

City Brother

Slim Dusty

When I stepped off the train, city brother,
You made it very plain, city brother,
By the smile across your moosh
That you and your city push
Had no liken for the bush city brother.

I looked in cahoots' city brother,
In my moleskins and my boots, city brother,
Neath that battered curly hat
With a swag across my back
And the skin that's burnt and cracked, city brother.

Well as far as I can see, city brother,
You're a worker just like me, city brother,
Now you've had your little joke
At a plain old county bloke,
I think it's time I spoke, city brother.

Could you throw a scrubber bull, city brother?
By the tail with just a pull, city brother,
Could you ride a savage colt?
Make him strike and buckin' bolt,
It would give your nerves a jolt, city brother.

Could you stand a line of fence, city brother?
Where the mulga scrub is dense, city brother,
Could you landmark on a rail
Shear a sheep or press a pail,
I'm pretty sure you'd fail, city brother.

Could you break a horse and shoe it, city brother?
With the collar off to do it, city brother?
Ride a camp horse cutting out?
That horse knows what's it's about
Of that there is no doubt, city brother.

Could you skin a kangaroo, city brother?
And take the skin out too, city brother?
Twist a rope or plait a whip,
Load a pack horse for a trip
Work a sheep or cattle dip, city brother?

Could you pull and fix a mill city brother?
Oh it takes a bit of skill, city brother,
Kill a beast out on the ground
Cut it up and salt it down,
Now you can't do that in town, city brother.

Well it's just a bushman's way, city brother
Oh, we do it every day, city brother,
You are a worker just like me
In a different category
So don't chuck mud at me, city brother,
No don't you laugh at me, city brother.