

Teenage Country Style

Slim Dusty

Called you possum, in your baby curls,
You were mummy's problem, but you were daddy's girl,
Those curls have grown now to a long ponytail,
Now you're my teenager, country style.

{Anne}

You rocked me daddy, in my baby chair,
And mummy would say we were a crazy pair,
When a-rockin' with the baby, it drives you wild,
But love you my daddy-o, country style.

[Slim]

With your transistor everywhere you go,
You'll live by the rhythm of the teenage show,
But you know country music, I can see by your smile,
'Cause you're my teenager, country style.

I know all the crazes their doin' today,
I just like music any kind of way,
But your kind of music, dad, is of a country mile,
Rolls on forever, country style.

When you're on vacation and you're with the show,
You're my star attraction, well I reckon so,
Then our country music takes on a new style,
Sung by a teenager, country style.

Let's get together and all clap hands,
And spread our music all over the land,
All over Australia, night after night,
Let's sing together, country style,
Let's sing together, country style,
Let's sing together, country style. [Fade]