

Yellow Old Bullcatcher

Slim Dusty

They're greasin' up their leather gear in the stockcamps of the
North

Young ringers come all set for musterin' time
As for me I'm in the big shed workin' on a tough old lady
This yellow old bullcatcher love of mine

Dust clouds are risin' high into the northern sky
With the big boss up above with his noisy chopper
But I'm in touch by phone as we head the big mob home
I circle round and round in the old bullcatcher

An old devil, mate, to drive, but she keeps your mind alive
When the steering gear goes [?], look out she'll get ya
When a mad bull breaks away, that's when we show our play
And bring 'em back to the yellow old bullcatcher
(Look out now!)

There's a bush camp by the river where the [?] fight like hell
And the crocodiles, old mate, ain't far behind
But I can't wait to get back
Down that dusty rugged track
And yakka with some old bush mates of mine

Oh there's new times on the bull bar
And sides of solid steel
When you're workin' in the bush no one can match her
When a mad bull breaks away, that's when we show our play
And bring 'em back to the yellow old bullcatcher

Hey, we bring 'em back to the yellow old bullcatcher
(That's right)