

A Girl From The Land

Slim Dusty

Down at the local on Friday nights
My neighbour Dave wanders in,
Sheepishly looking for company,
As he misses has bounced him again,
He drinks with the boys from his single days
And life takes on a much brighter tone,
And Dave can't believe, when it's time to leave,
That his wife comes to take him back home.

She's the Mrs of a farmer,
The better half of a man,
Workin' the land as a family,
Raisin' the kids in Gippsland.
She's been the wife, through trouble would strike
Ever ready to lean a hand.
The backbone of the farmer,
A girl from the land.

Dave's wife is Sue, and she's local too
For they've been in the district for years,
They work side by side, it's been no easy ride,
But they've made it with love, sweat and tears
Their kids are all grown with homes of their own
So each Friday Sue gets in Dave's ear
It seems like a fluke, but I'm tellin' you
It's just so he can have a few beers.

Yes the Mrs of a farmer,
Is the better half of a man,
Workin' the land as a family,
Raisin' the kids in Gippsland.
She's been the wife, through trouble and strife
Ever ready to lean a hand.
The backbone of the farmer,
A girl from the land.

And meanwhile at home, Sue's been on the phone,
Her girl friends will be droppin' in,
An' they laugh as they can about Susie's old man,
As he thinks he's in trouble again,
The womenfolk know their men like to go
For a beer with the boys now and then,
And the girls think its fine having tea cake and wine
Til it's time to collect them again.

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