

Dead On Time

Slim Dusty

He'd done this run for a long time now
And he don't know why and he don't know how
But he'd never been late so they called him 'Dead on Time'.

He painted the name on the bonnet in black,
And the station kids on the mailman's track
Would all look out for the dust of 'Dead On Time'
Would all look out for the dust of 'Dead On Time'

I gotta be back for the kid's birthday,
The mailman said as he waved hooray
And wheeled his truck on the long haul homeward bound.
The wife's gonna make him a chocolate cake
They made me promise that I won't be late.
I'll see you again when I come next time around,
I'll see you again when I come next time around.

But 'Dead On Time' ran outta luck
And he couldn't believe when his good old truck
Ground to a halt with a burnt out bearing whine,
Not a tree in sight and the water bag low,
Not a hope in hell of getting her to go.
Didn't look too good at all for 'Dead On Time',
Didn't look too good at all for 'Dead On Time'.

A birthday party and a chocolate cake,
Went dancin' across the dry salt lake,
Where the mirage met with the distant timber line,
And the silent truck threw a meagre shade,
Over the plea for help that he made,
Scratched in the dirt on the road by "Dead On Time".

He'd done this run for a long time now
And he don't know why and he don't know how
But he'd never been late so they called him 'Dead on Time'
He painted the name on the bonnet in black,
And the station kids on the mailman's track
Still look out for the dust of "Dead On Time",
Yeah!