

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.