

Tread Softly - The Rambling Bilbies



You Always

For Jill, who treads softly with me.

Jasmin

Fragrance wafts around and leaves you in a totally relaxed mood.

Drought

The clearing of natural bush and forest at the insistence of governments against all logic has caused immense damage to our land and climate. Farmers are now trying to rectify the problem by planting more trees and shrubs.

Who Will Come?

You can't always rely on a saviour to protect you! Don't take them for granted.

Dream

Clear flowing water, pristine forests, abundant life... is it soon to be just a dream or can we halt the clearing of land around the globe or at least slow it down to sustainable levels.

So Far Away

Why do we bulldoze land for housing then replant with totally inappropriate flora? It is time to rethink the strategy.

Time Will Tell

A strange observation on life.

The Swaggie

The itinerant traveller.

Just Drifting

There is always someone somewhere to be a friend

Don't Wake The Sleeping Child

A song of partings.

You're Coming Home

A song of reunions.



Waterhole

The billabong: a place of wonder and activity at dawn and dusk.

Spring Dream

A walk on a misty morning in the hills.

Run Goanna Run

Bush fires cause devastation. Too many are lit deliberately by stupid fools who don't think of the consequences. The wild life doesn't always have the chance to escape and the flora doesn't always recover.

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If you would like to obtain a legal copy of "Tread Softly" please contact:

The Rambling Bilbies at (08) 9377 4733 (618 instead of 08 if called from outside Australia)

or email rambling@bilbies.iinet.net.au

You Always

© Oats March 2001

For Jill, who treads softly with me.

I've seen the stars shine in your eyes
I've seen the sun shine through your hair
I've seen the glow on your horizon
And it makes me want to be there
With you, with you

The way you play your music soft
puts a tingle in the air
The emotion is so strong
that I want to be there
With you, with you

When we're apart there is a space
And I feel it in my heart
It leaves me missing you so much
That I don't want to be apart
From you, from you

So when I come home late at night
And put my arms around your waist
I can feel it in your soul
that you want to be there
Always, Always

When we're apart there is a space
And I feel it in my heart
It leaves me missing you so much
That I don't want to be apart
From you, from you



Jasmin

© Oats Sept. 1997

Fragrance wafts around and leaves you in a totally relaxed mood.

Fragrance of jasmin on the breeze
Is drifting in through the window pane
Flowing all around the wattle flowers
Telling me the spring is here again

The wattle flowers are golden in the day
Silver jasmin shining in the night
The fragrance lingers haunting in the air
The sun and moon are shining in the sky

Sunlight is floating on the breeze
Scattered by billowing clouds up in the sky
Birds are singing on the wing
Enjoying the nectars of life

Raindrop diamonds on the leaves
Sparkling in the light of the sun
Bees are making honey from the flowers
Humming the song just for fun

Fragrance of jasmin on the breeze
Drifting in through the window pane
A gentle breeze is hushing through the leaves
The fragrance of the spring is here again.



Drought

© Oats 1992

The clearing of natural bush and forest at the insistence of governments against all logic has caused immense damage to our land and climate. Farmers are now trying to rectify the problem by planting more trees and shrubs. The original beginning which we no longer sing, has been included here.

*The soldiers came back from the war
And were told to farm what they saw
Clear all the land of its life
With subsidised super you'll survive*

*Now all the trees have been cleared
The rain has all but disappeared
Without water the grains cannot sprout
And all we are left with is Drought*

Rain won't fall down, No rain all around
So dry on the ground
Rain won't come down Drought

Ground is so bare, Nothing will grow there
Dry waterholes
Dry as a bone Drought

Trees long since gone
Time lingers on
Drought, Drought

Instrumental (Singing in the Rain ©Brown/Freed)

Farms without a soul,
Salt lake has no hope
Cleared to keep pace
Gone without a trace Drought
(chorus)

Rain won't fall down, No rain all around
Dry water holes
Dry as a bone
Drought, drought



Who Will Come?

© Oats 1977

You can't always rely on a saviour to protect you! Don't take anyone for granted.

So the sheriff's gone
So the sheriff's gone away
Never to return another day

So you took his guns
So you took his guns away
Never to be worn another day

Maybe that's the way you like it
Maybe that's the way you care

Maybe you can find
Maybe you can find a man
Who will blindly throw his life away

Maybe someone
Maybe someone will come
Who doesn't see the price he'll have to pay

Maybe that's the way you like it
Maybe that's the way you care

But what if no one comes
What no one comes to help
Then your on your own again

Will you pray to God
Will you pray to God to help
But can he help you every day

Maybe that's the way you like it
Maybe that's the way you care

Dream

© Oats 1993

Clear flowing water, pristine forests, abundant life... is it soon to be just a dream or can we halt the clearing of land around the globe or at least slow it down to sustainable levels.

The Wattles are all flowering spreading golden through the green
The birds are flitting playfully everywhere to be seen
The rain is filtering through the trees
The woods are smelling clean and fresh today

The streams are babbling joyfully into the river clear & clean
The birds are swimming with the flow fish in the reeds so green
The sun is dappled on the ground
As the water flows onto the ocean blue

The clean white sand along the beach as waves break on the reef offshore
Dolphins swim in the blue lagoon as the sun brings in the crimson dawn
The oceans are alive and well
The lands are vibrant with the taste of life

The rain is filtering flittering through the trees
The woods are smelling clean and fresh today
The sun is dappled on the ground as water flows onto the ocean blue
The oceans are alive and well
The lands are vibrant with the taste of life



So Far Away

© Oats 1977

Why do we bulldoze land for housing then replant with totally inappropriate flora? It is time to rethink the strategy.

Silver birch with golden leaves
As autumn drifts among the trees
The graceful leaves come tumbling down
laying carpet on the ground

All the bracken down snake lane
The carefree streams and the lake
The changing leaves diffuse the sun
It all seemed to be such fun

Autumn seems so far away
As I look back on it today
The woods are falling to the ground
Making way for another town

And as the snow begins to fall
A layer of ice on the lake has formed
We'll go skating when we can
And later on we'll build a snowman

With spring coming to the dell
We'll walk through carpets of bluebells
Birds are hiding in new leaves
As they sing among the trees

Spring just seems so far away
As I look back on it today
The woods are falling to the ground
Making way for another town

It all just seems so far away
As I look back on it today



Time Will Tell

© Robert Oats Feb 1996

A strange observation on life.

Moving through the world
Watching our spirit flow
Time will tell if we move along
Or if we return to hell

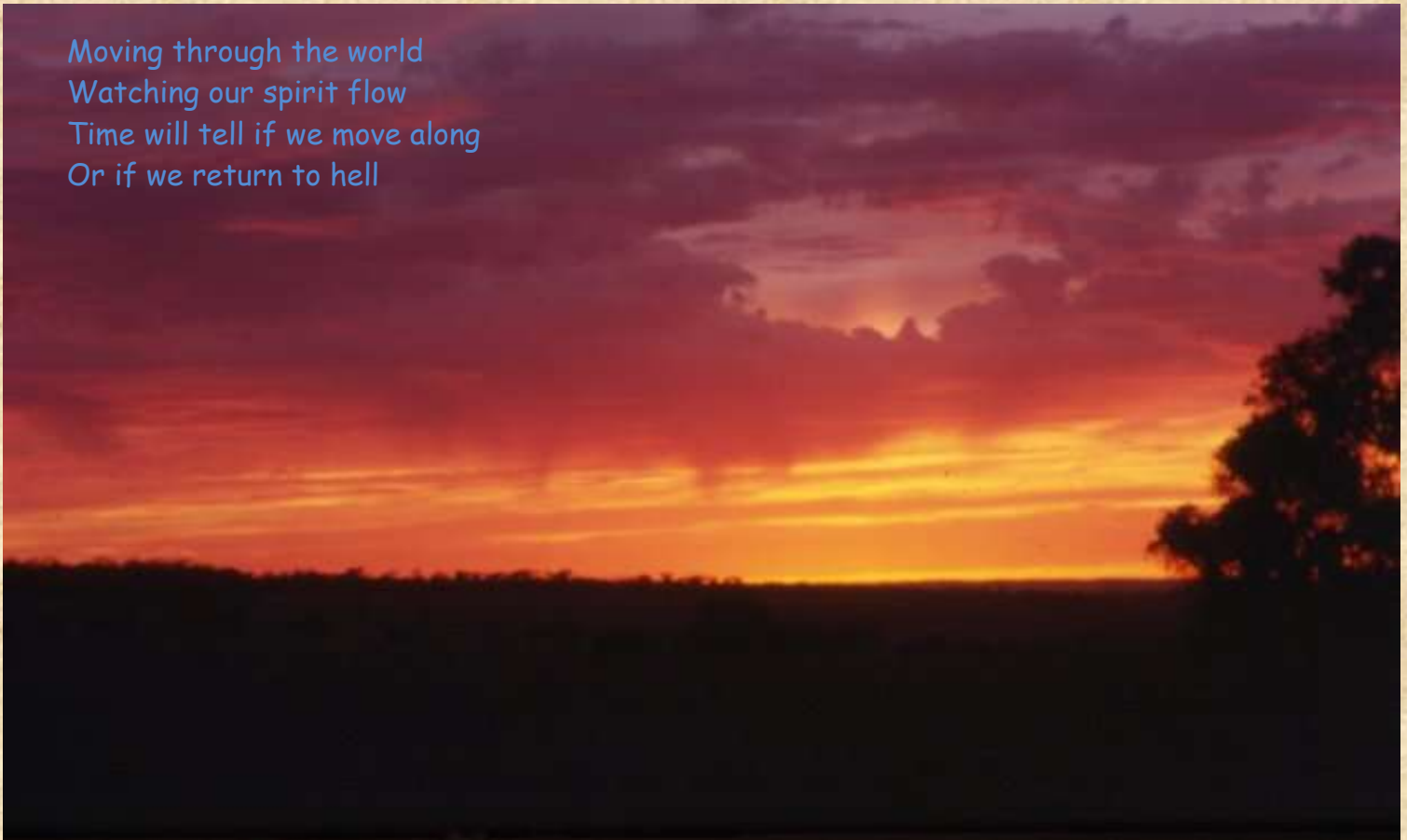
Life is just a circle
With all points just the same
No matter which way you move
You may end up insane

Drifting along a river
Watching the shore go by
Slow down near the ocean
Just as you start to die

Moving through the world
Watching our spirit flow
Time will tell if we move along
Or if we return to hell

The people you meet are crazy
They all have thoughts and plans
If you get to close they'll burn you
Just jumping from the fire to the pan

Moving through the world
Watching our spirit flow
Time will tell if we move along
Or if we return to hell



The Swaggie

© Robert Oats March 1997

The itinerant traveller waltzing his way through life matildas on his back.

The Swaggie is moving from town to town
Down all the bush tracks and roads
Wandering around, looking for work
Hoping to find his way home

The times are so tough that he barely survives
There isn't much going in the smoke
So he heads for the bush and he makes his way 'round
Hoping to find enough work

This week it's a shearing shed rousting about
Staying 'til all the sheep have been shorn
Then it's on with the swag and back down the track
Wishing he'd never been born

The Swaggie is moving from town to town
Down all the bush tracks and roads
Wandering around, looking for work
Hoping to find his way home

Instrumental - Abruxa

From farm yards to towns doing odd jobs
working for tit bits to eat
Out on the track the times can be hard
So it's under the bushes he sleeps

It's a lonely old life out on the road
Not many friends you trust
Working for nothing but food for the swag
Making his way through the dust

The Swaggie is moving from town to town
Down all the bush tracks and roads
Wandering around, looking for work
Trying to find his way home

Instrumental - Nan's Waltz



Just Drifting

© Oats Aug. 2000

There is always someone somewhere to be a friend

It may be is up in the sky
Drifting on by you and I
Drifting, drifting, drifting

Like the rain it comes tumbling down
Sometimes it cannot be found
Drifting, drifting, drifting

Open your eyes to the things going past,
If you miss them they may be the last
and you'll stay drifting, drifting, drifting.

Floating away on the breeze
It may bring you down to your knees
Drifting, drifting, drifting.

Sometimes we just sit and think
Do we stay afloat do we sink,
Or are we drifting, drifting, drifting

Open your eyes to the things that are there
There may be a friend who will be help you and share
Your drifting, drifting, drifting

There may be a friend you didn't know was there
Making your load a little easier to bare
just drifting, drifting, drifting.



Don't Wake The Sleeping Child

© Oats Sept 1976

A song of partings.

Don't Wake the sleeping child
Let him sleep on for a while
He'll not know
Your about to go away

I hope her dreams are full of you
And when she greets the morning dew
She'll have known
that you'll be gone away

I could never say wake
Leave her sleeping for my sake
The peace that she has now
In her slumber town
She has no way to know
That your about to go away

I could never say wake
Leave her sleeping for my sake
The peace that she has now
In her slumber town

Don't Wake the sleeping child
Let him sleep on for a while
He'll not know
Your about to go away



You're Coming Home

© Oats 1980

A song of reunions.

Sunset Over the ocean
It Fills me so full of emotion
I can't tell which way
I can't tell night from day
But you're coming home

Stars shine in the night
Moon glows so bright
The wind has just died
Making it so right
Cause you're coming home

The waves break on the beach
And you've been so out of reach
But now the waves will subside
and you'll come in with the tide
You're coming home

The sun rose over the plain
And I've been with you again
You've been gone for so long
I've been all alone
But now You're home



Waterhole

© Oats May 1996

The billabong: a place of wonder and activity at dawn and dusk.

As the sun comes up over the dusty plain
The waterhole comes to life again
The swallows swoop and dance a reel
As the ducks dive deep to get a feed

When the season breaks and the rivers swell
The land will be plentiful again
But it's coming late this autumn rain
And this small lake is all that remains

As the night time animals go to sleep
The day time life comes out to feed
The song of birds is heard for miles
As they all join in and harmonize

As the sun rises higher in the sky
They'll all be gone away to hide
In the shades of trees they'll stay well hid
Finding the shade along the dry creek beds

When evening comes and the land cools down
To the Water they'll come in wondrous sound
Just waiting for the winter rain
To bring this land to life again

As the sun goes down over the dusty plain
The waterhole comes to life again
The swallows swoop and dance a reel
As the ducks dive deep to get a feed



Spring Dream

© Oats Oct. 1995

A walk on a misty morning in the hills.

Flames between the leaves
Cool among the green
Flowers on the trees
Beautiful to see
Birds sing overtones
Around the trees they roam
Dancing on a breeze
Between the leaves they weave

What I hear and see
Must be make believe
Walking through this land
I must be in a dream

Mist is rolling in
Soft upon the skin
Hallucinatory streams
All through this magic dream

I make my own way down
Return to solid ground
And look up in the air
And find it all still there

The birds are still around
Their song a wondrous sound
The flowers like small flames
Are in full bloom again

What I hear and see
Must be make believe
Walking through this land
I must be in a dream



Run Goanna Run

© Oats Feb. 1997

Bush fires can cause devastation. Too many are lit deliberately by stupid fools who don't think of the consequences. The wild life doesn't always have the chance to escape and the flora doesn't always recover. Not to mention the time, effort and resources of the fire fighters, in most cases volunteers. I wrote this after a spate of fires near my home in the foothills of the Swan Valley.

Run goanna run, run goanna run
Someone's gone and lighted a match
You'd better run before it catches you
Run goanna run

Dry leaves are burning so fast
Your home is not going to last
You've got to run to save your life
Don't try to climb a tree
'Cause they will burn as well don't you see
So run Goanna run

Flames are reaching up so high
Lighting up the night time sky
You'd better run to save your life
The heat will fry you alive
you will never survive
So run goanna run

Your only hope is to run really fast
and hope the flames don't catch you at last
you've got to run to save your life
The rains are still far, far away
They can never save you this day
So run goanna run

The floor of the forest is dead and black
All that's left is lifeless ash
Did you run to save your life
The fire starts with a cigarette butt
Doesn't leave much room for luck
Did you run Goanna run

