

Pushin' Time

Slim Dusty

Let 'er roll
Yeah, I've got this big Mack rollin' now

I've got this big Mack rollin', she's screamin' down the line
I see the guideposts clickin' by my truckie pushin' time
There's black tar down beneath me and a blue sky overhead
And while there's one more load to move, I'm pushin' till I'm dead

We're rollin' and we're pushin' from the Gulf down to the Bight
From Perth across to Sydney, the trucks roll day and night
Oh, the logbook may be outta date, but hell, that ain't a crime
We dodge the weights-and-measure boys, and we're always pushin' time, pushin' time
Pushin' time

I may have general cargo or a load of prime Gulf beef
A swag of kegs of Southern beer to bring some down relief
I'll haul in tons of minin' gear to open some new mine
But no matter what I carry, you can bet I'm pushin' time

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If you see this big rig comin', you can bet she's trackin' wide
You'd better move it over and give us room to ride
I've logged a million miles or two, and may be past my prime
But I'm still a wizard at the wheel when I'm pushin' time

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Oh, pushin' time

Pushin' time
Dodge the weights-and-measure boys
Yeah, dodge those scalie men
Pushin' time
Pushin' time