

## After All

Slim Dusty

The brooding ghosts of Australian night have gone from the bush  
and town;  
My spirit revives in the morning breeze, died when the sun went  
down;  
The river is high and the stream is strong, the grass is green  
and tall,  
And I fain would think that this world of ours is a good world  
after all.

The light of passion in dreamy eyes, and a page of truth well r  
ead,  
The glorious thrill in a heart grown cold of the spirit I thoug  
ht was dead,  
A song that goes to a comrade's heart, and a tear of pride let  
fall,  
And my soul is strong! and the world to me is a grand world aft  
er all!

Let our enemies go by their old dull tracks, and theirs be the  
fault or shame,  
The man is bitter against the world who has only himself to bla  
me;  
Let the darkest side of the past be dark, and only the good rec  
all;  
For I must believe that the world, my dear, is a kind world aft  
er all.

Well may be that I saw too plain, and it may be I was blind;  
I'll keep my face to the dawning light, the devil may stand beh  
ind!  
Though the devil may stand behind my back, 'til I see his shado  
w fall,  
I'll read the light of the morning stars of a good world after  
all.

Rest, for your eyes are weary, girl, you have driven the worst  
away,  
The ghost of the man I might have been is gone from my heart to-  
day;  
We'll live for life and the best it brings as our twilight shad  
ows fall;  
My heart grows brave, and the world, my girl, is a good world a  
fter all.

My heart grows brave, and the world, my girl, is a good world a  
fter all.