

Hear 'Em Go

Slim Dusty

That's Bob by the roar of his Maxa dyna,
And the beam of his big bull light,
That stayed by the number of gears he don't drop,
And call in his long nose white,
They're pushin' an' tryin' to make some miles,
With their big double loads of freight,
Like flour an' steel an' tractor parts,
From Brisbane and interstate.

The windows will rattle in the towns tonight,
And the roads tax man may wait,
The boss of the motel may curse and swear,
At the noise that the truckies make,
Take the truckies from makin' the noise an' din,
Which awakens him from his sleep,
The road tax boy wants to watch his step,
And the squatter best watch his sheep.

[Instrumental]

Six of Pitties rigs and an ole trans guy
Is snowin' old dare way dawn,
With the Brambles flag which both now fly,
They boil up a few miles on,
Oh I remember the smell of transmission oils,
And the Road Ranger whines in my ears,
The chatter of quad box sticks I can feel,
And the way that the R model steers.

My side is gone and I can't go on,
At my job on the big road trains,
But the blokes I knew askin' jump in through,
Past my home on the western plains,
I can lie at night in my restless bunk,
And envisage the smoke from the stack ,
As my mates roll by doin' jobs like I,
Use to do on the western track.

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