

# Cydi

## John Williamson

She walks like her old man, over active and thin  
She laughs at all the same things, that makes her father grin  
She's only 15, no brothers in her clan  
And her father calls her Cydi, his right hand man

She can drive a tractor, or curse a useless dog  
Shear a sheep, strain a fence or cut a nine foot log  
She was meant to be a boy, it didn't go to plan  
But her father loves his Cydi, his right hand man

But the boys in the town today are turning their heads  
Is that really Cydi, that tomboy kid of Ed's?  
She used to kick the footy, win every race we ran  
Ed knew the world was changing, for his right hand man

You won't find her in the kitchen, she won't make her bed  
She'd rather make a sheep grate with a welder in the shed  
Or just be out there in the bush doing what she can  
Just being with her father, his right hand man

And her mother takes her shopping, it's time she bought a dress  
Looking in the mirror, "Not bad" she must confess  
But I'd rather have that pair of jeans and boots if I can  
She's still her father's Cydi, his right hand man

And the boys in the town today are turning their heads  
Is that really Cydi, that tomboy kid of Ed's?  
She used to kick the footy, win every race we ran  
Ed knew the world was changing, for his right hand man

Yet her father loved his Cydi, his right hand man

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Lyrics submitted by Penny.

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