

A Letter From Down Under

Slim Dusty

There's an Aussie boy in Texas,
And tonight he's feelin' pretty.
There's a letter that he showed me,
And I'd like to read it to you

It's a letter from Down-Under,
From a dad who tries to say,
All the things he feels are safer,
To a lost son who is by the way.

Dear Son, back home it's springtime,
And we're finished with the plow,
A little rain'd flood the lot,
Should bring the wheat through now.

You always loved the wattle,
Well now it's out in bloom,
Guess son, that you'd be homesick,
If I could send you it's perfume.

Old gramps is getting feeble now
As his days are nearly done,
He'd like to see you before he goes,
So, how about it, son.

I met Mary at the sliprails the other day,
And we yarned for quite a while
She's growing mighty pretty son,
With a warm and friendly smile.

They say the neighbours son hangs round,
That he's always at her place,
But I know the way she spoke of you,
He just isn't in the race.

Last night some friends came over,
And they stayed for quite a while.
We sang all the old bush ballads
In the old familiar style.

I guess you've heard all about the oil strike,
It don't mean much out here,
'Cos when a man is thirsty son,
It can't take the place of beer.

But somehow, son, without you,
This old place just ain't the same,
And it hurts to see your mother's face,
At the mention of your name.

Well it's getting late, I'd better close,
There's a few jobs to be done,
Yes your old dad just wants to add,
Be nice to see you son.