

The Local Rag

Words & Music: Pat and Carol Drummond

This is a little song that I thoroughly enjoy singing. I have long been fascinated by the "Letters to the Editor" column in The Blue Mountains Gazette, which features what must be billions of entries each week. These letters express the most amazing array of human perception ever recorded in one journal. Right Wing 'crazies' that want to call in the tanks against stray dogs and homosexuals; Left Wing militants that want to ban human beings from breathing in order to prevent the build up of Greenpeace (sic) gases. Local feuds, petty disputes, council corruption, herbal therapy, swimming results, tuckshop rosters, and gossip; in short all the wonderful things that are the rivetting stuff of everyday life. I've always thought that you can tell more about people by the way they respond when your kid puts a ball through their window, than you can by what position they hold on council, what political party they vote for, or what church they attend. The national dailies may deal with all the "BIG" issues but for life at it's grittiest "It's all here in the Local Rag".

Here I come across your fence, rolling up your lawn;
in underneath your rose-bush, a little dog-eared and torn;
soggy round the edges, covered up with sand;
wrapped in a bit of greaseproof and a little rubber band; I'm back.

I'm your Local Rag.

I've got letters to the Editor and pictures of your kids.
I was at the fete and I know just what Mrs Reagan did.
Tales you wouldn't credit; some you might believe;
stories of your average blokes that never make the 'teeve'; they're my bag,

I'm your Local Rag.

I've got all the stories, I know everything they said.
I know who's been seeing who and who's been in whose bed.
And if you're getting on a bit I'll tell you if you're dead.

It's all here in the Local Rag.

I'm 'The Leader' up in Tamworth, 'The News' up there in Broome.

'The Echo' in Katoomba; (God knows what in Dunedoo);

'The Illawarra Mercury'; 'The Canterbury Torch'.

No matter where you live folks I'm probably on your porch. That's a fact,

I'm your Local Rag.

I've got all the gossip, I know how you did in school.

Some if it is slanderous and some of it is cruel.

But all of it (well some it) is absolutely true.

It's all there in your Local Rag.

Then you can fill me up with chips or you can roll me up with stew

or cut me up in little bits and hang me in the loo.

And I won't get offended, I'm not like your other friends.

No matter what you do to me, next week I'm back again.

That's a fact, I'm your Local Rag.

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