

Slim Dusty, The Whispering Bush

'Neath the trees out there, 'neath the trees out there
Out there, ooh-ooh-ooh
In the early days (in the early days), in the search for gold (in search for gold)
When the fever seeks (when the fever seeks), men's very soul (men's very soul)
In an endless stream from everywhere, they searched for gold out there
And now they sleep there endlessly
And the whispering bush their secrets keep
Where no one knows and no one sees
Their bleaching bones lie 'neath the trees
Ooh-ooh-ooh
One reckless youth (one reckless youth), and a miner old (and a miner old)
They found the vein (they found the vein), so rich in gold (so rich in gold)
But the young one schemed and wouldn't share, he left the old man out there
And now they sleep there endlessly
And the whispering bush their secrets keep
Where no one knows and no one sees
Their bleaching bones lie 'neath the trees
'Neath the trees out there, 'neath the trees out there, out there, out there