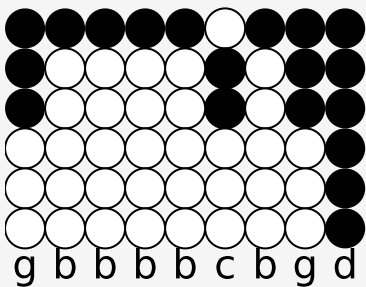
Makes you think, that life, has passed you by.



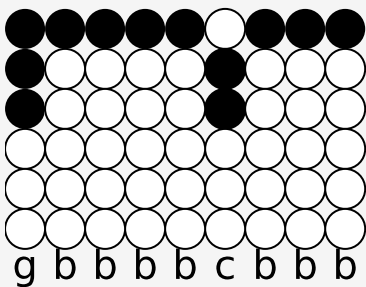
There are days, when you wish, the world would



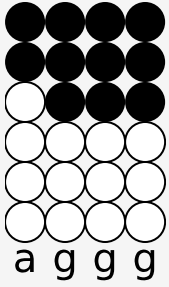
stop, wo-man,



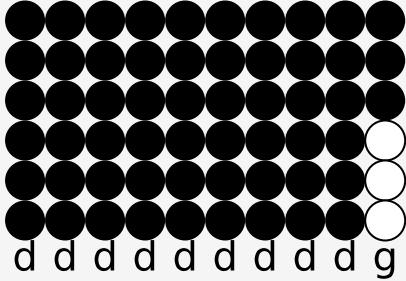
But then you know, some wounds nev-er heal,



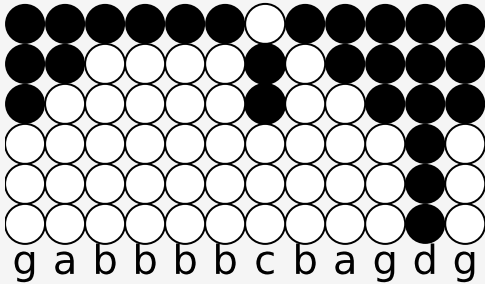
But when I browse, the earl-y pa-ges,



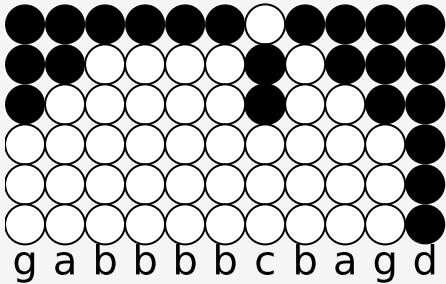
Of the chil-dren,



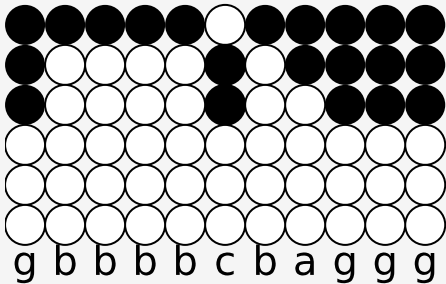
It's then I know, ex-act-ly, how you feel,
CHORUS



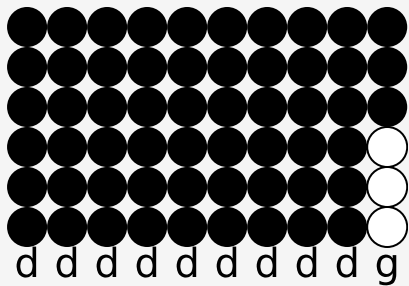
Hey, it's Ju-ly and the win-ter sun, is shi-nin'



And the Coo-ta-mun-dra Wat-tle, is my friend,



For all at once, my child-hood, nev-er left me,



'Cause wat-tle blos-soms, bring it, back a-gain.
It's, Sun-day and you should stop, the worr-y,
wom-an,
Come out here and sit down, in the sun,
Can't you hear, the mag-pies, in the dis-tance?
Don't you feel, the new day, has be-gun?
Can't you hear, the bees, mak-in' hon-ey,
woman?
In the spot-ted gums, where bell-birds, ring,
You might grow old and bit-ter, 'cause you missed
it,
You know, some peo-ple, nev-er hear, such things.
CHORUS
Don't buy, the dai-ly pa-pers, any-more, woman,
Read all a-bout, what's go-ing on, in hell,
They don't care, to tell the world, of kind-ness,
Good news, nev-er made, a pa-per sell!
There's all the col-ours, of the rain-bow, in the
gar-den, woman,
And sym-phon-ies, of mus-ic, in the sky,
Hea-ven's all a-round us, if your've look-in'
But how can you see it, if you cry?
CHORUS TO END