

Whoa Bullocks Whoa

Slim Dusty

Whoa Bullocks, whoa there.

Singing Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks
whoa,
Bringing in the gidgee for they're itching for to go,
Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks whoa,
Hold up the lead, keep them moving nice and slow.

They're a wild touchy mob from the gulf country run,
And they'll give us lots of action 'ere this roving
trip is done,
Each time they make a break, there's a call for
reckless speed,
To hold back the scrubbers racing madly in the lead.
Singing Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks
whoa,
Hold up the lead, keep them moving nice and slow.

When we counted out the yard, there were two thousand
head
Two thousand bullocks all Gulf country bred,
A hundred miles behind us and a thousand more to go,
'Til we truck 'em at the border where the Darling River
flows.
Singing Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks
whoa,
Hold up the lead, keep them moving nice and slow.

There's not too many left of the old droving school,
And these Gulf country cattle can't be handled by a
fool,
So give 'em room to spread boys and let 'em feed along,
And hold up the lead boys if anything goes wrong.
With your Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks
whoa,
Hold up the lead, keep them moving nice and slow.

There's a long drive ahead, 'fore we hit the final
town,
And the boss drover's worries can really get him down,
You watch 'em on the nightcamp when they're ready for
to leap,
Why they've even got me watching and a-droving in my
sleep.
Singing Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks
whoa,
Bringing in the gidgee for they're itching for to go,
Whoa Bullocks, whoa bullocks, whoa bullocks whoa,
Hold up the lead, keep them moving nice and slow.
Moving Nice and slow,
Moving Nice and slow.

Whoa Bullocks, whoa there you bullocks.