

# Big Old Mack

Slim Dusty

In the wind and rain of winter and no glimmer of the sun,  
We leave the south behind us on that welcome northern run,  
New motor just been fitted and she's barking from stack,  
A snarling Detroit diesel underneath this big old Mack.

There's bull lights on her bumper and new chroming on her stack,  
Her reconditioned gearbox has really brought her back,  
New booster on her intake and her head is made to suit,  
And when I hold her open Holy Moses can she scoot!!

She's a road train geared for the open road and the inland highways,  
Known to the rugged north and the dusty byways  
Big old Mack.

Two weeks too long away from all that diesel oil and grime,  
Tonight we'll see the sun go down across that borderline,  
There's lots of work to do old girl and we've no time to sleep,  
Your big repairs have left me broke and you've gotta earn your keep.

We're rollin' up the highway all the blues are in our wake,  
The bogey wheels are humming to a good old country tape,  
Two trailers on we dare to pass the truckies gasp in awe,  
We're sailing round their modern trucks half throttle to the floor.

She knows that Goulburn highway and she knows old Goulburn Hill,  
And the endless blue horizons on the road to Camooweal,  
She knows that sunset country where the wedge tailed eagle soars,  
And the unforgiving distance of the lonely Nullabor.

She's a road train, geared for the open road and the inland highways,  
Known to the rugged north and the dusty byways,  
Big old Mack, big old Mack.