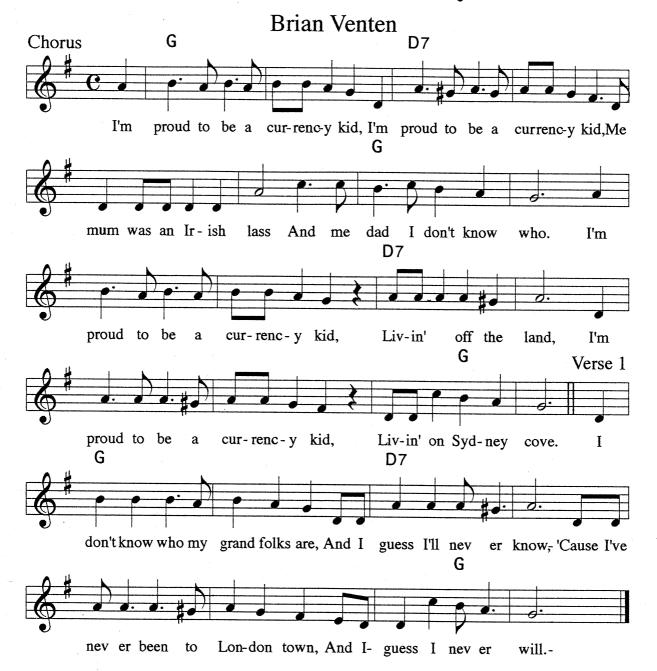
I'm Proud To Be A Currency Kid



I don't know who me grand folks are, And I guess I'll never know, 'Cause I've never been to London town, And I guess I never will.

In 1788 they came, To a land called New South Wales, I was born at Christmas that same year In a pub with a tale to tell.

Me mum did time for seven years For nickin' a loaf of bread She married a convict lad her age And had seven more kids on the trot. Times were tough in Sydney town, And floggings quite a few, It ended up real good for us When a grant of land was made.

Me mates were aborigines
The natives of the land
They taught me how to catch kangaroo
And play the didgeridoo.

Yes! I'm proud to be a currency kid, 'Cause God makes no mistakes And I love this land of rich red soil 'Cause I'm born a currency kid.

Brian Venten © April 1999