

Only The Two Of Us Here

Slim Dusty

I camped one night in an empty hut
On the side of a lonely hill.
I didn't go much on empty huts,
But the night was awful chill.
So I boiled me billy and had me tea
And made sure that the door was shut.
Then I went to sleep in the empty bunk
By the wall of the old slab shed.

Now it must have been in the middle of the night
When I was feeling cosy and warm
I woke and there at the foot of my bunk
I see a horrible ghostly form
It seemed in shape to be half an ape
With a head like a chimpanzee
And I wondered what it was doing there,
And what did it want with me?

You may say if you please that I had DTs
Or call me a crimson liar,
But I wish you had seen it as plain as me,
With it's eyes like coals of fire.
Then it gave a groan such a horrible moan,
That my blood run cold with fear,
And 'There's only the two of us here, '
It said. 'There's only the two of us here!'

I kept one eye on the old hut door
And one on the awful brute;
For I only wanted to dress meself
And get to the door and scoot.
But I couldn't find where I'd left me boots
So I hadn't a chance to clear
And, 'There's only the two of us here, '
it said. 'There's only the two of us here!'

I hadn't a thing to defend meself,
Couldn't find a stick nor a stone,
And 'There's only the two of here!'
It said, again with a horrible moan.
I thought I'd better make some reply,
For I thought that the end was near,
I said "Tarzan old man when I find my boots,
By hell there'll only be one of us here.'

Well I get my hands on me number tens
And out through the door I scoots,
And I lit the whole of the ridges up
With the sparks from me blucher boots.
So I've never slept in a hut since then,
And I tremble and shake with fear
When I think of the horrible brute that moaned,
'There's only the two of us here!'

[Guitar Solo]