

Forty Miles to Saturday Night

Paul Kelly

Well I rubbed the dirt all down
And I washed away six aching days
And my shoes all slick and spit
And my singlet fresh and my sideburns shaved
As I turn from the mirror
And I open my first beer since yesterday

Danny brings the Bedford round
A three-ton girl with a ten-foot tray
And she knows the way to town
So we kiss goodbye to two weeks' pay
Now the leaves are shaking
And the stars are all waking from the day

Big wheel turning (turning all night)
Big light burning (burning so bright)
Downright foolish but that's alright
It's only forty miles to Saturday night!

There's a place on Fortune Street
And a band down there called Gunga Din
And Joanne from Miner's Creek
She said that she'd be back again
She lives out on the station
And she works on my imagination

Big wheel turning (turning all night)
Big light burning (burning so bright)
Downright foolish but that's alright
It's only forty miles to Saturday night!