

# THE MILLION STAR MOTEL

*I remember seeing my Dad, an Italian migrant who worked too hard and died too young, in the back yard of our small town avenue house, one night, staring up at the stars and obviously contemplating life. There is no better place to do it than in Australia, nestled in the arms of Mother Nature and tucked under the blanket of the Southern Cross; what a wonderful place to dream. Help preserve it, and take the time to experience her spirit.*

When the road is long and lonely and the sunset's far-off gaze  
Steers the weary workers home again, then I, like all the strays  
Look out on the far horizon for the traveller's next motel,  
Some with carpet soft as Spinifex and flash pink doors as well;  
Rated by the stars I find them, but the slickest I must tell  
Is my swag beneath the heavens in The Million Star Motel!

In The Million Star Motel my room will always be reserved,  
While the neon lights that beckon flash like miracles preserved,  
Nothing fancy in the bathroom, precious little but the view  
By the incandescent camp-fire, sip the billy's bubbling brew,  
Shelve your finest crystal glasses, for they could not cast a spell  
Like the sparkle from the ceiling in The Million Star Motel.

Cabins creak upon the railway and their rhythm shunts my mood.  
Trucks are hurtling up the highway laden down with frozen food.  
Foreign cars are blinding kangaroos, while searching for respite,  
Warm and cosy, somewhere civilized to spend another night;  
If I tried to wave them over, they would think '*like bloody hell*'  
Some are fearful of the bed-mates in The Million Star Motel.

Frogs that grunt and gloat about you, fishtails slapping by the moon,  
Thumping wallabies now scratching for the green pick coming soon,  
Things that sting you, bugs that bite you, fearsome *howling* from the rise,  
Stuff that tunes one's basic instincts, prehistoric lullabies,  
Then, before deep sleep caresses you, your heart can't help but swell,  
And the roof illuminates you in The Million Star Motel.

Tomorrow, with my soul refreshed I'll trek another mile,  
Pray contentment fills my fuel tank and the sun reflects my smile,  
And a cool breeze breeds momentum, as I tell another friend  
I have found a fine establishment I'm pleased to recommend.  
Where ideals can mould a future and your mind clears like a bell  
As you buzz into reception at The Million Star Motel.

*Plant the seeds of resurrection, what a sweet concept to sell,  
Healing pleasures free, to dreamers, in The Million Star Motel.*

