

## 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