

Rules of the Road

Lee Kernaghan

A city girl is happy with her friends and family life
appreciates a wine with him at night
she tries to find the sparkle she searches but its gone
with lots of love she hopes hell be alright
Her man has gone all quiet he's not at ease he doesn't
feel at home he's hard to please
he gets itchy feet he's tired of noises in the street
he needs to walk for hours through the trees

Chorus:

no a bushman cant survive on city lights opera, rock
and roll and party pies
his moon shines on the silver Brigalow shimmers down
the inland river flow
out there where the yellow belly bite

He's working with his hands today on a building site
he can smell the cypress on the floor takes him to a
sandy ridge out amongst the pines
No shearing no ploughing anymore
His kelpie dog is tired and fast asleep tired of
searching gardens for the sheep
his master doesn't whistle tunes he's not in the mood
His love for open spaces runs to deep

Chorus:

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and roll and party pies
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the inland river flow
out there where the yellow belly bite

He tries to please his woman the lady of his life he's
standing at a party with a plate
she finds him on the balcony staring at the moon An old
familiar face he can relate

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