

Slim Dusty, Road Train Blues

Another day is dawning, out on the lonely plain,
here am I a'drovin' on the big beef train,
there's drivers there before me, some behind me too,
just like me I know they've got the road train blues.
You drive all night and listen to the engine groan,
with lots of time to think about the folks back home,
I've always been a wanderer, got these ramblin' shoes,
guess that I was born to know the road train blues.
I better stop and get out, careful check to make,
I hope there's nothing going or about to break,
no time to boil a billie, got no time to lose,
gotta keep a rollin' with my road train blues.
You drive all night and listen to the engine groan,
with lots of time to think about the folks back home,
I've always been a wanderer, got these ramblin' shoes,
guess that I was born to know the road train blues.
I'll bet in every wagon, there's a beast that's down,
you've got to get him on his feet and turned around,
you sweat and curse and struggle, get knocked about and bruised,
your temper's getting shorter with the road train blues,
You drive all night and listen to the engine groan,
with lots of time to think about the folks back home,
I've always been a wanderer, got these ramblin' shoes,
guess that I was born to know the road train blues.
your eyes are nearly blinded by the red bulldust
I hope there's nothing going or about to bust,
tourist buses passing, on a pleasure cruise,
they wave and seem to mock your rollin' road train blues.
You drive all night and listen to the engine groan,
with lots of time to think about the folks back home,
I've always been a wanderer, got these ramblin' shoes,
guess that I was born to know the road train blues.
I guess that I was born to know the road..... train.... blues.