

The Lady Is A Truckie

Slim Dusty

Barefoot in the cabin, 'cause she lost her shoes in mud
When tying on a tow rope and the heavens opened up
With the track all wet and slippery as a pork chop in the rain
She kicked the motor over, had another go again
Well, the old truck groaned and tried to move, but didn't have
a chance

Bogged down to the axles, so Toot's dragged out the axe
Cut down some branches, to put underneath the tires
Set to work with spade in hands, ankle deep in mire
Hey, I'm tellin' you it's true, the truckie was a lady
Everybody knew her, from Weipa to the Gulf
From Cains to Edward River, and all the Cape York stations
Toot's the lady truckie, is a legend in the north, hey
The truckie was a lady and they say she loved the life
She helped him make ends meet, for she was mother and a wife

Her old flat top would battle, underneath it's heavy load
Cotton forty-fours of fuel on tracks you wouldn't call a road
Ah, but she's a bloody character, you could hear the bush folks
say

She laughed and joked at Weipa as she loaded up one day
Standing by the wheels and yawning, Toot's ran out of luck
A crane went wild and crushed her up against her sturdy truck
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From Cains to Edward River, and all the Cape York stations
Toot's the lady truckie, is a legend in the north
I'm tellin' you it's true, the lady was a truckie
Everybody knew her, from Weipa to the Gulf
From Cains to Edward River, and all the Cape York stations
Toot's the lady truckie, is a legend in the north, hey