

As The Bush Becomes The Town

Slim Dusty

Old bloodwood tree at last you're free
From the change that's comin' down,
You were felled to the ground by a mean chainsaw,
Where you kept watch for a hundred years or more,
In your silent stance while the river danced,
Where the big floods used to rise,
In your broken limbs the wounds are scared,
Cyclones tore this coast apart,

But old tree there you're lying defeated by the change,
Years passed more quickly,
As we reach a greater age.
As your sap is slowly bleeding
Your life is winding down,
And with strangers gone where we were born
As the bush becomes the town.

Where towns out grew this countries food
And the drover walked his mob,
Where land is clothed in old bush homes,
And a welcome handshake always shown,
Your rings of age will slowly fade,
As the fire burns your brain,
Your coals will glow in the hot north breeze,
And the embers dance their last reprieve.

Yes old tree there you're lying defeated by the change,
Years passed more quickly,
As we reach a greater age
As your sap is slowly bleeding
Your life is winding down,
And with strangers gone where we were born
As the bush becomes the town.