

# I'm Dusty All Over

Slim Dusty

The sun went down on the Simpson as we ordered our  
second round  
There's nothing quite like the feeling of that first  
cold beer going down  
And drivin' from the Curry to Birdsville you work up  
one hell of a thirst  
Between the heat, the rough roads, and bulldust it's  
hard to say what's the worst

I'm dusty all over from hat to my heels  
I'm dusty all over and I like how it feels  
These travellin' bones won't leave me alone  
I reckon they're set in their ways  
So I guess you'd say hey, hey I'm dusty all over

Camped by the roadside near Winton telling some yarns  
round the fire  
With a handful of mates and some locals and the stories  
grew higher and higher  
And everyone's tryin' for one better bending the truth  
till it broke  
Between all the lies and the bullshit the air was just  
thicker than smoke

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I stopped at the old town and country about dinner time  
the other day  
When a couple of blokes at the end of the bar started  
whispering and pointing my way  
Well finally one of 'em came over steady as steady  
could go  
He took my hat off the bar held it over my head and  
said "mate told you so"  
that's right

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So I guess you'd say hey, hey I'm dusty all over

I'm dusty all over from hat to my heels, that's right.