

# Troy Cassar-Daley, Born To Survive

There's an old John Deer underneath a tree  
500 acres my dad and me  
Worked this land until we hurt  
Try'n to make a livin' outa' plain old dirt  
Well he never said nothin' when mumma left  
just kept his feelings to himself  
His pride was hurt his heart was broke  
He sits and he rolls another smoke 'n says  
"SON this is all I know, and I guess it goes to show"  
he said!

Chorus

We were born to survive outback life  
generations of toil and strife  
We don't know any other way  
When the sun beats down so damn hard  
and it's 40 degrees in the holdin' yards  
Got a 303 and 4 wheel drive  
Livin' out here we're born to survive (born to survive)

Well a friend of mine named Willie Grace  
held an auction at his old place  
The crowd gathered at quarter to three  
and walked away with his memories, but  
something keeps him hangin' on, even when all hope was gone  
he said

Chorus / solo / Chorus