

Spirit Of The Bush

Steve Forde

He's staring down the barrel
Of another desperate day
Pulls on his boots
He can't walk away

He's running on empty
He's knocked about and bent
But he'll still be standing
When the river runs again

Is the spirit in the rock?
Or pass the hat around
Is it freedom on the Wallaby?
Or a dusty patch of ground
Is it waltzing Matilda?
Or a hand upon your shoulder
Is this, the spirit of the bush?

She stares at empty cupboards
Just like the day before
It's been so long
She can't take it anymore

But she digs a little deeper
And somehow finds the strength
She keeps believeing
There will be better days ahead Chorus

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Or pass the hat around
Is it freedom on the Wallaby?
Or a dusty patch of ground
Is it waltzing Matilda?
Or a hand upon your shoulder
Is this, the spirit of the bush?

Was it there when young Ned Kelly
Stood up for those oppressed

Or when the brave young ANZACS

Put their courage to the test

Or is it out there with the battler
When he gives it one last try

Through the darkest moments
You see the spirit shine

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written by BUCHANAN, COLIN / KERNAGHAN, LEE RAYMOND / PORTER, GARTH IVAN RICHARD
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