Redgum, Peter The Cabby

Peter's a cabby on Adelaide roads
And in five o'clock traffic that's a hard road to hoe
Hunts for his family in a Holden with a two-way and meter
And there's no air conditioning where he plies his trade
On the green plate stand by the Rundle Arcade
Sits and he waits for the privilege of driving you home

And there's no Mr. Muzak in the front of his cab
Just a crackling voice dog-eared roadmap
And a torch and a biro sliding around on the dash
And your life's in his hand when they're gripped on the wheel
The water pump rattles and the Michelins squeal
He's been driving for years sometimes it feels like forever

And knows very well your city of gardens
He'll take you from town drop you at Marsden
Peak hour: five minutes, if you think that's easy just try it
He can change a flat tire in three minutes flat
Lubes his own car lying flat on his back
Tunes up his motor with a timing light in his ear

Oh you could be at Woodville, you could be at Stirling
Sun may be burning, fog may be swirling
But Peter's still driving all down that endless white line
Could be the morning, midday or midnight
He'll sell you a ride, his yellow roof light
Till a drag operator gives him a job to go home