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## OUR NATIONAL PRIDE

You ask me if I'll feel pride when our country's flag is raised  
Above the winner's rostrum and our National Anthem's played  
While the winners stand with flowers in hand and medals round their necks  
We can all share in their glory, but not their sponsors' cheques  
And the Press will call them heroes, we'll puff out our collective chest  
For living in a land that breeds the fastest and the best  
And while I dip my old Akubra to their talent and their skill  
I can't call them heroes, and guess I never will.

Chorus:

But you asked me the question so I'll tell you no lies  
I'll feel many, many things - but I won't feel pride.

You see last year in Victoria down a smoke filled forest track  
Some real heroes and real heroines tried to turn a bushfire back  
All through the day they fought the blaze, exhaustion, heat and fear  
Ordinary Aussie men and women, C.F.S. Volunteers  
But the fire turned like a cornered snake roaring down the mountainside  
And in that choking smoking hell, five brave men died  
Not for medals, not for money, not for glory, not for fame  
And tell me who amongst you now remembers their names.

Chorus:

But I want to run to a mountain top, and shout their names out loud  
They made me feel Australian, and that made me feel proud.

Now the volunteers got lots of press who said the tragedy had shown  
Australians still would give their all to save their neighbours' homes  
They got thanks and praise and eulogies for their true-blue Aussie pluck  
They got everything but money to buy new and safer trucks  
For every Gold Olympic Medal that we won four years ago  
Someone worked out each one cost fifty million dollars or so  
Seems like a hefty price to pay just to flaunt our pedigree  
Somewhere our values have gone to hell, but maybe it's just me

Chorus:

Black smoke for their funeral pyre, white ash for their shroud  
Feel anger, grief, and pain and loss - but feel proud.

Not for medals, not for money, not for glory, not for fame  
They don't see themselves as heroes, and wouldn't answer to the name  
It's been much abused and over-used but I use it none-the-less  
For every man and woman in the Australian C.F.S.

Chorus:

No fist raised in fleeting triumph above a cheering crowd  
Just years of quiet courage - that should make us feel proud  
Yes I want to run to a mountain top and shout their names out loud  
They made me feel Australian - and that made me feel proud.