

# Slim Dusty, By A Fire Of Gidgee Coal

By a warm electric heater and a softly padded chair  
In a loungeroom brightly lighted by a glowing chandelier  
Since my early days of drovin' the years have taken toll  
But I somehow miss my swag wrap by a fire of Gidgee coal

When I wake from sleep each morning and I ring the bedside bell  
The maid brings in my breakfast and she fills my pipe as well  
There are cakes and sweetened coffee on a tray of sparkling gold  
But I miss black tea and damper by a fire of Gidgee coal

I am driven' out each evening by a chauffer spruce and neat  
Through the flowered parks and gardens and the crowded city streets  
But I drift back through the ages while the big car softly rolls  
To a stock route and a wagonette and a fire of Gidgee coal

I attend all social parties in the rich parts of the town  
Drinking wine from fancy glasses as the waiters go their rounds  
But I'd rather share a bottle with those drovin' mates of old  
In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal  
In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal