

Send 'Er Down Hughie!

Slim Dusty

Oh the radio tells me it's rainin'
But that I can see for myself,
And they tell me a cyclone is comin',
Oh I surely could do with some help,
This little old shovel I'm holdin'
Looks puny beside this big Mack,
She's down to the diff and still goin'
And there's only more mud up the track.

Oh I've revved and I've rocked and reversed it,
I've dug at the mud on the wheels,
I've kicked and I've swore and I've cursed it,
And to the good Lord I've appealed,
But the line up to heaven aint open,
I've a feeling I'm not gettin' through,
I'll just have to lighten the load,
One carton of stubbies should do.

[Instrumental]

Oh I wonder if ever they'd miss it,
One carton from all of those tons,
But I can bet you they'll be askin' "where is it?"
And lickin' their dry dusty tongues,
I can picture those miners all dyin'
Of thirst in that drought stricken town,
While here in the mud I've been tryin',
Strivin' to put the booze down.

And in each of these stubbies I've emptied,
I insert a small note of distress,
And cast it adrift in the gully,
An SOS out of the west,
How many days have I languished
Here in this swamp called a road,
While in my despair and my anguish
I've been workin' at lightening the load.

[Instrumental]

Perhaps some old fisherman casting
His line on the barrier reef,
Will see all these stubbies go past him,
And come sailin' up to my relief,
And wont we all have such a booze up,
The best ever seen on this road,
But I doubt they ever will choose us
To carry their next flamin' load.

So good health to the sandflies and skeeters,
Good luck to that sullen old frog.
Oh I'm damned if this rain's gonna beat us,
Thank hell for this truck load of grog,
Oh send her down Hughie you beauty,
You got the right knack of doin' it now,
Oh my sorrows are drowned well and truly,
And there's plenty more booze to put down.

Ahh it's a lonesome a what am I doin' in this mud,
stuck in a truck with a load full of grog.