

Recycled Ringer

Slim Dusty

I've got a pretty big load on a bitumen road
And the needle's on 110
Got a big mob of wheels and a whole lot of steers
Rolling 'cross the Top End
Rollin' 'cross the Top End
In a supercharged computerized Benz
I used to ride over this track as a drover
But I'm not gonna do it again
No I'm not gonna do it again

Got the cool air a-blowing and the CD a-going
And a cooler full of lemonade, too
Not like it was when we walked the big mobs
Way the hell down the Barcoo
Way the hell down the Barcoo
Had the rot and the sandy blight too
Weevils in the flour and the cook gettin' sour
Way the hell down the Barcoo
Yeah way the the hell down the Barcoo (that's right)

Now my old ringer mates were shown the bush gates when the chop
pers and bikes came along
The hobbles and bell rung out the death knell
An old way of life dead and gone
Oh, an old way of life dead and gone
But a man's gotta keep moving on
So they recycled me, made a truckie out of me
Now I gotta keep moving on
Hey I gotta keep this rig rolling on

Got a pretty big load on a bitumen road
And the needle's on 110
Got a big mob of wheels and a whole lot of steers
Rolling 'cross the Top End
Hey rollin' 'cross the Top End, yeah