Six White Boomers

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(Rolf Harris?)

Intro: (spoken slowly:)
It was Christmas in Australia,
When a little voice did say,
"Where's my Mommy? They've taken her away."
(sound of reindeer hoofs approaching)
(sound of a sleigh door opening)
"I'll help you find your Mommy, son
Hop up on the sleigh."

Right inside 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-uh, boom-uh, boom-uh boom-uh,
boom-ump, boom-ump, boom-ump, boom-ump)

CHORUS: (between each verse)

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

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 at hay,
While those old man kangaroos kept pulling on the sleigh.

When Joey said to Santa, "Santa, what about the toys,
Aren't you giving some to Aussie girls and boys?"
"Oh, they've all had their presents, sonny, we were here last night,
This trip is an extra trip, Joey's special flight."

Soon the sleigh was flashing past, right over Blavel Bar,
"Slow down, there," said Santa, "it can't be far",
Hop up on my lap here, Son, and have a look around,
"There! There she is! That's Mommy! bounding up and down."

Well that the bestest Christmas treat that Joey ever had,

Curled up in Mother's pouch feeling snug and glad,
The last he saw was Santa heading northwards from the sun,
The only year the boomers worked a double run.

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