

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 deep 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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