The Lady Is A Truckie

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 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 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

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Slim Dusty