

# Slim Dusty, Gum Trees By The Roadway

Tonight here by the roadside  
I've been drivin' hard all day  
Dreamin' of the old folks  
And a homestead o'er the way

In dreams I see the old place  
I'll be there within a week  
Where there's gum trees by the roadway  
And the willows by the creek

I see the homestead cattle  
As around the place they roam  
The old man with the horses  
On the fields of gold alone

And mother in the doorway  
Just to make this scene complete  
With gum trees by the roadway  
And the willows by the creek

Oh I'd like to tell my story  
In a simple kind of way  
It happened to many hundreds  
In this war-torn world today

I heard the call for duty  
So I donned the khaki suit  
And I marched 'way from the gumtrees  
And the willows by the creek

But when you land in trouble  
And you're placed behind those bars  
That's when you start thinking  
Of the country moon and stars

And when at last they free you  
And you step out on the street  
Nothing then could hold you  
From the homestead by the creek

That's why tonight I'm standing  
By this cheery roadside fire  
Takin' in the country  
Underneath the summer stars

And from now on you will find me  
Where the air is fresh and sweet  
Where forever there'll be gum trees  
And the willows by the creek