

A Drover's Life

Slim Dusty

As I write this little story, I may be feelin' blue,
For the swag is wet and sodden and the fly has blown in
too,
The rain is comin' heavy and the wind is very chill,
And I sometimes feel like howling, with the dingo's on
the hill.

There's a joke that comes from memory, it was written
long ago,
"The drovers life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know"
When you're sitting on a night horse, on a dark and
stormy night,
You see the white horns glis'n in the lightning's
silvery light. (oh yeah)

The thunder clashes 'round you and you're soakin' to
the skin,
Tonguing for some nicotine for you've done y'ur tobacco
in,
You sit out there and wonder, if they jump which way
they'll go.
Yeah the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know.

Oh they say it must be thrilling, out beneath the
desert stars,
When your only sole companions just a mob of mad
galahs.
And when you eat the babblers browning, oh, it's best
to close your eyes,
For it's hard to tell the diff'rence between the
currants and the flies.
(Thats right now)

When the feed is very scanty and the water hole is dry,
The squatter's sittin' on ya back, it's enough to make
you cry,
When you battle down a dusty stake to a bore that's
broken down,
Or a tank shot full of bullet holes by yokels from the
town.

Oh they wonder why you hit the grog and curse their
lousy station,
Why many a man has cut his throat, in sheer
desperation,
So you reckon that you'll chuck it in an' give
something else a go,
Yeah the drover's life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know.

Oh I sometimes rather doubt it, but then I wouldn't
know,
They say this life has pleasures that the townsfolk
never know.
(oh yeah)