

Still The Way I Feel

Slim Dusty

Just a saddle for my pillow and a blanket for my bed
A swagwrap underneath me and place to rest my head
With the bright stars up above me and the night sounds
all around
Hear the tinkle of the horse bells before they're
bedded down

Life then was pretty simple and my needs were very few
Just a good horse underneath me and the friends that I
once knew
Though my clothes were worn and dusty and my boots down
at the heel
I was always proud of what I was and it's still the way
I feel

Down a stock route in the cold and rain, the heat, the
dust and sand
Those old drovers don't exist no more and it's hard to
understand
Hear the heavy roar of diesels of the road trains where
we rode
there's no stock route where it used to be just a
winding blacktop road

The stories those old timers told in the campfires
eerie glow
Throwing shadows on their faces as they spoke in tones
so low
Hear the howling of the dingoes and smell the gidgee
after rain
Oh I'd give a lot to see and hear those old bush sounds
again

But I've left it all behind me like a lot have done
before
Our way of life's not good enough in this age of
needing more
But the trusting hand of friendship in the old days was
so real
I was always proud of what I was and it's still the way
I feel yeah

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