

# A Bushman Can't Survive

John Williamson

A city girl is happy with her friends and family life  
Appreciates a wine with him at night  
She tries to find the sparkle, she searches but it's gone  
With lots of love she hopes he'll be alright  
Her man has gone all quiet he's not at ease  
He doesn't feel at home he's hard to please  
He gets itchy feet he's tired of noises in the street  
He needs to walk for hours through the trees

No a bushman can't survive on city lights  
Opera rock and roll and height of heights  
His moon shines on the silver brigalow  
Shimmers down the inland river flow  
Out there where the yellow belly bites

He's working with his hands today on a building site  
He can smell the Cypress on the floor  
It takes him to a sandy ridge out amongst the pines  
No shearin' no ploughin' anymore

His kelpie dog is tired and fast asleep  
Sick of searchin' gardens for the sheep  
His master doesn't whistle tunes he's not in the mood  
His love for open spaces runs too deep

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He tries to please his woman the lady of his life  
He's standing at a party with a plate  
She finds him on the balcony staring at the moon  
An old familiar face he can relate

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