

Coming Down The Barkly

Slim Dusty

Coming down the Barkly I was stirin' up the dust,
Was going to be in Isa by dinner time or bust,
Hadn't had no sleep and I was weary to the bone,
When the offside tyre busted, I was many miles from home.

There among the spinifex I stood and cursed my luck,
But they've never changed no tyre, so I crawled beneath that truck,
Day break on the Barkly can be a dreamy scene,
But beneath the load of cattle is not the place for dreams.

My eyes were full of bull dust I had cow muck in my hair,
Busted up my finger, wrestling with the spare,
Oh, I thought I'd have a cuppa but the thermos was a wreck,
Then I couldn't find my matches to light my cigarette.

So I told the world my troubles in a language very foul,
But all I got for answers was a bellow from a cow, [cow bellows]
And I thought of happy hours just lazini' on a horse
Behind a mob of cattle on a western water course.

Oh I curse the day the truckies pushed the drover o'er the hill,
For I'd be sittin' pretty if I was drovin' still,
But those drovin' days are over now, I'm a truckie too,
And I've gotta get to Isa, I've another road to do.

Yes I curse the day the truckies pushed the drover o'er the hill,
For I'd be sittin' pretty if I was drovin' still,
But those drovin' days are over now, I'm a truckie too,
And I've gotta get to Isa, I've another road to do.