

Slim Dusty, Indian Pacific

From coast to coast by night and day, hear the clickin' of the wheels
The hummin' of the diesel, of her ribbons of steel
Carryin' the memories of a nation built by hand
See the Indian Pacific span the land

She's the pride of all the railway men 'cross country where she flies
From blue Pacific waters to where the mountains rise
By lakes and wide brown rivers, through desert country dry
See the Indian Pacific passin' by

Oh the Indian Pacific she goes rollin' down the track
Five thousand miles to travel before she's there and back
Beside the line, a drover waves his battered old grey hat
And kids are catchin' yabbies down by the river flat
And a woman hangs her washing in a backyard near the line
As the Indian Pacific's rollin' by

Hear the whistle blowin' lonely 'neath the Nullabor star light
Salutin' those who walk across the track she romps tonight
Callin' to the railway camp and the fitters on the line
I'm the Indian Pacific, right on time

From the silver of the Broken Hill to old Kalgoorlie gold
She mirrors all the colours of the land so hot and old
Then the western clouds are blooming and the air is just like wine
And the Indian Pacific's makin' time

Oh the Indian Pacific she goes rollin' down the track
Five thousand miles to travel before she's there and back
From the waters of the western sea to the eastern ocean sand
The Indian Pacific spans the land
Oh the Indian Pacific spans the land