

Did you see the waters rising, did your house fill up with mud
Did your friend down by the river lose his business to the flood
Did you help them with the cleanup, did you watch from your penthouse pad
Well listen to my story then tell me you had it bad

They had floods up in Toowoomba, a modern growing town
High on the escarpment, they saw a number drown
By the time the waters hit us in the middle of the plain
They had all that pent-up energy and were going like a train

They tore our houses open, swept everything away
At first it didn't look too bad, we thought we'd be okay
But we watched from an upper window as our neighbours' house disappeared
Like ours it was up on stumps but its fastenings must have sheared

As night came on we felt the house begin to fall apart
We crawled out of a window onto a tree branch in the dark
We clung there till the morning wet and cold and petrified
The house had gone and we were numb but we were lucky to survive

A family we knew tried to escape in a fire truck
It was a desperate manoeuvre and they ran out of luck
The son and father floated out and climbed up separate gums
The wife and daughter drowned right there and they weren't the only ones

In our small community twenty-eight in all were lost
Most of the houses gone or wrecked, we can't even count the cost
But here just four months later crops are growing in the field
And a man and a boy hand in hand are beginning to rebuild

Repeat verse one