

## Heading For That Brumby Trail

Slim Dusty

I'm a-headin' for the range land,  
Where I lived when I was young,  
I'm a-heading for the range land,  
Where the country songs are sung.

I'm takin' my old guitar  
Gonna yodel my songs in thrills,  
Gonna sing at the old bush farm  
When I ride in from the hills.  
(Yes, play it boys, yippee!)

Giddyup here little pony,  
Why do you sing so slow,  
Oh guess my heart is over anxious,  
Once again to yippee yippee yippee yippee yo ho ho ho  
ho.

I'm a-headin' for the range land,  
Where the prowling dingoes wail,  
Where your friends are everlasting,  
I'm headin' for that Brumby Trail.

When they're over an' done with the muster,  
And the stockmen have their pay,  
When the evening stars are a-cluster,  
They saddle up and ride away.  
(Yeah, play it boys, yipeee!)

They're a-headin' for the barn dance,  
Which is held both twice a year,  
Oh give me back that dear old bushland,  
And that happy yesteryear.