

# *The House at 21*

Words and Music; Geoff Drummond.

For the pioneers who never made the pages  
of the history books; who never were  
awarded the Queen's medals and who had  
a more profound effect on our nations  
well-being than most of us will ever know.

Dateline... Hallet's Cove S.A

There's an old bush track that stumbles  
from the house down to the street  
Twin ruts worn smooth through clay and rock  
by passing wheels and feet  
and where it meets the asphalt  
it takes off on the run  
But life goes on, a snail's pace, at Number 21  
It stands stout stone and timber with it's rusted roof of iron  
A monument to memories of a world long left behind  
Adjacent flats that boast their youth, designed to awe and stun  
Peer over fences bowed with age at Number 21  
Chorus: Where an old dray with the wheels gone  
Sits askew on forty-four gallon drums  
There's hooks at the gate where the halter's hung  
for the teams of yesterday  
Through peeling paint and a paling slot  
comes a glimpse of an acre that time forgot  
Where Patterson's curse and Forget-Me-Nots  
lie sleeping in the sun  
Around the house at 21

Across the cobbled carriageway  
renovations near complete  
A Bluestone stands with doors aghast  
at the view across the street  
Companion's for a hundred years  
Now something must be done  
to exorcise that ruffian at Number 21

**Chorus:**

For the church, the pub and the city hall have heeded the decree  
that wealth and grace shall be the face we place on history  
Now the swells are drawn by the promise of a killing just begun  
for the land is worth a fortune now at Number 21

But it was those who swung the axe  
and drove the post into the earth  
That forced a living from this land and added to it's worth  
While speculators lined their purse  
with silver they had wrung  
from those burst hearts of might and main at Number 21

Where an old dray with the wheels gone  
Sits askew on forty four gallon drums  
There's hooks at the gate where the halter's hung  
for the teams of yesterday  
and those stately homes may stand and cheer  
if they tear the old place down  
I can't help but think the loss be less  
the other way around.

**Chorus:**