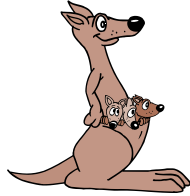


Six White Boomers

Words and music by R Harris and J D Brown



Verse 1: Early on one Christmas Day a Joey kangaroo,
Was far from home and lost in a great big zoo.
“Mummy where’s my mummy, they’ve taken her away”
“We’ll help you find your mummy son, hop up on the sleigh.”

Verse 2: Up beside the bag of toys, little Joey hopped.
But they hadn’t gone far when Santa stopped.
Unharnessed all the reindeer and Joey wondered why.
Then he heard a far off booming in the sky.

Boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom, boom.

Chorus: Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
Racing Santa Claus through the blazing sun.
Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
On his Australian run.

Verse 3: Pretty soon old Santa began to feel the heat.
Took his fur-lined boots off to cool his feet.
Into one popped Joey, feeling quite okay,
While those old man kangaroos kept pulling up the sleigh.

Chorus: Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
Racing Santa Claus through the blazing sun.
Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
On his Australian run.

Verse 4: Joey said to Santa “What about these toys?
Aren’t you giving some to these girls and boys?”
“They’ve got all their presents son, we were here last night,
This trip is an extra trip, Joey’s special flight.”

Chorus: Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
Racing Santa Claus through the blazing sun.
Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
On his Australian run.

Verse 5: Soon the sleigh was flashing past right over Marble Bar,
“Slow down there” cried Santa, it can’t be far.
“Come up on my lap here son, and have a look around,”
“There she is, that’s mummy, bounding up and down.”

Chorus: Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
Racing Santa Claus through the blazing sun.
Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
On his Australian run.

Verse 6: Well that’s the bestest Christmas treat that Joey ever had,
Curled up on his mother’s pouch, all snug and glad.
The last they saw was Santa heading northward from the
sun,
The only year the boomers worked a double run.

Chorus: Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
Racing Santa Claus through the blazing sun.
Six white boomers, snow white boomers,
On his Australian run.