

Australian Bushmen

Slim Dusty

I'm a plain Australian bushman and I've drifted far and wide,
I'm a jack-of-all-trades in the bush and I say that with pride,
I'm only one of many who are batt'ling in the scrub,
Workin' for an honest wage, may be to splash in some old pub,
For we are ringers, fencers, shearers, we are drovers on the track,
We are miners and road builders op'ning up the great outback,
Hard drinkers and hard workers and we give but never lend,
And we wander 'cos we know our goal lies 'round the distant bend.

[Instrumental]

Our wives are mostly stickers so they sacrifice and save,
In lonely isolation, understanding, true and brave,
They rouse and scold and nurse us when we're getting off the spree
And I wonder why such women stick to blokes like you and me,
We are precious cooks and rousers thru and brumby shooters too,
Horse breakers and truck drivers, taking pride in all we do,
Hard drinkers and hard fighters and we give but never lend,
And we wander 'cos we know our goal lies 'round the distant bend.

[Instrumental]

We take pride in our possessions which are mostly old and few,
And we plan while we are workin' how we'll start our life anew,
But plans and cheques are slaughtered when we hit the nearest pub,
Then it's back out bush to work and plan and rough it in the scrub,
Oh, we are ringers, fencers, shearers, we are drovers on the track,
We are miners and road builders op'ning up the great outback,
Hard drinkers and hard workers and we give but never lend,
And we wander 'cos we know our goal lies 'round the distant bend.

Yes we wander 'cos we know our goal lies 'round the distant bend.