

Blue Pacific Rig

Slim Dusty

Oh, the dawn wind blows around my clothes as I walk out
to my rig,
I feel complete climbing up to my seat of my blue
pacific rig,
She's big and fine, she's all mine, she's powered from
end to end,
When those big wheels roll deep within my soul, freedom
is born again,
I'm gunna roll once more on the Nullabor, across this
land so big,
The smoke will arise over territory skies from my blue
pacific rig.

Yes the heat waves rise into dreamtime skies where the
red centres wide and big,
The days are long but my grip is strong on my blue
pacific rig,
Headin' north, south or west, to me it's all the same,
I've got mates out there, scattered everywhere,
Just to mention the a few good names,
Hey there's Bob up north and Spud down south,
They're all worth a million quid, Yeah
I live by the code of that long black road, in my blue
pacific rig.
So let the diesel flow, there's a long way to go,
before I'm home again,
I never feel alone, yeah it's home from home in my blue
pacific rig. Hey

So let the diesel flow, there's a long way to go,
before I'm home again,
I never feel alone, it's home from home in my blue
pacific rig.
Let's roll now, Hey!