

Dogs, Dust And Diesel

Slim Dusty

Dogs and dust and diesel have been my mates for years
we've thumped the corrugations and moved a million
gears
Seen a heap of country and met some decent folk
Departed and farewelled them with a wave of diesel
smoke

We've lumbered heavy haulage and run some lively loads
Through spinifex and sandhills where the bends are
pigeon toed
Hey, been pulled up by the coppers, with me that's
common mate
Always breakin' some infringement now they call me
overweight

Hey, dogs and dust and diesel coupled up with oil and
grease
Have bound me to the cabin with a lifetime verbal lease
The song of this old diesel ridin' home without a stop
Rides easy like the dog and gates all piggy backed on
top

I've been bogged out in the donger, pulled down by
suction mud
Where swampland bred mosquitoes drained a billy can of
blood
Worn out a post hole shovel then put my mouth in gear
Pulled it back to neutral just in case the Lord should
hear

I boil up by the roadway, as daylight slowly dims
And watch the bulldust pyramids tricklin' from the rims
Check the dog and diesel, Air hose and coupling rings
There's a blowout on the bogey and the dog has broken
springs

All through the outback country we find his rendezvous
A diesel patch a ring of oil and a sardine tin or two
Pull tops from the stubbies and a few more tell tale
clues
Where loads and rolls of topics and general daily news

Yeah a truckies compensation is a freeway wide and
black
The milepegs fly much faster than those a way outback
I'll get dry cleaned and polished have a major service
done
Throughout the truck returnin' to the dog and diesel
run

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