

Port Augusta

Slim Dusty

Life in Port Augusta, things don't change
Life in Port Augusta, remains the same
The world goes by and the world gets strange
Except in Port Augusta

Road trains rollin' through the night to anywhere
Headin' north to Alice or west out on the Eyre
People they keep passin' by just like the time
Sydney Melbourne Adelaide, Perth on down the line
Way down the line

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Out there on the bypass doin' business night and day
Fast food multinationals sellin' plastic take away
While the shops in town are closin' down
Dried up dreams on stony ground
You wonder why it always seems to end up this way
Same old way

Nobody seems to question or even wonder why
Some towns get forgotten and left alone to die
While out there on the highway faded signs
Of glory days and memories in time
Port Augusta time

And the older generation in silence fade away
No work for the younger folk no reason left to stay
And out there on the highway there's a sign
Find a better future down the line
Way down the line

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