

## City Of Mount Isa

Slim Dusty

I just called in to the city of Mount Isa,  
The old black road from the coast was hot and long,  
And the first mate that I met here, in the Isa,  
Took my hand and said "mate welcome home".

The sun is hot but the beer is cold at the Isa  
An oasis in this big red endless land,  
I've always found such friendship in the Isa,  
Like "welcome back and let me take your hand."

The first time that I came to this old city,  
I stayed two weeks and showed in a big marquee,  
And today I'm drivin' 'round to view the changes,  
Oh there's a highway now where the old tent used to be.

But the first time that I showed here at the Isa,  
I knew for many years that I'd come back,  
Fresh vegetables and fruit came from their gardens,  
Just something to help us further down the track. Hey!

Across the black salt plains of western Queensland,  
Though the roads are sealed its hot and still hard  
work,  
Thirty years ago it was a little different,  
Corrugation on long tracks of endless dirt

You were always glad to reach this friendly city,  
Where mateship never left you on your own,  
And today when I arrived I felt that mateship,  
When an old friend warmly said, "Welcome home".

So I just came back to my room here at the motel,  
To try and write a song and be alone,  
Just something someone says will get you started,  
Like when he waves and said "Welcome home". Oh Yeah!

Yeah I've just come back to the city of Mt Isa,  
And the old black road from the coast was hot and long,  
Yeah the first mate that I met here in the Isa,  
Took my hand and said "Mate welcome home." [fade out]