

Right at the top, in the middle of it there,  
I sit here writing on what seems a comfortable chair;  
Darwin, you guessed it, because that's where I am,  
In the think of it all, a bit of a middle and a jam.

Well where do we go from here, home or away,  
Maybe it's possible that I'm here to stay;  
Darwin a place you can easily get lost,  
In confusion and illusion of what things will cost.

Temperature amazing with the humidity of the air,  
A climate comparable to the people who live there;  
Life, has its problems, I guess that's fair to say,  
But in Darwin time passes slowly each day.

So what's left to do with the revolutionised town,  
An Australia city but to the equator it's still down;  
Darwin why end it, why finish at all,  
But I know someone's sweating on just one more call.

Signed,

Darel in Darwin