

The Toilet Paper Linedance

(The Galah Performance)

Words and Music: Pat Drummond. Dateline: Cooma, NSW

Linedancing, which has taken Australia by storm in recent years, has also seriously divided the country music dance fraternity. I noticed in Adelaide recently, that some country music clubs are now physically segregating the bootscooters from the 'two steppers' at socials, with barbed announcements such as "All the linedancers on the Right...and all the people who are attractive enough to have someone to dance with, on the left." Described variously as 'folk dance for lemmings' and 'a great social outlet for people who always wanted to be in the army', bootscooting and Boot Camp do seem to have an awful lot in common. Rigid conformity, the chance to wear a uniform and the total elimination of individual expression mark the phenomenon. My feeling is that the rise, both in The United States and Australia, of such regimented social behaviour, concurrent with the election of reactionary political regimes, is a phenomenon which merits Hugh Mackay's immediate attention. Personally, I was never all that big on marching at school either.

I was camping down at Cooma at the old motel.

I went down to see the band at the RSL.

I came into the club and they were doing pretty well;

everybody bopping and the dance floor full.

Chorus: Going step, slap, stepping back and shimmy to the right.

Chassez to the left. Turn your chassis to the right.

Going step, slap, step. It was apparent at a glance.

They were all there to do the Linedance.

Suddenly I saw her as she stepped onto the floor;

tight black short dress she knew had done the trick before.

She had a bust so low that you could damn near see her drawers

and curves you couldn't cover in a '4x4'.

She knew that everybody was watching her

but it wasn't for the reason that she thought we were.

The most amazing feature of her visual appeal;

she had a ten inch bit of toilet paper stuck onto her heel.

Chorus:

**Now where she picked the paper up I really couldn't tell
but it was stuck on her stiletto like the chewing gum from hell.**

**When she saw us watching she wiggled even more
and that crazy piece of paper went a poppin' round the floor.**

**I don't know if you folks have seen a 'bootscooting meet'
but those bootscootin' fellahs never look down at their feet.
The fellah right behind her trod upon it as it whizzed past.**

It came off of her heel and stuck on to his.

Chorus:

Then the lights went out in the middle of the song.

**The flame came up and the ode came on
and when the lights came back it was as I'd feared.**

The toilet paper had disappeared.

Now I guess you know what happened. It was really quite amusing.

**Two hundred people checking out the bottom of their shoes
and the men checked the ladies and the ladies checked the men
but we never saw that crazy piece of crepe again!**

**The moral of this story (and I'll say it out loud)
is watch where you're walking when your head is in the clouds!**

**It's all very well to be the centre of the crowd
but it ought to be for something that's going to make you proud.**

**Politicians, supermodels, heavy metal bands,
home boys rapping in their big brothers pants;
think they're pretty cool but it's apparent at a glance...
they're doing the Toilet Paper Linedance!**