

The Iron Boomerang



Infused with a ferric fragrance on the winds from
the weathered west,
From the iron clad ribboned ranges in our country's
treasure chest,
Where fortune's cosmic alchemist set down a rusted keel,
In a mighty girth of festered earth... the bones of iron and steel.

For millennia it lay there, a massive spine of ore,
Like a decomposing skeleton of a melting dinosaur,
Now the dinosaur's awakened, its cryptic spines uncurled,
Setting fire to the molten oceans of our metalliferous world.

But the iron ore needs a genie to put it on a roll,
Fusion in a furnace of superheated coal,
To birth the metal miracles of monolithic zeal,
That shape the earth and all that's on it, the giants called iron and steel.

And the dream went up to build a line and the idea railed and rang,
And they've called the great rail corridor... *The Iron Boomerang*.
And that thought for now's awakening from a monumental dream,
A show with all the hallmarks of our Snowy Mountains Scheme.

To link our coal from the east coast to the iron ore of the west,
It's time to take this grand idea and put us to the test,
Then let's build the mighty smelters there and let the genies run,
For we know us Aussies make the very best steel 'neath the sun.

Just imagine for a moment this line as the prime fermenter,
Seeding towns and glittering cities, through the vastness of the Centre,
The time's right for the kick-off... for this corridor, coast to coast,
For this grand idea to stir and steer is the thing that's needed most,
Let's brand this idea's DNA and let its giant iron horses run,
And let's get the first spike planted, and let's get this great thing done.

