

West Of Winton

Slim Dusty

His eyes were used to distance and he talked much with
his hands
I guess he sort of felt hemmed in a stranger to this
land
And a lifestyle of another time, another time and place
Was written there deep in the lines of this old
bushman's face.

His attire was still in keeping with the far out
channel lands
There was still a strength of character in his hard old
bushman's hands
And his old hat tilted forward was as much a part of
him
As the 80 years of livin' that showed, underneath the
brim.

Just somewhere west of Winton mate is where I'd rather
be
To ride out in the dawn time, Mitchell to my horses
knee
Unroll my swag beside a fire of some long forgotten
camp
If I listen close maybe I'll hear a tethered night
horse stamp.

Just to see again the sunsets as the night falls on the
land
Oh the silent sound of beauty makes the proudest heart
expand
Where the lights of some old homestead beam a warm and
welcome glow
And no travellin' soul went hungry in those days of
long ago.

I see a dried up sandy creekbed when the dry comes much
too soon
Watch the wild mob paw for water 'neath an early rising
moon
Maybe I'll see the dust cloud rising from the
travellin' mob again
Hear the whips crack on the tailers as they cross the
open plain.

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