## By A Fire Of Gidgee Coal

## **Slim Dusty**

By a warm electric heater and a softly padded chair
In a loungeroom brightly lighted by a glowing chandelier
Since my early days of drovin' the years have taken toll
But I somehow miss my swag wrap by a fire of Gidgee coal
When I wake from sleep each morning and I ring the bedside bell
The maid brings in my breakfast and she fills my pipe as well
There are cakes and sweetened coffee on a tray of sparkling gol

But I miss black tea and damper by a fire of Gidgee coal I am driven' out each evening by a chauffer spruce and neat Through the flowered parks and gardens and the crowded city streets

But I drift back through the ages while the big car softly roll s

To a stock route and a wagonette and a fire of Gidgee coal I attend all social parties in the rich parts of the town Drinking wine from fancy glasses as the waiters go their rounds But I'd rather share a bottle with those drovin' mates of old In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal