

## The Way It Is

Lee Kernaghan

It's a plume of dust down an old dirt road  
And hanging off the rails at the rodeo  
A back veranda with creaking boards  
And the dark range of a thunderstorm  
It's the stockman's bar at an old bush pub  
And chasing mickey's though the scrub  
It's planting seeds and praying for rain  
And the red dust running through your veins

It's the way it is, it's the way it goes  
When my wheels hit the gravel road it feels like home  
It's the way of life, it's the life I live  
And I'm right where I want to be  
That's the way it is

It's a corrugated iron shed  
And work boots on a backdoor step  
Scones in the oven and preserves in jars  
Talking prices at the sale yards  
It's long straight roads and one horse towns  
And sheep dogs bringing the mob around  
It's she'll be right and having a go  
It's good on ya mate and what do ya know?

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It's the eerie still in the grey of dawn  
Fields of wheat and rows of corn  
A rusty tank and flaking paint  
A weary digger on ANZAC day  
It's the dream time land and uluru  
Aborigine didgeridoo  
It's battered hats and calloused hands  
The spirit of a hard won land

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