

## Kokoda Track

Slim Dusty

With no shouldered arms or bayonet fixed they march on Anzac Day  
Measured tramp of steel-shod heels a memory away  
Veterans of a jungle war who to hell and back  
Those ragged bloody heroes of that grim Kokoda track

So dig your reversed rifles in the mire of memory  
The swirling mists of time have healed the scars  
You climbed that golden stairway to keep our country free  
Where the jungle hid your nightmare from the stars  
When sullen days brought no relief from blood, muck, and mire  
And death was ever striding at your back  
You trod that hallowed path to be baptized in hellfire  
The ragged bloody heroes of that grim Kokoda track

Oh, the devil took the hindmost and the snipers took the fore  
With no quarter asked or given in that muddy, bloody war  
With black angels there to guide them, salvos by their side  
Those ragged bloody heroes simply marched and fought and died

Astride a broken mountaintop you stood defiantly  
As the devil took your comrades one by one  
He taunted you and beckoned you to face eternity  
You saluted with a burning Thompson gun  
His hand was on your shoulder like a burning grip of steel  
But you turned him and you fought off his attack  
You broke the devil's squadrons and you brought him to your heel  
The ragged bloody heroes of that grim Kokoda track

Oh, the devil took the hindmost and the snipers took the fore  
With no quarter asked or given in that muddy, bloody war  
While politicians pondered and great generals swelled with pride  
Those ragged bloody heroes simply marched and fought and died

With no shouldered arms or bayonet fixed they march on Anzac Day  
With the memory of white crosses, mounds of fresh-turned clay  
Of green fields and a bugle call and a solemn requiem  
And at the going down of the sun and in the morning we will remember them

Those ragged bloody heroes of that grim Kokoda track  
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