

# Foggy Mirrors

Slim Dusty

Daylight breaks, I check both mirrors, rub my eyes and  
light a smoke,  
Then a few miles further on I find a place,  
Where the blokes all take on breakfast, tighten wheels  
and check their loads,  
Before we start the last leg of this race.

Yes this race to beat the traffic and this race to beat  
the scales,  
And this race to get unloaded early too.  
Seems our industry's gone crazy time is all some care  
about,  
What I'd give for those old truckin' days we knew.

And as my boggies hug the white lines while the miles  
are flyin' by,  
Both my mirrors show me pictures of the past,  
An' in between the split shift changes to myself I  
swear about,  
That this trip with wool from Winton is my last.  
Goin' home, headin' home.

In both mirrors clearly dear one I can see your honest  
face,  
And our children's cheery eyed at your side,  
Through the fog streaked mirrors clearly do I see your  
sunny smile,  
That's my love known since you were first my bride.

Though my eyes are laced with roadmaps and so many  
years have gone,  
Every detail of your features I can see.  
And these mirrors bring me mem'ries of the laughter of  
our kids  
As you drove them to some depot to meet me.

And as my boggies hug the white lines while the miles  
are flyin' by,  
Both my mirrors show me pictures of the past,  
An' in between the split shift changes to myself I  
swear about,  
That this trip with wool from Winton is my last.  
Goin' home, headin' home.

And I've asked myself a thousand times when I've been  
on the track,  
Just why you've stuck to me through all these years,  
As I watched my mirrors blurred by fog I cannot clearly  
see,  
My tyres is it fog or is it tears?  
And as my boggies hug the white line while the miles  
are flying by,  
These old mirrors told the story of the past,  
And in between the split shift changes to myself I've  
made this vow,  
That this trip with wool from Winton is my last.  
Goin' home, headin' home at last.