

Good Old Feed Of Flathead

Slim Dusty

I met a mate in London, he was really feelin' blue
He was homesick for Australia and the things he used to do
Like goin' round to Eric's fish shop, though maybe not the Ritz
For a good old feed of flathead with a pile of bread and chips

I want to hear a bunch of Aussies shoutin' out g'day
I want to see some blue skies, I'm tired of seein' grey
Let me hear the barbie sizzlin' to some '50s rock and roll
And I'll grill myself a flathead, mate, I'll do the bludger who
le

Here we go!

I want to hear a jackass laughin', mate, back home before I die
Let me see some northern beaches underneath a Queensland sky
But the greatest sign in all the world, on this I have no doubt
Let me see old Sydney Harbour with the bridge and opera house

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