

Back To The Saltbush Plains

Slim Dusty

Throwin' off these city clothes,
Goin' where the gidgee grows,
Headin' for a western cattle run,
Leave my sweetheart, catch a train,
Headin' for the saltbush plain,
Way out toward the settin' sun.

My restless heart has been tied down,
By a girl in Bart town
I'm goin' gonna throw the sliprails wide,
Let my wild emotions out,
What a cooee, what a shout,
As I wake a firey from his ?hide.?

I wanna let my voice go free,
A reckless gallop through the trees,
Hard upon a racin' scrubbers trail
Hear the timber 'round me break,
Feel the saddle leather quake,
As I down the scrubber by the tail.

I wanna boil my battered port,
Wanna hear the stock horse snort
Hear the dingos howling mournfully
Hear a thousand cattle stamp,
As they rush from their night camp,
All that noise is music now to me.

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