

A Bushman Can't Survive

John Williamson

A city girl is happy with her friends and family life
Appreciates a wine with him at night
She tries to find the sparkle, she searches but it's gone
With lots of love she hopes he'll be alright
Her man has gone all quiet he's not at ease
He doesn't feel at home he's hard to please
He gets itchy feet he's tired of noises in the street
He needs to walk for hours through the trees

No a bushman can't survive on city lights
Opera rock and roll and height of heights
His moon shines on the silver brigalow
Shimmers down the inland river flow
Out there where the yellow belly bites

He's working with his hands today on a building site
He can smell the Cypress on the floor
It takes him to a sandy ridge out amongst the pines
No shearin' no ploughin' anymore

His kelpie dog is tired and fast asleep
Sick of searchin' gardens for the sheep
His master doesn't whistle tunes he's not in the mood
His love for open spaces runs too deep

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He tries to please his woman the lady of his life
He's standing at a party with a plate
She finds him on the balcony staring at the moon
An old familiar face he can relate

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