

# Humpin' My Bluey

John Williamson

by John Williamson Wouldn't you like to ride along a country road

I'll give you a gentle push

I swell with pride to see the countryside

When I wander aimlessly through the bush

'Cause that's where I get my music

And that's where I live my life

You can call me a jolly swagman if you like Call it humpin' my bluey, I reckon that's the style

So why don't you climb aboard with me, along the road a while Been workin' in the big smoke, singin' at the  
pub

I talk to people everywhere - they still love the scrub

Longing for a piece of land and the Eucalyptus air

So why don't you come with me, I'll take you there Maybe we'll find a shack somewhere

Plant an avocado tree

With fences only to keep out the cows

Share a dream with me I've spent some time in your town, at every waterhole

'Cause I must drink a big brown land to quench a thirsty soul

From W.A along the Nullabor and north to the black soil plains

Through cattle, sheep and hills of golden grain

The snow on Kosciusko

My friends in the Territory

Springtime in Tasmania, it all belongs to me

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