



1. PENSION DAY BLUES 4:27

I've got those pension day blues again
My man he only love me pension day
I've got those pension day blues again
My man he only love me pension day
Oh that sweet talking Koori man
He knows how to talk my cheque away

He comes up to my doorstep
The day before I get my money
He comes up to my doorstep
Right the day before I get my money
Now he's a losin' man, a boozin' man
But I get taken by his honey

He's a rambling, gambling, drinking man
All his money goes on Yarndi
He's a rambling, gambling, drinking man
All his money goes on Yarndi
I give him 60 dollars Sunday
But you know that man he's broke by Monday.

Some day I'll wake up to myself
I'll be on that train and gone
Some day, some day I'll wake up to myself
And I'll be on that bus and gone away
Oh I hate to sing it, I say he only love me pension day
Yeah yeah yeah
He give me sugar in the morning
Honey late at night.
He give me sugar in the morning
Honey late at night.
But when that pension cheque run out
YEAH when that pension cheque run out
Ya know he's run out, out of sight.
No more for you 'cause I'm gone

Written by Marlene Cummins
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
BVS: Tracey Lee Gray and Buddy Knox
Electric Guitar — Buddy Knox, Ray Beadle
Mandolin — Andy Baylor
Drums — Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar — Jerome Smith
Accordion — Stefan Sernak
Yamaha Grand Piano — Murray Cook
Trumpet — Gil Askey
Trombone — Shannon Barnett
Baritone Saxophone — Paul Williamson
Lead Guitarist — Buddy Knox
Recorded Wednesday 2nd March 2005.

2. PAYBACK 4:29

Don't play, play your games
If you can't play by the rules
Don't mean rules are yours and mine
I'm talking about the laws of the divine
Lord knows by the heaven and stars
We've got to heal this nation's scars
Now it's not about who to blame
If you're not sorry, you got your soul to pay.

There's a cold wind a blowing
And it's written on that wind
Oh Wandjina, Wandjina gonna rise again
And reprimand you for your sins

Now there's a cold wind a blowing
And it's written on that wind
Wandjina, Wandjina gonna rise
And reprimand you for your sins

So tell me, tell me
Do you think you're smart



These rules are made to reach our heart
Oh Wandjina payback coming down
And so you'd better listen to the truth I found.

So don't, don't play your games
If you can't play by the rules
Oh I'm not talking about rules of yours and mine
I'm talking about the love of Wandjina,
Wandjina divine.
Yeah.

*Written by Marlene Cummins, Jerome Smith
Lead Vocals – Marlene Cummins
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Yamaha Grand Piano & Hammond Organ – Murray Cook
Trumpet – Gil Askey*

3. BAREFOOT BOY 2:35

Barefoot boy sittin' by the roadside
Barefoot boy when you say hello
With eyes that smile
And lips that bring forth laughter
Barefoot Boy I love you so.
Barefoot Boy I love you love you
Barefoot Boy I love you so.
Mmm, mmm through the dreamtime.
Barefoot boy don't have a penny
Barefoot boy don't have a dime
He doesn't have a pair of shoes to walk on
Still he has a lot of time
Barefoot boy I love you love you
Barefoot boy I love you so
Mmm, mmm
Through the dreamtime
Barefoot boy, don't have a fortune

Or a mansion shining bright
But he has the sun up in the daytime
And he has the stars at night.
Barefoot Boy I love you love you
Barefoot Boy I love you so
Mmm, mmm
Through the dreamtime.

Love you so.

*Written by Helen Grover
Lead Vocals – Marlene Cummins
Maton Acoustic Guitar and Stomp Box – Fiona Boyes
Mark Atkins – Didgeridoo*

4. PRELUDE TO KOORI WOMAN 0:20

Ngayu, Wawunka, Ngamukara
Ngayu, Wawunka, Ngamukara
Ngayu, Wawunka, Ngamukara
Ngayu, Wawunka, Ngamukara

*Written by Mother Grandmother, Great Grandmother
(Marlene Cummins/Tahlia Cummins)
All Vocals Marlene Cummins*

5. KOORI WOMAN 5:54

This song I'd like to dedicate to Aboriginal women
of this country; Aboriginal women throughout history,
- Truganinny, Mama Shirl, Oodgeroo Noonuccal,
Ruth Cummins, Kate Elizabeth McCarthy.
I sing this song. I sing it for my sisters.
For I feel the backbone of our struggle in this country,
trying to keep it together.

Everything, everything
Everything gonna be all right.
Oh yeah.

When I was a little girl
Barely 12 years old
I couldn't do nothing
To save my soul
My mama prayed
When I was growin'
She said sing the blues child.
Sing it from now on

I'm a woman
Oh yeah
Koori Woman
I'm a ball of fire
I'm a woman
And love maker
Koori woman
You know she's an earthshaker

I'm a woman
I'm a rush of wind
A Koori Woman
You know she'd cut stone with a pin
I'm a woman
A love maker
A Koori woman
You know she's an earthshaker

I'm goin' down yonder
Behind the sun
I'm gonna do me some business
Ain't never been done
I'm a hold back the lightning'
In the palm of my hand

I'll kick ass with the devil
I'll make it part of the sand

I'm a woman
I'm a rush of wind
A koori woman
You know she'd cut stone with a pin
A woman
Love maker
A Koori woman
You know she's an earthshaker

I'm talking about Mama Shirl
Don't forget Truganinny
Oodgeroo Noonuccal
I'm talking about my mama
Talking about my grandma

A Koori woman
Cuts stone with a pin

A Koori woman
A Koori woman

*Koori Woman Dedication written by Marlene Cummins
and I am a Woman by Cora Taylor.
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
BVS: Paula Michelle and Marlene Cummins
Gibson Electric Guitar – Buddy Knox,
Electric Guitar Slide - Ray Beadle
Violin – Andy Baylor
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Accordian – Stefan Sernak
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook
Baritone Saxophone – Paul Williamson
Didgeridoo – Mark Atkins*

6. WHEN WILL WE BE PAID 3:54

When will we be paid
For the work we've done
When will we be paid
For the work we've done
We have worked this country
From shore to shore
Our women cooked your food
And washed all your clothes.
We've chipped all your cotton
And led the railroad steel
Worked our hands to the bone
At your laundry mill

When will we be paid
For the work we've done
When will we be paid
For the work we've done

We've fought all your wars
In every land
To keep this country free
For women, children and men
But any time we ask
For pay alone
That's when everything
Seems to turn out wrong.

We've been beat up, called names
Shot down and stoned
And every time we do right
Someone say we're wrong.

When will we be paid
For the work we've done
When will we be paid

For the work we've done.

We have given our sweat
And all our tears
We've stumbled through this life
For more than 200 years.
We've been separated
From the land that we knew
Stripped of our culture
People you know that's true

We've been beat up, called names
Shot down and stoned
And every time we do right
Someone say we're wrong.

When will we be paid
For the work we've done
When will we be paid
For the work we've done.
Oh when will we be paid
For the work we've done
When will we be paid
For the work we've done.

*Written by R Stewart (Thought to be Rose Stewart, Sly Stone's sister)
Song found on an album by the Staple Family Singers.
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
BVS: Jerome Smith, Paula Michelle
Electric Guitar – Fiona Boyes
Acoustic Guitar – Andy Baylar
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Hammond C3 Organ – Murray Cook*

7. SUGAR 4:40

When I'm out around Redfern
There's someone that I see
A deadly Koori woman
Smiling back at me
Strutting down Redfern Street
With her sequined red dress on
Let me tell you about Sugar
And where she coming from

Sugar loves to dance
She sure can turn it on
Some of the mob don't understand
They think she's doing wrong

So shake your sugar, shaker
Shake it sugar, shaker
Shake your sugar, shaker
Make it sugary

Well she come out of the mission
And says she had it rough
Clothes and shoes were scarce
She never ate enough

She's raising a red tin humpy
Knocked from pillar to post
Tough and hard and scary
Is what she remembers most
Raised ten children by herself
Had no school at all
Sugar rose above the odds
That's why you hear me call.

Shake it sugar shaker
Shake your sugar, shaker

Shake it sugar, shaker
Sweeten your memory

She was told if you leave that mission
You'll never get nowhere
You've got to make the best of life
So Sugar took that dare
She took off down to Redfern
That sassy girl grew strong
She says I learned myself to dance
To every single song

She'd be the first to tell you
And you can surely see
You can take me from the mission
But not the mission out of me.

So shake it Sugar shake it
So shake your sugar Shaker
Shake it sugar shaker
Shake it up for me.

I don't see Sugar much now
At Redfern RSL hall
Or at South Sydney Seniors
She always hit that floor
She's looking after grandchildren
At their beck and call
I sure miss dancing with her
And having such a ball.

*Written by Marlene Cummins, Murray Cook, Richard Fields
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
BVS: Tracey Lee Gray
Electric Guitar – Fiona Boyes, Andy Baylar, Ray Beadle
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook
Didgeridoo – Mark Atkins*

8. BOOMERANG ALLEY 3:44

It was in the town of Winton
Many years ago
It was in the 1950s
The place I had to grow
The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

We didn't have no worries
About what we'd eat today
We could fish and hunt
Or hang around and play
Us Murri kids had fun
When the fruit truck come around
We'd try and steal the fruit
And hope we wasn't found

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

I remember Harry Als
In his dapper suit
And Gordon Fisher
In his ole blue ute
Seefa and Johnny
Living in their tent
Aunty Amy Doyle
Ada and Billy Kemp

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

At night there was the movies
In the old picture show
It didn't have no roof
And everyone would go

My daddy used to jam
At Ducko Fraser's house
With Richard and Martin Slide
And the playin' was grouse

The best years of my life
Was hearing guitar boogie

Yeah play that guitar boogie
(guitar boogie solo)

Daddy taught and played
His music round the land
He played at all the dances
And in the Winton Town Band
No one played guitar
Like my daddy used to do
He drove a Caterpillar tractor
I'm telling you this is true

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

There was Nick and Tollyn's café
Where we would get to eat
When payday came around
That sure was a treat
No choice of where to live
We weren't allowed to stay in town
They could keep us out
But they couldn't keep us down

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley.

Our shack was on the last block
Near the old cemetery



And we got everything we wanted
As long as it was free
It was always hot and dusty
I recall the hot dry heat
Now my mind walks down the track
But it used to be my feet.

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley

The best years of my life
In Boomerang Alley.

*Written by Marlene Cummins, Murray Cook, Richard Fields
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
Maton Acoustic Guitar – Fiona Boyes
Fender Jaguar Electric Guitar – Andy Baylor (Guitar Boogie)
Acoustic Slide Guitar – Murray Cook
Mandolin – Andy Baylor
Acoustic Guitar – Jerome Smith*

9. YOU CAN'T WIN 3:54

You can't win if you play
Just sit down at the table
And gamble your life away
You can't win if you play
Don't sit down at the table
And gamble your life away

Rolling the dice
Or the roulette wheel
Tell me just how lucky
Do you feel?
Well the table's rigged

And the deck is stacked
Jumped up in this game
And you just can't jump back

You can't win if you play
Don't sit down at the table
And gamble your life away
You can't win if you play
Don't sit down at the table
And gamble your life away

Oh I know Jesus is my saviour
Tempers my mortal soul
Shapes my behaviour
Try to sin
And you try to run
God Knows where you've been
Lord knows what you've done.

My brother yeah
He took a big chance
Asked that wrong somebody
To have a little dance
Went to the party
Without a party hat
He's stuck in that old rat trap
And stiffer than a month dead rat

You can't win if you play
Sit down at the table
And gamble your life away
Oh oh oh you can't win
If you play now
Don't sit down at the table
And gamble your life away
Gamble your life away
Oh you just gamble your life away

Oh you just gamble your life away.

*Written by Jerome Smith
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
Electric Guitar – Andy Baylor, Buddy Knox
Drums & Tambourine – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Accordion – Stefan Sernak
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook
Handclaps – Richard Fields*

10. SASSY MURRI MAMA 6:29

Sassy murri mama
Get out on your feet now
Sassy murri mama
You make it sweet
Now you are a sassy murri mama
Oh mama mum, mama

Do the twist mama
And the tango
Oh sassy murri mama
Oh mama mama let yourself go
You're a sassy murri mama
Oh mama mama mama

Shake it but don't break it now
Sassy murri mama
Get out on your feet now.
Oh sassy murri mama
You know you look so sweet
You're one sassy murri mama
Oh mama mama mama
Do the twist mama
And the tango
Oh sassy murri mama
Let yourself go

You're a sassy murri mama
Oh mama mama mama

PIANO SOLO

Sassy, sassy, sassy, sassy
Sassy murri mama
Sassy murri mama
You got that natural beat
You got me running All on the street now
Now Mark give me some of that yigi yigi
(didgeridoo)

Sassy murri mama (x5)
You've got that natural beat
You've got me running all over the street

*Written by Big Mama Thornton, Mattie Fields
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
BVS: Tracey Lee Gray, Jerome Smith & Paula Michelle
Electric Guitar – Buddy Knox, Ray Beadle
Violin, Twin Fiddles – Andy Baylor
Drums, Washboard, Triangle – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Accordion, Cowbell – Stefan Sernak
Howard Upright Piano – Murray Cook
Didgeridoo – Mark Atkins*

11. FEELS LIKE RAIN 5:14 (FT. MARLENE CUMMINS ALTO SAX)

(Instrumental)

*Written by John Hiatt
Electric Guitar – Fiona Boyes, Ray Beadle
Acoustic Guitar – Andy Baylor
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook*

Baritone Saxophone – Paul Williamson
Lead Guitarist – Buddy Knox
Alto Saxophone – Marlene Cummins

12. THE BLUES IT KNOWS YOUR NAME 4:57

The blues it knows your name
Yes it always knows your name
The blues it knows your name
Yes it always knows your name
Don't care much for money
And it don't care much for fame

The blues will always find you
It will find you every time
The blues will always find you
It will find you every time
Don't care if you drink whiskey
And it don't care if you drink wine

Hear the blues awalking
Awalking down the hall
I can feel it coming nearer
Hear it knocking at that door

The blues it treads so softly
So softly do it tread
The blues it tread so softly
So softly do it tread
It will creep up on behind you
And live inside your head

The blues it won't let go
It never will let go
The blues it won't let go

It never will let go.
I can hear the night a calling
I can feel that darkness grow

Written by Murray Cook
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
Electric Guitar – Andy Baylor
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Yamaha Grand Piano, Hammond C3 Organ – Murray Cook
Tenor Saxophone – Paul Williamson
Didgeridoo – Mark Atkins

13. INSUFFICIENT FUNDS 2:27

Insufficient funds is all I get
I'm just a living breathin' pot of debt
I'm gonna get some money
I haven't yet
Insufficient funds is all I get

No flour, no treacle
For Johnny cake and tea
Nothing in my cupboard
My landlord's chasing me
My man he up and left me
I'll sure you'll agree
Insufficient funds is a curse for me.

SAX SOLO

No money, no honey
No things I can afford
I need someone to help me
Won't you help me Lord
I need a man who wants me just for me
Insufficient funds is a curse for me

The ATM don't know
But it always says the same
Insufficient funds in my bank today
The money I had has gone astray
I tried to keep it there
It just went off to play
(the pokies)

No flour, no treacle
For Johnny cake and tea
Nothing in my cupboard
My landlord's chasing me
My man he up and left me
I'm sure you'll agree
Insufficient funds is a curse on me
Insufficient funds is a curse on me
Insufficient funds is a curse on me
Insufficient funds is a curse on me
Poor bugger me

Written by Marlene Cummins, Jerome Smith, Richard Fields
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins
Washboard, Kick Drum & High Hat – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook
Trombone – Shannon Barnett

14. SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL (FT. JEROME SMITH) 3:41

I don't need a whole lot of money
I don't need a big fine cars
I got everything a girl could want
I got more than I could explore

And I don't need to run around
I don't need to stay up all night

Lord I got a sweet little woman
Who knows how to treat me right

My baby is all right
My baby is sweet out of sight
Don't you know that
It's some kind of wonderful (x4)

Now when he holds me in his arms
He sets my soul on fire
Lord when my baby kisses me
Chills run down my spine

When she wraps her lovin' arms around me
Lord bout to drive me out of my mind
Oh when my baby kisses me
Fills my heart with desire

My baby she's all right
My baby is clean out of sight
Don't you know that it's
Some kind of wonderful (x4)

Can I get a witness
Can I get a witness
Don't you know it's a
Some kind of wonderful (x4)

Written by John Ellison
Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins and Jerome Smith
BVS: Paula Michelle, Jerome Smith
Electric Guitar – Andy Baylor, Ray Beadle
Drums – Joel Davis
Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith
Accordian – Stefan Sernak
Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook
Trumpet – Gil Askey
Trombone – Shannon Barnett
Tenor Saxophone – Paul Williamson

15. SANTA BRING ME A MAN FOR CHRISTMAS 3:56

Well I was walking through
The local mall today
When a sight before my eyes took my breath away
There was Santa at the shopping centre hall
Ringing on his bell with that old familiar call
And a sister came from nowhere all charged up
And she stopped in front of Santa and she raised
her cup

She said, Santa bring me a man for Christmas
Santa bring me a man for Christmas
Santa bring me a man for Christmas
And Santa make sure yu fella hurry up

Everybody's together having such a time
Laughing at the party so feeling all sublime
That sister's eyes and Santa's stopped and met
She said something I never will forget
With a revelation like eyesight to the blind
I thought man that sister could have read my mind

REPEAT CHORUS

Santa bring me a man for Christmas (x3)
Cos the way I feel is a deadest crime.

Yes it's that time again when people gather around
It's Christmas time again and songs of joy abound
I don't feel excited, I've been alone too long
I haven't held a man and I'm not feeling strong
I'm not getting any younger as that sister would agree
The two of us together are the only ones to see

Oh Santa bring me a man for Christmas (x3)
Yeah hey, Santa I need a man for Christmas

Santa bring me a man for Christmas
Santa bring me a man for Christmas
I'm telling you Santa,
That's the way it's got to be now.

Written by Marlene Cummins, Murray Cook, Richard Fields

Lead Vocals: Marlene Cummins

BVS: Tracey Lee Gray

Electric Bass Guitar – Jerome Smith

Yamaha Grand Piano – Murray Cook

Sleigh bells – Marlene Cummins

I'd like to thank all the people who have believed
in me and enhanced my music. Darcy Cummins,
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Omeissah, Richard Fields, Brad Cooke, Cathy
Craigee, Caroline Barton, Ruby Hunter, Calvin
Welch, Rex Goh, Jerome Smith, Paula Michelle.

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