

# Long Black Road

Slim Dusty

When I spend a week at home I just sit around and moan  
It's a cobweb that we call suburban load  
Then I know it's time to leave, I got freedom up my  
sleeve  
And my mates are out there on the long black road

When the pressures of the town start to grind you down  
And you feel your very soul set to explode  
And the troubles and the strife that surrounds you in  
this life  
You leave behind out on the long black road

You can have your city mansions swimming pools and  
gardens big  
Australia is my playground and my mansion this old rig  
It's the kind of life we choose and become addicted to  
Yeah lovin' livin' drivin' this old rig

[Fiddle/ Pedal Steel Solo]

One week we're in the north, and another way down south  
From east to west they need an urgent load  
Then you're rollin' once again cross the big old  
Nullarbor plain  
It's a lifetime rollin' down the long black road

When the dust is flyin' high out beneath the southern  
sky  
It's the best darn way of life you come across  
And your home from home's just fine this old black rig  
of mine  
The rig they call the flyin' southern cross

Yeah you can have your city mansions swimming pools and  
gardens big  
Australia is my playground and my mansion this old rig  
It's the kind of life we choose and become addicted to,  
hey  
Yeah lovin' livin' drivin' this old rig

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It's a lifetime rollin' down the long black road  
Hey a lifetime rollin' down the long black road