

Axe Mark On A Gidgee

Slim Dusty

There's horse bound to keep me company and the water's
to flow near me,
Just an axe mark on a gidgee, I don't want no fancy
grave,
Somewhere out there on the Cooper, there's a quiet spot
near the nine mile,
Where the ringers go each muster, when the gidgee
blossoms wave.

Let the wild horse and the clean skin and the brown bee
in the clover,
Let the wood duck and the emu, all bear witness to my
tomb,
Near that quiet spot at the nine mile make an axe mark
on a gidgee,
That my shrine be always centred, by the western gidgee
blooms.

Make an axe mark on a gidgee, I've no wish for marble
headstones,
I've got kin in distant places, who may shed a tear and
claim,
I was someone who I wasn't, well you know the way I
feel,
Just an axe mark on a gidgee and initials for my name.

And in the middle of each muster, when the campers by
the nine mile,
When the steers are being ridden and those sand hills
plow his way,
Try and find the time one evenin' to come by where I'll
be sleeping
Where an axe mark on a gidgee by the Cooper by my
grave.

Let the wild horse and the clean skin and the brown bee
in the clover,
Let the wood duck and the emu, all bear witness to my
tomb,
Near that quiet spot at the nine mile make an axe mark
on a gidgee,
That my shrine be always centred, by the western gidgee
blooms