

Dribbler Bill

Slim Dusty

I see him still ole Dribbler Bill, his frame as hard as
gidgee,
He drove the mail on Bridal Tracks in country soft &
rigid,
Never had too much to say but when he did was just a
drawl,
And ya' kinda got the feelin', he'd be handy in a
brawl.

His Leyland truck was like ole Bill, gusty, rough and
slow.
He took that truck through country where a dozer
wouldn't go,
Yeah, but he's been bogged down tyre deep, back in
Coober Hole,
When others turned their trucks around and headed back
for home.

Now old Bill would do those little things for bush folk
far from town,
Had a memory like Sir Sydney, never wrote the items
down,
Newspapers he would put inside, mailbox on the ridge,
And every stop along the way, had somethin' for the
kids.

He was seen to be a lonely man like one deprived of
luck,
An outward sign did only make was that old Leyland
truck,
He'd caress that smooth ole steerin' wheel, ease along
the track,
The last words that I heard him say was, "See ya later
Jack."

Now the mail still serves the far outback, the jobs
they handle fine,
But mem'ries dwell on Dribbler Bill way back in '39,
I remember every mail night, the excitement and the
thrill,
As we sat outside and waited for the likes of Dribbler
Bill.

Oh, there's many times he helped us out when tucker got
real slack.
Like fresh meat from the bullocks secured from
somewhere up the track,
Yeah, great old man was Dribbler Bill the kind who'd
always stick,
And he'd risk his life without a thought for the needy
and the sick. Hey!

Now I'd like to think that Dribbler Bill still has the
wheel in hand,
Pushin' that old Leyland truck throughout that channel
land,
Should there be no trucks in heaven, it's a halo to a

pup,
Just give old Bill a day or two and he'll start a mail
run up.
Yeah so long Bill.