

Woman On the Land

John Williamson

Shes my mother, she's my aunty, she is many that I've known
The backbone of the bush, where country kids have grown
She's raised and she's nurtured those children of her own

While her man does his battles on the landAnd he comes in from the shearing, still aching in the back
The kids are finally tucked away, her days are never slack
But she makes it look so easy, as she cooks him up a storm

That unselfish, unsung hero of the land.She's keeping books, she's nursing, raising money for the town,
She's the last one standing, when all is falling down,
Ferocious as a tiger to defend her little clan,
My hero the woman on the land.

So I propose a toast, to the mothers that we know
Proud to be the better half, who really run the show
And if you shed a tear boys, I will understand

To our hero the woman on the landInstrumentalAnd he comes in from the harvest, a disappointing yield
He's tired and he's dusty, twelve hours in the field
And although her day's been difficult, she greets him with a smile
That unselfish, unsung hero of the land.
So I propose a toast, to the mothers that we know
Proud to be the better half, who really run the show
And if you shed a tear boys, I will understand

To our hero the woman on the landTo our hero, the woman on the land.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>