

This Place I Know By Denis Marsh. May, 2012

**There is this place I go, it's mysteries I must know
Fourth lunar cycle drawing near, it beckons every year
With a spirit of adventure, car & trailer loaded I venture
Westward to this place I go, to meet old friends I know
No trees nor mountains there, this place few can compare
Listen as you're coming near, its breathing you will hear
This place holds secrets deep within, the darkness tempts us in
We're not the first to venture here, bones and spirits of others
still near
This place seems now abandoned, to camels, dingoes and
wombats remanded
To seek its mysteries is no chore, this place I know, the
Nullarbor.**