

Dick Drumduff And Me

Slim Dusty

It was back in '61 out on the Mitchell Run
Chasin' woolly cleanskins wild and free
Old Walter on the station
Nothin' much had changed
Just another day for Dick Drumduff and me

And I wonder what he's doin' now today
Memories come drifting as I watch my children play
Do they still sing old time beneath the campfire trees?
Like we used to do, old Dick Drumduff and me

A native of Australia, a child of this land
A life of mustering cattle his to be
I met him there on Rothelbar when I was 21
And we hit it off, old Dick Drumduff and me

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Like we used to do, old Dick Drumduff and me
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We drove cattle to Mungana and railed 'em at the yards
Then strolled down to the pub to have a spree
Around the hissing carbide lights we swapped a yarn or two
Yeah, we had good times, old Dick Drumduff and me

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[Yodelling]