

Bent-Axle Bob

Slim Dusty

I was short of a dollar so I called on a bloke,
Who's pay wasn't good, his gear was a joke,
You can't pick and choose when you're down on your
luck,
And your only profession is err drivin' a truck.

So we talked for a spell and he gave me a job,
This cunning ole guy known as Bent-Axle Bob,
The rig which he owned was an F model Mack,
And the run that I drew was the Arrabury track.

Bob's brakes was the kind which no other would cart,
The places he sent me would just break your heart,
From dead-ends in Balmain to drill rigs out west,
With the sands of a desert, put your gears to the test.

But I battled along an' I shifted some weight,
Old Bent-Axle whinged every time I ran late,
Small wonder if you saw the smoke from the pump
And saw half the metal that I found in the sump
(Oh yeah, that's right.)

The trailers were buckled, the tyres were worn,
The tarps which he owned were tattered and torn,
The dogs and the chains were all rusty and joined,
Oh was easy to see how his nickname was coined

Every axle was bent and the dolly was cracked
The kingpins was strained from the loads they had
hacked,
I did what I could mate, yes I really tried,
Old Bent Axle whinged 'til the day that he died.
(He did yeah)

I'm sittin' here at home an' I'm out of a job,
No longer employed by old Bent Axle Bob,
I note from the lawyer, I read what's inside,
Seems I have a road train now that old Bent Axle died.

Yes I'm heir to the fortune of Bent Axle Bob,
"I needed a good driver an' you need a job,
You can drive this old rig to the scrap dealers dump,
Complete with bent axles and that smokey fuel pump."

Complete with bent axles and smokey fuel pump,
You can drive this old wreck to the scrap dealers dump,
(And leave it there.)