

## Further Out

Slim Dusty

You won't find me in the busy city streets,  
Or an intersection where the traffic meets,  
You may think it's me but have no doubt,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

When the sun sets on the bustle and the roar,  
When the neon signs light up every door,  
Well don't expect to see my face about,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

Yes you'll have to look for me much further out,  
'Cause I've seen the fire and flood and I've seen  
drought,  
And I know what this wide brown land's about,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

As the mist starts rolling in across the bay,  
And the harbour lights fades softly with the day,  
Just don't expect you'll see my face about,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

And when I shuffle off this mortal coil,  
You'll find me way out where the billy's boil,  
I won't be in some manicure turnout,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

Yes you'll have to look for me much further out,  
'Cause I've seen the fire and flood and I've seen  
drought,  
And I know what this wide brown land's about,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

Don't think you'll find me resting in the shade,  
For no-one's that really got it made,  
The whole world may be searching there's no doubt,  
But you'll have to look for me much further out.

Yes you'll have to look for me much further out,  
'Cause I've seen the fire and flood and I've seen  
drought,  
And I know what this wide brown land's about,  
No you'll have to look for me much further out.

Much further out.