

Give Me The Road

Slim Dusty

The lights of town I will leave behind
With a tug on the klaxon chain,
Give me a Mack and a decent load
And turn me loose on the Darwin road,
Let me roll those wheels again,
Just give me a long straight stretch of tar,
And give me a load of freight,
With a manifest all sealed and stamped
For some place south where I've often camped,
Then clear me through this gate;
Then clear me through this gate.

Give me a Mack an' I'll cross that line
Where the Murray waters flow,
Give me two or three days an' I'll be back
To the heat and dust of the top end track,
Way out where the road-trains go,
This Bulldog mascot beckons me
And I can't ignore his call,
So give me a long straight stretch of tar,
Hey! Watch out there mate in your shiny car,
For the fastest rig of them all;
For the fastest rig of them all.

Let me wind her up, let me hear that song,
That a high speed diesel makes,
Check that chain while I stow my gear,
And write my book while I toss some air,
To release those trailer brakes.
So open the gates of this line haul yard
When you hear those airbrakes sigh,
Guide me into the left hand lane,
Tell that office girl I'll be gone again,
And Melbourne town, goodbye,
And Melbourne town, goodbye.

Watch me steer for the western sun
And aim for the end of the tar,
Where the black soil starts and the bull dust flys,
Give me country roads and give me country skies,
I'll be better off by far;
I'll be better off by far.