

# Haulin' For The Double 'T'

Slim Dusty

The spreads up north are pretty big and the western  
runs are wide,  
But the brand of the mob with the largest patch, covers  
the country side.  
Up the eastern coast an' the far north run Castlemaine  
to Pacific sea,  
There's a red and white of Thompson's rig, haulin' for  
the Double T.

Haulin' for the Double T, that's haulin' for the Double  
T,  
There's a red and white of Thompson's rig, haulin' for  
the Double T. Hey!

Sheep, spuds for Roma, general freight, containers for  
Geelong,  
The Kenny's howlin' when changin' down the Kirra Ousley  
run.

The Louie Hills are here and gone an' Adelaide by dawn,  
Palette up and fuelled the log book rules, next stop  
Highway One. Hey!

Haulin' for the Double T, that's haulin' for the Double  
T,  
There's a red and white of Thompson's rig, haulin' for  
the Double T.

Like that fool on the lonely mule and the golden  
nuggets roar,  
Thompson's Transport truck on down an' Shepparton by  
four.

Here's health to the men from Thomo's mob and keep that  
fun ole tree,  
Run to the lad who'll follow his dad haulin' for the  
Double T.

Haulin' for the Double T, that's haulin' for the Double  
T,  
There's a red and white of Thompson's rig, haulin' for  
the Double T  
(Let's sing chaps)

Haulin' for the Double T, that's haulin' for the Double  
T,  
There's a red and white of Thompson's rig haulin' for  
the Double T.

Haulin' for the Double T.