

# Forty Miles to Saturday Night

Paul Kelly

Well I rubbed the dirt all down  
And I washed away six aching days  
And my shoes all slick and spit  
And my singlet fresh and my sideburns shaved  
As I turn from the mirror  
And I open my first beer since yesterday

Danny brings the Bedford round  
A three-ton girl with a ten-foot tray  
And she knows the way to town  
So we kiss goodbye to two weeks' pay  
Now the leaves are shaking  
And the stars are all waking from the day

Big wheel turning (turning all night)  
Big light burning (burning so bright)  
Downright foolish but that's alright  
It's only forty miles to Saturday night!

There's a place on Fortune Street  
And a band down there called Gunga Din  
And Joanne from Miner's Creek  
She said that she'd be back again  
She lives out on the station  
And she works on my imagination

Big wheel turning (turning all night)  
Big light burning (burning so bright)  
Downright foolish but that's alright  
It's only forty miles to Saturday night!