

## Get Along

Slim Dusty

Headin' down the highway,  
An' I'm thinkin' about my girl,  
Tryin' to find a station with a song;  
Estimate there's 6 billion people in this world,  
And I spend my time wondering how  
the other 5 billion, 9 hundred 99 million,  
9 hundred an' 99 thousand, 9 hundred an' 99  
get along, get along.

Gotta find a station, that can take me away,  
To where I wanna be before I'm gone;  
To the little house above the beach,  
For I might buy one day,  
And there will be me an' that girl,  
Sittin' there watchin' the big ships on the horizon,  
Stocked up for whenever her children,  
Wanna drop by, for a while.

Get along.  
Don't try to flank it  
Blind side of the dog,  
I'm eyeball deep an' all's asleep,  
I never got to log,  
Freeway decent, six thirty show,  
It's saying you're not, but know I'm not.  
The only one out here,  
I drop her down a cog,  
Gotta paint the diesel,  
Pay the banks an' stay alive,  
Got away in Leeton,  
Just fill the tanks and drive.

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