

Innamincka Muster

Slim Dusty

Oh, they'd mustered all the cattle on the Innamincka
run,
And also on Cordilla Downs the same thing had been
done,
They shifted all the cows an' calves, the bullocks and
the steers,
The biggest bang town muster job in many, many years.

Oh the Diamantina channels and the lignum flower beds
Some wide eyed long horned pikers were all they'd left
out there,
Next day the helicopters came and cleared them from the
run,
The mickeys didn't stand a chance, they shot 'em one by
one.

The season blight had struck the herd, the beast all
had to go,
To save the export market and increase the money flow,
Though it wasn't a very pretty scene to see the pikers
fall,
And pilot of the chopper didn't like the job at all.

And the stockmen riding shotgun did his best to keep it
clean,
He tried his best for one shot kills to ease the
grizzly scene,
But soon the job was over and the land allowed a spell,
Once again the stony desert had a tragic tale to tell.

They wait now for the seasons to rejuvenate the land,
Restock again with breeders and keep them well in hand,
Oh the flood plains then will prosper and flights will
be no more,
Once more the stockmen riding, like they used to do
before.

And the cattle camps be busy with a new and stronger
breed,
As they muster through the lignum where the cattle love
to feed,
Through the sand hills of Cordilla or the Innamincka
Plain,
Once more we'll see the stock men's hands rest lightly
on the reins.

At the Innamincka muster, there were choppers in the
sky,
Cattle country gun ships with the rifleman on high,
Oh the pikers didn't stand a chance, the cattle war was
won,
Beside the stony desert were they shot 'em one by one.

Old timers had another way, they very seldom failed,
To block the way with mickey , and throw him by the
tail,
But now the ringer's airborne, helicopters on the go,

In the Diamantina country where the channels waters
flow.

Where the channels waters flow.