

Ham And Eggs

Slim Dusty

She sees a million miles of travel in a truckies weary
gaze,
Sees southern winter drizzle and northern summer haze,
She can see those eyes searching for the roadhouse sign
ahead,
For he needs a cup of coffee and a feed of steak and
eggs.

There's country on the radio, there's lights upon the
hill,
And a winking neon sign out front, says Charlie's Bar &
Grill,
It's a beacon light for drivers out there on the end of
state,
But here she is at 2 A.M. grilling ham and steak.

Ham and eggs and coffee seems to be her way of life,
Since the day that she became a truck stop owners wife,
Midnight, one or two, 3 o'clock or four,
Frying eggs and bacon and sweeping out the floor;

Sweeping out the floor

There must be more to life than this, she tells herself
again,
As she hears another semi, coming down the lane,
The squealing brakes, the hissing air, the slammin' of
the door,
She don't even bother to look at it she's heard it all
before.

He wanders in and takes a seat before the bar and
grill,
Ham and eggs and coffee and another order filled,
He pays the bill she's caught a glimpse but weary blood
shot eyes,
Like road maps of Australia, they show a million miles.

Oh They show a million miles.

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Sees southern winter drizzle and northern summer haze,
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eggs. [Fade out]