

John Williamson, A Country Balladeer

Will you ever stop singing Chad, old mate
Do you think you might retire
Lie right back in grandpa's chair
In front of the open fire
When you reach the 70's, Chad
I thought that might be it
You're just like a young bloke
Champing at the bit

I'll never retire John, old mate
This stage I'll never leave
I'll push out another song, old mate
As long as I can breathe
As long as there's a sunrise
I'll always tune me throat
As long as the fish are biting, mate
I'll never leave the boat

Ah that's what it's like to be a Country Balladeer
It'll never up and leave you lonely
There's nothing new about it
It's like old Uluru
So don't you go changing, mate
I'll thump you if you do

Do you think you'll drop the guitar, John
Leave it in the case
Head into the hills and disappear without a trace
If you reach a hundred albums, mate
They'll tell you that's enough
No you'll be just the same as me
And I don't give a stuff

You've hit the nail on the head, Chad
You've got me to a tee
I'm part of the guitar
And it's a part of me
No matter where I go, Chad
I've got it in the ute
Call me one-track minded
I don't give a hoot