Birdsville

Russell Morris

V1: Well I'm sitting on the sack with a cat on my lap
When I heard the screen door slam
Next thing you know, she's driving down the road
Taking the Combi Van
Cried me a river, Cried all night long
Let me know, not a glimmer of hope
And I'm out of this dump I'm gone
(chorus) Stick your honey-moon shack
They don't call this living out here at the back of the Birdsville track
V2: Well I've never been driven when it comes to women
They always get the better of me
Stockman at best, well I come from the West
They always turn around and leave
Tired of living, swallowing dust and sand and flies
Don't take long to do the city and run
To find a sophisticated guy
(chorus) Stick your honey-moon shack
They don't call this living out here at the back of the Birdsville track
(bridge) Well I mailed my letter from a general store
And an answer did come back
Some sweetest thing you ever,ever seen, sent her photograph Well I found her in the lonely hearts of a country magazine
Good things come to those who wait
Better never, taking it ease..(solo)
V3: One of these days, I'll find me a babe, that loves this out-back life
And this one that's coming could be the woman
And maybe she's just right
Tired in the desert, we'll be counting all the stars
Holding me tight, all through the night
It never would be so hard
(chorus) Love that honey-moon shack.
We'll call this living out here at the back of the Birdsville trackX4

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