

Where Country Is

Slim Dusty

He sat by the door of the grand old Birdsville Pub,
His swag and gear guarded by a faithful heeler dog,
He wore a shirt that would blind ya and a rumpled ringer's hat,
This old man was country, he left no doubt of that.

There was legend in the lines of his weather beaten face,
Those eyes had seen a lot of changes in the Aussie race,
The passing of the horseman, the death of an ace,
Seems to me he's doubys, that we've turned a better page.

He sat there hillbilly pickin' on a cracked and battered Gibson
,
And the songs that he sang were all his,
Every song told a story and the more that I'd listen,
The more I realized this is where country is.

He sang of mobs of cattle moving down the Birdsville track,
And the camels carting wool in the early days outback,
He sang of wild eyed scrubbers ridin' flat out in the night,
Tryin' to ring the mob, 'cause lightning's quick to fright.

And he sang loudly and proudly of our pioneering ladies
And I suspect that one such lass was his.
Home in this early frontier country, was lonely dirt floor Hump
hrey,
No doubt about it, this man knows where country is.

His songs told how they did it and I felt a sense of shame,
And I wondered if the battler would ever be again,
His pride for his country rang true in every song,
And I wondered, if the chips were down, I would be as strong.

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And the songs that he sang were all his,
Every song told a story and the more that I'd listen,
The more I realized this is where country is.

Yes mate, we're so far from the city here.
You know what - this is where country is,
dust storms, flies...