

Dieseline Dreams

Slim Dusty

He leans out the window and waves to his Mum
You'd swear all his birthdays had rolled into one
'Cause he's headin' out on his maiden run
Up to the far north of Queensland
I tell him the names of the truck stops and towns
The stretches and corners and where they'll be found
The stories and yarns I've picked up on my rounds
And he listens with wide-open eyes

'Cause he's riding on dieseline dreams
Down a highway that runs through his mind
Behind the wheel of the biggest rig he's ever seen
Riding on dieseline dreams

His ears are glued to that cracklin' C.B.
But he's got that lingo down to a tee
And there's pride in his eyes when he looks up at me
Oh yeah he's a truck drivers' son
And given the chance he'd be in my shoes
But right now he's primed for an afternoon snooze
Though he's determined to look out for 'roos
The road finally lulls him away

And he's riding on dieseline dreams
Down a highway that runs through his mind
Behind the wheel of the biggest rig he's ever seen
Riding on dieseline dreams

While my boy's dozin' the memories flood in
And I'm back in the cabin with my Dad again
Tellin' myself how I'll be just like him
It don't seem all that long ago
Yet here's my own son thinkin' the same
Itchin' to get himself into the game
He won't understand when I try to explain
Son it's not what it used to be

'Cause he's riding on dieseline dreams
Down a highway that runs through his mind
Behind the wheel of the biggest rig he's ever seen
Riding on dieseline dreams

Behind the wheel of the biggest rig he's ever seen
Riding on dieseline dreams