

Boys From The Bush

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Boys from the bush
Been shearing sheep, we been mustering stock
We been culling out roots, we been spraying the crops
We've been droving cattle up an old stock route
Now its Saturday night, we pile in the yute

Were the boys from the bush and were back in town
Well the dogs in the back and the foot goes down
Were life members of the outback club
Were the boys from the bush come in from the scrub

Been out in the heat, we been loading the trucks
Been fixing fences, we been choking on dust
We curse the rain we curse the drought
Now its Saturday night and were all in the shout

We get high when the sun goes down

We work the land through fire and flood
Its in our hearts, it runs in the blood

Well we raise hell when the sun goes down

We get high when the sun goes down