

Barney Embraces Technology

Now it's really very simple this, the rep had half-explained
Just use this little tablet to map out your farm's terrain
You mark in all your fence lines and the trees and dams – not sheep
And the GPS will drive this little tractor while you sleep

Well the seats in this new tractor were so comfortable to sit in
That Barney dozed while satellites controlled its field position
Following instructions from computers and transponders
The bright red tractor rolled across his little farm, and yonder

It harvested some wheat at first, but then a small collision
An unmarked tree which seemed to somewhat alter its position
It harvested some marron from the bottom of his dam
It harvested his neighbours ewe and traumatised its lamb

It harvested his neighbour's lawn, and all his new hydrangeas
then took off for a patch of blue, and quite surprised some strangers
Who noisily protested as it took the Leschenaultia
Then watched it roll off eastward, where the soil grew hot and saltier

When Barney woke you should have seen the look upon his face
He found a knob that said 'return this rotten thing to base'
And home it went, but sad to say, a final catas-trophe
It harvested his good-old faithful English sheepdog, Toffee.

Well, they buried poor old Toffee, together with his favourite bone
And the bloke next door suggested he replace him, with a drone
You won't regret it Barney, urged his techno-savvy neighbour
You needn't feed nor pay it, it's the perfect form of labour

So the rep came round in shiny van, pink polo shirt and sunnies
And rounded up the Dorpers with his basic drone, "For Dummies"
You can't go wrong, he reassured, I'll leave it here for practice
But Barney found it could go wrong, in fact it could go cactus

A flashing light, a whirring noise, he watched the object fly away
Up and up and up it shot, then left, towards the highway
His flock of sheep observed it, half amused and half bewildered
As it swooped upon the neighbour's wife and bloody nearly killed her

Barney called the drone to stay. He whistled its attention
But on it flew and disappeared, the Cunderdin direction
His mobile rang - the sales rep, his voice now dark and cranky
That thing was worth three thousand bucks! he cried into his hanky

I'm looking at my screen right now, the salesman told him, sobbing
It's mustering some emus in a field near Koolyanobbing!
He said some more, some sharpish words, but all was lost on Barney
Who saw with perfect clarity, technology was barmy

Technology be damned, old Barney shouted down the line
Computers can't be trusted and your drone's a waste of time
You can take your damn transponder and insert it in a log
I'm walking into town to go and buy meself a dog