

Some Things Never Change Out Here

Slim Dusty

An old man stands by the homestead door
In his boots and his bushman's gear
His Akubra hat has a hole in the felt
And the blue cattle dog sits near

The old man's son owns this run on the North West Slopes and Plains
With his sons and wife it's their whole life
And the home of the big road trains

And the bush kids come home with their welcome run as they greet us each time
Near where the dams are dry 'neath the dusty sky
Some things never change out here

Some tales have told of the days of old when the horses pulled the plough
Of the yokes and chains and the bridle reins when they rarely went to town
The myxo kills the rabbit still, it's a painful death that's clear
The horses shade from the midday blaze
Some things never change out here

Yes, the bush kids come home with their welcome run as they greet us each time
Near where the dams are dry 'neath the dusty sky
Some things never change out here

The dingoes run from the dogger's gun
The emu proudly roams
With his sharpened beak he'll fiercely reap the crop that's just been sown
The night sky falls, the shadow calls the big white moon to Earth
In the morning time the frost will shine like a blanket on the Earth

Yes, the bush kids come home with their welcome run as they greet us each time
Near where the dams are dry 'neath the frosty sky
Some things never change out here

Yes, the bush kids come home with their welcome run as they greet us each time
Near where the dams are dry 'neath the dusty sky
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