

Ode to a Ute

By Tony Barnes

If you're feeling lonely and sad,
And your life seems full of futility,
Cheer up, things aren't half as bad,
When you buy yourself a utility.
Search around ev'ry car yard,
Make sure you find the right one,
A flat-back, all dented and scarred,
And pref'rably, a white one.
Then drive up and down ev'ry street,
Give yourself maximum exposure,
And pretty soon, you're sure to meet,
Some cove, who thinks that he knows yer.
'Cause ev'ryone waves at a ute,
From Burke to Roma and Gatton,
You're assured of an Aussie salute,
'Specially if you've got a big hat on.
And you'll find, if you park, with your hat,
Outside some local facility,
That blokes like to chew the fat,
Leaning against a utility.
And folks'll all stop at your gate,
They'll want to be your best friend,
They'll cheerily shout, 'G'day mate,
Look, we're moving house this weekend.'
And those with new pools, take the trouble,
To invite you to the inaug'ral dip,
And pointing to a great pile of rubble,
Ask, 'Are yer going home past the tip?
No, you're never alone with a ute,
There's no 'solitudinous' humility,
Life is grouse and it's ripper...and beaut,
When you own man's best friend...a utility!