

Straddie Fun

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Not in order of importance, creation or eventual release.
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Two Dogs on Island Country

Song Date: 17 July 2026 at 14:15 v5.5

Song Lyrics:

Mate...

I reckon the world's gone a bit strange.

Strange but true, brother. Strange but true.

I see the early boat from Cleveland

Out from Toondah 'cross the bay

Water sparkling like a mirror

As the light begins the day

Tourists wide-eyed with their coffees

Keen to hit the sand and roam

Two heelers hanging out the windows

Heading for their island home

Down through Goompi past the servo

Quick stop Straddie Super Sports

Every second person's either

A fisherman or making art

Kookaburras laughing loudly

From the nearby trees
Salt wind drifting through the tea trees
Bringing everybody ease
We're just two dogs on Sandy Country
With a couple cans of beer
Talking 'bout tomorrow
And why we're blooming here
Blue heeler, red heeler
Running by the sea
Chasing sticks and sunsets
Happy, wild and free
Trying to leave this old world
A bit Kai-nder than it used to be
From Me-anne-jin to Min-jerri-bah
That's what I'd like to see

Kids still jumping off the jetty
Someone cooking tailor fish
Sunshine dancing on the water
Every wave another wish
One old fella tells a fishing yarn
Longer every passing year
Swears he nearly caught a monster
Bout the size of two Tinnies over there
Two heelers digging giant holes
Like they're searching for lost galleon gold
Then pretending they feel guilty
When they're told to leave it alone
Tail wag rhythm round the campfire
Dusty paws beside the flame
Spirit animals with a nickname
No two are quite the same
We're just two dogs on Island Country
With a couple cans of beer
Talking 'bout the future
With the people we hold dear
Blue heeler, red heeler
Running through the years
Finding joyful abundance
Somewhere between the laughs and tears
Trying to leave this old world
Better than it used to be
From Pulan to Mooloomba and
From Goompi to the world
Dogs and allies giving life a real fair go
Sometimes the whole world feels tired
Like everybody's lost the plot
People staring into little screens

Forgetting what they've got
Old mate solving all the world's problems
Fourth beer deep down at the pub
Pointing at stars like Galileo
While spilling half his rum
But then somebody shares a feed
Or helps a mate who's down
And suddenly the world feels lighter
When community comes round
Old dogs teaching young dogs
Where the safe tracks always lead
Stick together through the hard times
That's the only rule we need
Young dogs teaching old dogs new tricks
about how the times have changed
scam alerts and gadget tips
in words we understand

We're just two dogs on Island Country
With a couple cans of beer
Watching whales roll past the headland
This time every year
Blue heeler, red heeler
Still kicking up the sand
Trying to build a joyful future
Right here in this land
From Me-anne-jin down to Min-jerri-bah
From Min-jerri-bah to the world
Still finding blooming magic
Every time the tide unfurls

You reckon we solved anything?
Nah... Probably not...
Reckon we had a decent yarn though.
At least Strange isn't boring ay...
He he he... True.. true...
Let's go have a beer.

Straddie Fishing

Song Date: 16 July 2026 at 17:39 v5.5

Song Lyrics:

On the shores of Mulumba, where the sea meets the land,
We cast our lines from the cool morning sand.

With the kookaburra laughing, and the dolphins at play,
We're chasing a feed in first light of day.

We've got the eagles in the sky, showing us where to go,
Spotting bait-fish, in the waves ebb and flow.
With the breeze at our backs and the sun in our eyes,
We're living life where the ocean lies.

At the Straddie Sunrise, we're fishing for dreams,
With friends by our side, and the ocean's gleam.
In the heart of the tide, where the big ones hide,
We're casting for love, for life, with pride.
From Minjerribah's shores to the wide blue sea,
We're chasing joy, wild and free.
At the Straddie Sunrise, where our stories rise,
We're living life, beneath blue skies.

The old tales whisper of dolphins and men,
working together to catch the mullet again.
But now we've got tech, and the fish finders hum,
Yet we' still listen to where the wild things come.

With the GPS on and the drones in flight,
But our hearts still set on the simple light.
For the fish we catch, we give heartfelt thanks,
Only take what we need, respect the ocean ranks.

At the Straddie Sunrise, we're fishing for dreams,
With friends by our side, and the ocean's gleam.
In the heart of the tide, where the big ones hide,
We're casting for love, for life, with pride.
From Minjerribah's shores to the wide blue sea,
We're chasing joy, wild and free.
At the Straddie Sunrise, where our stories rise,
We're living life, beneath these skies.

Old mate over there, with a tale or two,
bout the one that got away, as big as a canoe.
Says "She nearly pulled me right out of my boat,
Had me hanging on to my hat and coat!"

Then there's the sweet lass, who caught my eye,
With a smile that's brighter than the Straddie sky.
Said, "I'll bet you a kiss, I'll catch the first fish,"
And before I knew it, she sealed the wish.

We're all out here for the fun and the thrill,
But sometimes it's more than just the skill.

Some dolphins push in a school of fish
Then we all catch a feed like a magic wish.
Throw one up in the air for an eagle mate
Who swoop's down, catches it like its fate
Kookaburras laugh as the tide rolls out,
We let the sea wash away our nagging doubts.
Kookaburras laugh as the tide rolls out,
We let the sea wash away our nagging doubts.

At the Straddie Sunset, we're casting our nets,
With laughter and love, no room for regrets.
In the twilight's glow, where the cool breeze blows,
We're finding treasures where the tide goes.
From the shores of Mulumba to the stars above,
We're reeling in memories, and a little love.
At the Straddie Sunset, with the day's last light,
We're living for the moment, and the night.

[Spoken word]

We sure do live in a lucky country.
Don't take it for granted.
Don't take more than you need.

Be The Legend: Wildlife Rescue Minjerribah

Song Date: 20 July 2026 at 14:31 v5.5

Song Lyrics:

Yura, yura! Welcome, friend
To where the white sands never end
Where dolphins glide through Goompi tide
And curlews cry with ancient pride

From Bummiera out to Mooloomba way
The light breeze blows while old trees sway
Snakes moving soft beneath the bark
in Pulan, tiny gliders leap after dark

But if you find one not quite right
Still as stone in any light
Be the one who makes the call
We'll answer fast, we'll catch their fall

Be the legend, lend a hand
Respect the life upon this land

If you see them hurt or lost or low
One ring, we're ready, let us know
Zero double four eight, Four-six-six, five-five-six
Save it in your phone, That's the lifeline love
On Minjerribah, you're never alone
Wildlife's everywhere. You're never alone

A joey tossed where dogs chased for fun
Too small to hop, too young to run
An echidna hit, its spikes all curled
Still breathing slow in a rushing world

That sea eagle's wing, it couldn't soar
But your call opened up the door
Now it heals beneath well trained eyes
Thanks to those who called our hotline

It's not your job to mend or save
But your call can light the way
Day or night, we'll take the drive
To give them hope, to keep them alive

Be the legend, lend a hand
Respect the life upon this land
If you see them hurt or lost or low
One ring, we're ready, let us know
Zero double four eight, four double six, double five six
Save it in your phone
On Minjerribah, you're never alone
Wildlife's everywhere. You're never alone

Hold the wheel, slow down at night
Give bandicoots and wallabies a chance to hide
Dog on leash, held tight in hand
Be the legend for this land

Be the legend, lend a hand
Respect the life upon this land
If you see them hurt or lost or low
Just one call, and let it flow
Zero-four-four-eight, Four-six-six, five-five-six
Save it in your phone
On Minjerribah, no one's alone
On Minjerribah, you're never alone
Wildlife's everywhere. Never alone

Wildlife Rescue Minjerribah is a volunteer-run organisation.
Every call, every rescue, every donation, every hand helps.

Be the legend.

Call Zero double four eight, four double six, double five six.
That's Zero double four eight, four double six, double five six.
Save it in your phone.
Every rescue counts.
Be a legend for this land

Shifting Sands of Timeless Redlands

Song Date: 1 April 2026 at 14:32 V5.5

Song Lyrics:

Redland breathes in rhythm and grain
City of salt, sun, signal, and rain
Paths that shift but don't forget
Land holds truth where time has slept
Yoolooburrabee... Yoolooburrabee...
Buslines drawn like river veins
Creeks remembering other names
Zoning marked in future tense
Between design and consequence
Children move through every plan
Morning light on sacred land
Parks emerge where power bends
We shape with care, not just defend

Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara Naree Budjong Djara.
Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara Naree Budjong Djara.
Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara, Budjong Djara Naree Budjong Djara.

You are now entering The Dreamtime!

Moves with shifting sands
Of Timeless Lands
Minjerribah... Moorgumpin...
Minjerribah... Moorgumpin...
Mooloomba where the whales rise slow
Goompi holds the songs we know
Pulan where the sunset glows
Pulan's dolphins arc the bay
Talwalpin trees sway prayers all day
Minjerribah, Moorgumpin, Coochie, Canaipa sound
Like footsteps circling and sacred ground
Quandamooka rise ... Ocean people rise...

Quandamooka rise ... Ocean people rise...

Songlines still shape the shore
Jandai language lives in lore
Each name a key, a door, a flame
To country walking through its name
Don't erase, we realign
With every place, with every sign
Quandamooka tide runs wide and free
It's not just land and sea, it's memory

Budjong Djara
Naree Budjong Djara...

Hope and light from community halls
Solar feeds the civic calls
Every meeting room recalls
The breath of trees, the voice of all
Not a system out of reach
But rooted in the bay and beach
Mapped in motion, tuned with grace
Sovereign Data at human pace
Dabbil... Dabbil...
Infinite... Waters...

We gather not to conquer time
But to right it in design
No monument, no final frame
Just patterns dancing into name
Bigi... Bigi... Bigi...
Sun... Light...
Bigi... Bigi... Bigi...
Sun... Light...

Ohhh!!!
Redland flows through time and place
Local moves with future's grace
Steps align in grounded pace
Sound and soil in full embrace
Yoolooburrabee rise... Sand people rise...
Yoolooburrabee rise... Sand people rise...

Three laws run through this dreaming ground
Quandamooka Yoolooburrabee in depth and sound
The land we walk
The sea we swim
The sky that holds the breathing wind
Jandai speaks in more than voice

In mangrove root, in children's choice
In patterns carved through stone and shell
In waves that come to teach, not tell

Each tide remembers
Each wind replies
Each shell reflects ancestral eyes
The treaty's not a line to sign
It's a dance, a weave, a steady spine
Naree Budjong Djara...
Budjong Djara...
Budjong Djara...
Naree Budjong Djara...
Budjong Djara...
Naree Budjong Djara...

So build with care, design with grace
This Country's not a vacant place
It sings with lores not writ in books
But dance and chant and spirit looks
Past present future all spiral near
Memory woven through each year
Deep dreaming hand in hand
With shifting sands of timeless lands

No edge between the world and plan
Just footsteps pressed in glistening sand
Here we dance, we build, we tend
This is Redland. This doesn't end.
Yooloo...
Yooloo...
Sands of infinity...
Budjong Djara...
Naree Budjong Djara...
Budjong Djara...
Mother Earth. My Mother
With shifting sands of timeless lands
Just footsteps pressed in glistening sands
With shifting sands of timeless lands
Yooloo...
Yooloo...
Yooloo!
Sands of Infinity!!!
Ohhhh!!!
Cookoo!!!
Oh Oh OHHHH!!!
Oh Oh OHHHH!!!
Quandamooka Yoolooburrabee Rise!

Quandamooka Yoolooburrabee Rise And Thrive!
Quandamooka Yoolooburrabee Rise And Thrive!!!
People of Sand and Sea... Rise And Thrive!!!
Ohhhh!!!
What a time to be alive!!!
Ohhhh!!!
What a time to be alive!!!

Gumpi Ferry Terminal Groove

Song Date: 6 June 2026 at 14:53 V5.5
Song Lyrics:

I walked into Goompi Hall
Easels standing in a row
Sunlight slid across the floor
Polite smiles in a gentle glow
Boards of pastel futures beamed
Each one neatly pre-approved
Everyone was friendly
Everyone meant well
But looking at those pictures
You could immediately tell
The story started somewhere else
Long before we walked inside

I raised a quiet hand
Got a Li-DAR scan?
I'll feed it through my Gen-A.I.
See what designs might fly
The staffer blinked and said
Above my pay-grade friend
No one's asked me that before
I'll float it up the chain for sure

No villains in the sunlight
Just a shallow kind of care
Placards filled with pastel breeze
But the earth is missing there
Show the depth beneath the paint
Show the tides that pull the sand
Then let coders, Elders and kids
Shape the future by their hand

Where's the ground beneath the picture?

Where's the shape beneath the paint?
Where's the survey, where's the data?
Show us what the artists can't
If this gateway belongs to all of us
Why can't we see it all?
The future shouldn't start and end
Inside a town hall

Sea-link ferries shine like spaceships
Cleaner than the ones before
But every other year the tickets climb
Squeezing locals more and more
And no one believes somehow
The numbers will come down
Money flows across the water
To the big end shareholder town

Give us the point-cloud, love,
give us the baseline keys;
Maybe most ideas are rubbish
Maybe ninety-nine won't stick
But one might solve our parking
Or make the wildlife safer
Or start a new business
Or teach skills that never leave
And one might change the island
To keep the value locally

Where's the ground beneath the picture?
Where's the shape beneath the paint?
Where's the point cloud, where's the baseline?
Show us what the artists can't
The public pays for every scan
Every survey line
Why should the knowledge disappear
The moment it's designed?
I don't want a perfect future
I don't think one exists
Every choice creates another problem
Nobody can fully fix
But give the school the site model
Give local Elders the same view
Give local builders and programmers
A chance to think it through

So show us the ground beneath the picture
Show us what is really there
Not because we hate the project

Not because we do not care
But because the strongest future
Isn't bought and shipped ashore
It's built by people standing here
Who'll still be here when others go

We don't want a perfect plan,
just one that we can see;
share the load and share the file,
set the data free.
Maybe most ideas will fail,
that's the cost of trying true;
We don't want a perfect plan,
just one that we can see;
share the load and share the file,
set the data free.

The Squash Club That Doesn't Exist

Song Date: 28 November 2025 at 14:11 V5
Song Lyrics:

Luke boarded the ferry early,
Settin' up the screen just right,
For Wildlife Rescue Minjerribah,
Givin' the natives their moment tonight.
Then Angel and Neil rocked up together,
Fresh from wines at St Straddie's shop,
Found the temp St Straddie stall on the ferry
Where stools and a barrel made the perfect stop.

They chatted 'bout roos and rescues,
Storms and fishing gear and all that,
Then Neil said, "Squash tomorrow?"
With a grin tucked under his hat.
The barrel crowd let out a chuckle,
But the deal was sealed real fast—
Three blokes who hadn't played in years,
They were oddly keen to blast.

Ohhh there's no such thing as squash club,
Though the boys actually all turned up—
With forgotten rules, sideways serves
And exactly zero luck.

Down the stairs beneath the bar,
A court too good to resist—
For the squash club that doesn't exist,
Ay— the squash club that doesn't exist.

The parquetry floor was burnin',
Ceiling fans could barely spin,
Angel sized the place like shop stock,
Neil tried to breathe and grin.
Luke swung but miss-hit bad and
The ball flew wild and restless,
Sweat dropped like summer mist—
They'd created the squash club that doesn't exist.

Next week Linda rocked up smilin'
With two outfits from '82,
Retro whites so bright and tight
The boys didn't know what to do.
Sweatbands red, white and blue, mate—
Fashion none could resist—
Two time-travelling champions
In a squash club that doesn't exist.

Ohhh there's no such thing as squash club,
But they celebrate all the same—
Oysters fresh at the Straddie Brew
After today's fun dodgy game.
Lightning rippin' over Goompi,
Crackling at the squash club that doesn't exist,
Ay— the squash club that doesn't exist.

Then a traveller from Liechtenstein
Came wanderin' through the store,
Asked Angel for a squash match
And got one, with Luke for sure.
She wiped the floor with precision,
Straight sets and pure assist—
Big lesson for the squash club that doesn't exist.

Rumours spread the Sharks might repurpose
That hidden timber floor,
And the boys all felt their spirits drop
Like a mis-hit to the door.
So they spread the yarn to locals,
"Come play before it's missed!"
Ay how about we pitch in and save
The squash club that doesn't exist.

Ohhh there's no such thing as squash club,
But try tellin' the island breeze—
The beers or wines, the oysters,
And the retro memories.
Beneath the bar the echoes rise,
In a court too good to resist—
Long live the squash club that doesn't exist,
Ay— the squash club that doesn't exist.

Ay— the squash club that doesn't exist.

So if you ever feel the need to have a game

Join the squash club that doesn't exist.

Gumpi Ferry Terminal Trip

Song Date: 6 June 2026 at 16:49 V5.5

Song Lyrics:

I strolled into Goompi Hall, map board shining fake gold,
Sixteen tidy circles, consultants already sold.
No LiDAR, no depths, just a Pinterest slice,
“public have your say” while they cut the cheque for mates.
We're island kids on sandy cliffs, we smell the mainland tricks,
They toss us vague artistic renders like bait on rusty sticks.
Better keep receipts,
we're all playin' for keeps

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
Let the sand-born mind go ripping through the data's open door.
We'll dream a jetty made of sunlight, cast in local stone,
'Cause sovereignty is software that we're meant to own.

Forty-one million dollars riding shotgun in the swell,
Treasury rules in briefcases, consultants' carousel.
Queensland TMR stamps forms in air-con grace,
But the island's still car-park-choking, rusting in its place.
We're sick of “artist's concept” hung like washing in the breeze,
While knowledge packs a suitcase and disappears with ease.
If the contract buys a drawing yet leaves the hard drives blank,
That's just another ferry load of future in the bank.

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
Let the reef-edge kids compile a plan they've never seen before.

We'll brew a terminal of oysters, drones and wild sea foam,
'Cause capability that stays here turns a jetty into home.

Check the usual loop—money raised, mainland raids,
Survey trucks roll out, island promise fades.
Files locked tight in Brisbane lofts, we see it every year,
Consultants drive their Teslas off and leave us souvenirs.
But flip that script: open data day one, no delay,
Local elders high-school coders, a digital corroboree.
Print the building block in bio-sand, laser-cut the rails,
Carve a climate-ready terminal to lift up in heavy gales.

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
Show the buildings and the data like you've never done before.
We'll sculpt a canopy of eucalyptus and shared dreams,
'Cause learning new skills... is how the mob will grow.

Maker-shed hums at midnight, robots pouring sand dune blocks,
Geo-polymer-crete with quick-fit inter-locks.
Straddie noticeboards light up, gossip, grants and gigs,
Kids remix event timetables with heavy beats A.V. rigs.
Legal workbench chews the fine-print stew,
Spits plain-English answers any fisherman can view.
Ready-Set co-ops labour so the profits loop around,
Mums and aunties share the code—future local, future sound.

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
Let procurement write a clause that our grandkids can adore.
We'll narrate from sand to ocean foam,
'Cause data seeds a freedom chromosome.

Cross River Rail to Inland tracks the pattern's crystal clear,
Lock files, dodge eyes, sell the answer, disappear.
Brisbane 2032 will splash Olympic rings,
If the island gets the toolkit we'll invent our own wings.
Sand batteries under footpaths store the midday shine,
Autonomous cars dodgin' wildlife every time.
Subterranean tunnels keep the surface calm,
Wave-reef power bass-line, a psychic healing psalm.

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
Let Minjerribaa write verses that the budget can't ignore.
We'll weave a jetty jazz of culture, tech and chrome,
'Cause Straddie is a fractal, every atom finds a home.

Public dollars must create more local skills
that's the law of tidal maths, and a fair go bro
"Capability transfer or bust."

The crowd chants Fair Go, the server uploads truth,
The government says, here's your data bro.

Give us the point cloud, baby, give us the raw,
No more beige future like a discount furniture store.
From Quandamooka sunrise to sunset's last glow,
We'll 3-D-print tomorrow with the data you let flow.

Give us the point cloud, darling, give us the keys,
Let the island hack the blueprint of its infrastructural dreams.
Open files, open minds, open hearts on the shore
When knowledge grows at home the island's rich forevermore.

Sand Between Our Toes: Minjerribah Beach Sports Club

Song Date: 26 June 2025 at 4:04 V4.5

Song Lyrics:

We rise with the dawn, our songs on the breeze,
Straddie sunburnt and dancing through trees.
Ball in the air, and a barefoot plan,
This island club's got heart and sand!

With sand between our toes and the mozzies in our ears,
We play for love, not just the cheers.
From beach to the bar, from dawn till dusk,
Minjerribah Beach Sports – barefoot we must!

Cricket at dawn, Footy or Frisbee at noon,
Dancing and cinema under the moon.
Young ones thriving, elders proud,
Straddie's drumbeat, playing loud!

Games under floodlights, music on the breeze,
Serving up fun and makin' friends with ease.
We host and toast, we give it a crack,
Every set we serve – we bring it! WHACK!

With sand between our toes and the fire in our soul,
We welcome all – young, wise and bold.
Minjerribah's rhythm in all that we do,
At the Beach Sports Club – true blue through and through!

Cinema nights, BBQ smell, campfire haze,

Yarning and dancing in moonlight rays.
Culture and sport, with stories to say,
We live and breathe the Straddie way.

Come one, come all, bring your game and your grin,
This club is for everyone – come jump in.
From ocean to field, it's all in our hand,
Minjerribah magic on sunlit sand.

With sand between our toes and stars overhead,
We dream big dreams on that white silica bed.
We sing, we serve, we spike, we shout –
Beach Sports for life – that's what we're about!

YEAH! Minjerribah Beach Sports – that's what we're about!

YEAH!

We are the tide...

That rises high!

We are the hope...

Beneath the sky!

YEAH!

We love this Island

And we sing it loud!

We love this Island

And we sing it loud!

Oh Yeah!

Lights, Camera, Action: Quandamooka Film Festival

Song Date: 4 December 2024 at 20:39 V4

Song Lyrics:

Hey, Minjerribah, let's make a scene,
From Goompi's shores to Mooloomba's green.
Got a story? Grab your phone, don't wait,
With Gen.A.I., your new teammate, you're creating something great!

Dream it, shoot it, share it, it's your time to shine,
Quandamooka Film Fest, where your story meets the sky!

Lights, camera, action, let's roll,
You've got a story, let's make it bold!
Fast and fun, with A.I. by your side,
Quandamooka's calling, let's take that ride!

Write your script in a flash, don't you see,
A.I.'s got your back, it's as easy as can be.
Edit those cuts, add some flair,
Your film's ready to screen, show the world you care!

Dunwich vibes, Point Lookout views,
Amity sunsets, now's the time to choose!

Lights, camera, action, let's roll,
You've got a story, let's make it bold!
Fast and fun, with A.I. by your side,
Quandamooka's calling, let's take that ride!

Grab your mates, start your dream,
Gen.A.I.'s here to power your team.
Soundtracks, scripts, even C.G.I. scenes,
In no time flat, you're on the big screen!

Lights, camera, action, it's your cue,
Quandamooka's waiting for the magic in you!
From the island's heart, to the world so wide,
Create, inspire, take that ride!

Dream it, shoot it, share it, it's your time to shine,
Quandamooka Film Fest, where your story meets the sky!

Cactus Blitz

Song Date: 24 November 2025 at 15:00 V5

Song Lyrics:

A true Straddie tale of grit, sawdust, and too much bloody green sharp cactus.

Angel Black, legend down at the sport & fish,
Sellin' rods, bait, and the odd wish.
But back at his joint? A jungle parade,
One cactus gone rogue, like it just got paid.

Spines stretchin' up to the power pole,
Steps swallowed whole like it had a soul.
He calls up Luke, "mate, we've got to attack,
Bring the tools and the trailer, no turnin' back."

It's cactus blitz, in full-bore sun,
Thirty-four degrees, no place to run.
Recip saw wailin', pole saw swingin',
Wasps in the blooms with their war drums ringin'.
Two full loads in the trailer stacked,
Raced the dump clock, barely got it packed.

Angel's sweatin' through his BCF tee,
Luke's drippin' like a mango tree.
Wasps cranky, boots full of prickles,
T-shirts glued on, stingin' like tickles.

Dump guy glarin' arms folded tight,
"Got ten minutes, boys. Make it right."
No dramas, no chatter, just drag and throw,
We're not here for praise, just a cactus show.

No mailman comin', no stairs to the door,
Just a Straddie front yard with a cactus war.
No cape on our backs, no song on the breeze,
Just tradie tenacity and sunburnt knees.

Cactus blitz, job sorta done,
Storm comin' in, no place to run.
Grabbed cold drinks, a slab of Gold,
Back home before the sky rolled bold.
Cactus still there, but the stairs are clear
And that, my mate, is why we're here.

"Didn't kill it, but we gave it a haircut."
"Yeah... and a warning."

There's a Couple

Song Date: 2 February 2025 at 14:00 V4
Song Lyrics:

With board in hand I'm hot for a wave,
On the way to main beach I run into Dave,
He's sittin' down, lookin' all dazed.
I ask, "How's it goin', any good waves?"
He turns, he looks, he smirks and says....

There's a couple," yeah, that's what they say,
But don't believe it, it don't mean you'll play.
If they tell ya there's two, you're shit outta luck,

'Cause a couple means you're not gonna score much!

I'm off to the pub, tryna find me a chick,
Run into Mick, he's got that old-school shtick.
I ask, "Any girls 'round? What's the deal?"
He just grins and gives me the spiel...

"There's a couple," yeah, that's what they say,
But don't believe it, it don't mean you'll play.
If they tell ya there's two, you're shit outta luck,
'Cause a couple means you're not gonna score much!

Maybe it's just one, maybe it's none,
Maybe it's just a way to make fun.
No need to check, no need to roam,
Mate, best you just head back home!

Going fishing with a mate or two,
We run into Boo, and say, "Any good news?"
He casts his line, and casually points,
To the empty bucket and says...

"There's a couple,"
Yeah, that's what they say,
But don't believe it, it don't mean you'll play.
If they tell ya there's two, you're shit outta luck,
'Cause a couple means you're not gonna score!
Oh Yeah....
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh.
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh.
Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh.
"There's a couple," Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh.
Yeah, that's what they say,
But don't believe it, it don't mean you'll play.
If they tell ya there's two, you're shit outta luck,
'Cause a couple means you're not gonna score much!

Oh Yeah....
Ah Mate...
Best not hold your breath, ay?"

No Smokes or Booze Mate

Song Date: 10 January 2025 at 16:41 V4

Song Lyrics:

Down at the bottle-o, signs all in your face,
"Sorry, we're closed," gotta leave this place.
No smokes on the shelf, no beer in the cold,
It's a dry kind of night, mate, story's gettin' old.

No smokes or booze, mate, what a bloody shame,
Town's all dry, just ain't the same.
No relief in sight, no way to unwind,
Life without the bottle-o ain't treatin' us kind.

Pub's all empty, darts ain't getting thrown,
Old blokes in the corner, sober to the bone.
G'day's got no cheer, nothin' but a sigh,
With no brews or cigs, the fun says goodbye.

No smokes or booze, mate, what a bloody shame,
Town's all dry, just ain't the same.
No relief in sight, no way to unwind,
Life without the bottle-o ain't treatin' us kind.

We need a plan, mate, to get our good times back,
Missing the camaraderie, snacks, and our six-pack.
Fill the esky somehow, bring the spirits alive,
Without our vices, mate, how can we survive?

No smokes or booze, mate, what a bloody shame,
Town's all dry, just ain't the same.
No relief in sight, no way to unwind,
Life without the bottle-o ain't treatin' us kind.

The Mullet Boys' Gift of Bait

Song Date: 17 July 2026 at 13:34 V5.5

Song Lyrics:

Down Straddie way where the tides run free,
The Mullet Boys came with a gift for J.B,
Buckets o' hardy heads, shining like gold,
Free bait for the legends, a gesture bold.

So crack a beer for J.B, let the froth fly high,
Pinky's on the J.D, twinkle in her eye,
The crew's got spirits, beers and spliff in hand,
And I'm on tequila, one-man Al mariachi band!
No shame, no blame, just good old fun,
From the beach to the bowls, til the day is done.

The rods are cast, but no one's keepin' score,
It's less about the fish, more about folklore.
Under moonlight mischief and a wee bit-o-pride,
We honour the ocean, and let good vibes ride.

J.B's yellin' "Yew!" with a stubby in the air,
Pinky's J.D's gone missin' (check behind the chair),
Sami's got snacks, and Andy's got tales,
I built an Al dolphin mascot Finnius for sales
Darryl's on the deck, mixin' drinks with flair,
Cappy's talkin' tactics in the salty sea-air,
Richard's got a plan, one step ahead
We yell, yippe-kai-ay, glad we're not dead!

Cheers to the Mullet Boys, our bait-slingin' saints,
The Point Lookout Fishing Club Appreciates its mates.
Whether fishin' or chillin' or havin' a bake,
It's love for the sea and the memories we make.

No judgement here, just salty air,
We share our time and try to be fair
Who's tipsy, toasty, or tuggin' at the line,
At Point Lookout, mate, you're doin' fine.
We yell, yippe-kai-ay, glad we're not dead!
yippe-kai-ay, glad we're not dead!
yippe-kai-ay, glad we're not dead!

Strange But True: Tech, Art & Ideas That'll Actually Help

Song Date: 17 April 2026 at 16:09 V5.5

Song Lyrics:

I live in a shed out the back of Mum's place
A tin roof shelter for my technical space
No neon sign, no office lease
Just a P.C. hum and a bit of peace

Ryzen nine's purring, the kettle's on
Kookaburra laughs at the crack of dawn
From Amity sand to the Point Lookout view
Finding a fix that is honest and true

Sunday markets when the tourists land,
Tablecloth straight, printed banners look grand
Strange but True: Tech, Art and Ideas
Helping you navigate your digital fears

Someone says, Mate, my phone's gone mad
Another says, damn passwords make me sad
We sit, we laugh, we take it slow
It's easier than they thought, ya know

It's Strange but True, come have a look
No trick questions, no textbook
I won't fix you, I'll sit with you
And find a way that works to

Strange but True no big debut
Just bits and pieces that help you through
No hard sell and no grand plan
Just doing the best I bloomin' can

I've done the rounds of build me a site
Eons later he says it's still not quite right
Can we just tweak it some more? yeah, no thanks
That rabbit hole damn-well empties my tanks

So now it's simple, clear and fair
I'll show you how, but I won't live there
I'll help you start, I'll point you through
Then off you go that job's on you

Fishing club meetings, bowls club calls
Mic on the table, cameras on the walls
Let's just record it save some time
No more guessing what's between the lines

From NAIDOC nights to cinema screens
Point Lookout Hall glowing in projection beams
One car load or a trailer full
Depends how far we want to pull

It's Strange but True come have a look
No fine print hiding in a book
Just honest help and a bit of care

And maybe a yarn while you're sitting there

Strange but True under island skies
From broken phones to bigger whys
No rush to win, no need to prove
Just finding a rhythm so we can move

A few small jobs and a couple of calls
A quiet kind of business that fills the stalls
No empire dreams, no flashy spin
Just building something that feels like a win

Got V.R. goggles if you want a peek
Future's knocking but I'll keep it meek
Bit of A.I. mixed with some light and sound
Simplicity turns confusion around

From Straddie out to the island chain
Same local stories, same tech pain
Same small wins when things click through
That's the work... Strange but True

Strange but True, come have a look
Not everything needs a polished hook
Sometimes a fix is just a chat
And a bit of time, imagine that

Strange but True, I'll be around
In the market shade or festival ground
No big arrival, no grand debut
Just turning up... Strange but True