

Hard Hard Country

Slim Dusty

It's a hard, hard country, it's a hard, hard land,
And to live in it you've got to be a hard, hard man,
It's the vast inland regions of Australia,
Where nature alone rules the way,
She's boss of the land and it's seasons,
And her rules we have learned to obey.

There are only two seasons way up here,
It's the heat or the cold to extreme,
In the winter the icy winds chill you,
Or the cruel summer sun fiercely beams
For it's a hard, hard country, it's a hard, hard land,
And to live in it you've got to be a hard, hard man.

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And to live in it you've got to be a hard, hard man,
When it rains there are oceans of water,
Spread for miles where the channel land lies,
Then the drought slowly kills ever onward,
Where there's heat waves and dust and the flies.

There are men far way out in the stock camps,
Over a hundred miles from town,
They've seen that great isolation,
That's the place where the strong men are found,
For it's a hard, hard country, it's a hard, hard land,
And to live in it you've got to be a hard, hard man.