

# Lee Kernaghan, The Way It Is

its a plume of dust down an old dirt road  
and hanging off the rails at the rodeo  
a back verandah with creaking boards  
and the dark range of a thunderstorm  
its the stockmans bar at an old bush pub  
and chasing mickey's though the scrub  
its planting seeds and praying for rain  
and the red dust runing through your veins

## CHORUS:

its the way it is, its the way it goes  
when my wheels hit the gravel road it feels like home  
its the way of life, its the life i live  
and im right where i want to be  
thats the way it is

its a corrugated iron shed  
and work boots on a backdoor step  
scones in the oven and preserves in jars  
talking prces at the saleyards  
its long straight roads and one horse towns  
and sheep dogs bringing the mob around  
its she'll be right and having a go  
its good on ya mate and what do ya know?

## REPEAT CHROUS

its the eerie still in the grey of dawn  
feilds of wheat and rows of corn  
a rusty tank and flaking paint  
a weary digger on ANZAC day  
its the dreamtime land and uluru  
aborigine didgeridoo  
its batterd hats and calloused hands  
the spirit of a hard won land

## REPEAT CHORUS