

Finney's Home Brew

Slim Dusty

Now I've tasted martinis at flash city clubs,
Swallowed bad whiskey at waterfront pubs,
Mixed with the Knobs that are social, I do,
But I'd rather a bottle of Finney's home brew.

Now Finney's a bushman, who lives all alone,
In a little tin hut in the hills on his own,
With only his horses, the possums and 'roos
And an ol' black fermented powerful brews.

Oh that wonderful brew known as Finney's home brew,
Taste it, old mate, you won't know what to do,
When your all alone with the possums and roos
And an ol' black fermented will mellow your blues.

And should ever you call at that humble abode,
When Finney invites you, one for the road,
Unsaddle your horse, and just turn him to grass,
For I'm sure that you'll finish up flat on your
(laugh)face.

I've oft' heard the tale, of the possums that come,
Creeping at night from the tall mountain gum,
To sample the dregs that old Finney threw,
From his old black fermented while makin' a brew.

Oh that wonderful brew known as Finney's home brew,
The possums out there mate are tasting it too,
And the bushland is ringing with a hullabaloo
Of a mad mob of possums steamed up on that brew.

And should ever old Finney be called to his rest,
I'm sure they will find him, a place with the blessed,
Chief brewer to Peter and the angels on high,
Oh, the harps will be twanging, that day in the sky.

Oh that wonderful brew known as Finney's home brew
The people up yonder are trying it too,
With their feathers all ruffled an' the halos askew
Hallelujah, hallelujah, for Finney's home brew.

Oh, that wonderful brew known as Finney's home brew,
Taste it old mate, you won't know what to do,
For there's one thing I know and I'll even bet you,
It could make a bloke fly, bite a buck kangaroo..

Old Finney's home brew,
Oh that old mountain brew,
Finney's home brew.