

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

Lyrics submitted by Penny.

Lyrics provided by
<https://damlyrics.com/>