

From The Gulf To Adelaide

Slim Dusty

No doubt you've heard of droving trips across the
Murringai,
And how they brought the bullocks down in the good old
days gone bye,
But the greatest droving episode that any man has made,
Was 30,000 crocodiles from the Gulf to Adelaide.

Oh I never saw the likes of them that mob of
crocodiles,
Thirty footers every one strung out for thirty miles
Three days it took to start 'em off, three days to
straighten em' up,
Three days we travelled southward, three days to block
'em up.

They were long and mean and cranky, they had teeth like
cross cut saws,
When passin' though some timber, just to exercise their
jaws,
They churned out hardwood posts one foot through by
seven tall,
All stacked up by the stock route, barked an' sapped
an' all.

Oh they had a normal appetite as lizards really should,
And everything in hair or hide was considered very
good,
The first day out from Normanton we missed the
jackaroo,
But then, blow me down, the horses went, an' the old
blue heeler too.

And the last we saw of Goanna Bob, horse tailer of
repute,
He was headin' toward the rabbit proof with a big croc
in pursuit,
When drifting down the Flinders, they cracked on a bit
of pace,
Oh they took a mob of bullocks and never left a trace..

Oh I've been up and down these stock routes now for 20
years or more,
But I've never seen a travellin' mob the likes of this
before,
By Saltbush plains and Gidgee rise down 'long the old
Georgina,
The snapped an' snarled and pawed all day, they were
slowly gettin' meaner.

They didn't like the spinifex a ticklin' their ol'
hides
And with water gettin' far apart, the tears came to
their eyes,
Now you've heard of crocodile tears but you wouldn't
know the meanin',
Oh with 30,000 sheddin' tears, Oh seein' is believin'.

There was water in the gullies, there was water in the
creeks,
And the old Georgina River runnin' belly deep for
weeks,
For it was our great salvation for upon that flood of
tears,
We sailed 'em down past Lake Eyre on the biggest flood
for years.

A short step then to Adelaide, and delivery right on
time,
The agent came to meet us, and here's the ending of
this rhyme,
For he said you'll have to turn em' around and take
them back again,
For the fashion now in ladies shoes is imitation
crocodile with the courser grain.

[spoken] Wouldn't it rip you.