

I Milk Cows

Lee Kernaghan

I milk cows, I grow spuds, I drive tractors, I fix pumps.
I plough dirt, I run stock, life's good, I thank God.

There's a shed out the back with a bench and a vice,
A motor pulled down and irrigation pipes.
When the pump won't pump, you strip it all down,
When the things won't go you figure it out.

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I'm up for the dawn, and off to the shed,
The herd comes in about 100 head.
They're all my mates, I call 'em by name,
There's Dolly and Daisy, Elvis and Jane.

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Will I get through the drought, I'm walkin in dust,
And in a big wet, im sinking in mud.
I learned from the best, I learned on the job,
I'm carrying on from where my father left off.

I milk cows, I grow spuds, I drive tractors, I fix pumps.
I plough dirt, I run stock, life's good, I thank God.
I clear scrub, I cut wood, I get dry, a beer's good.'
I like it here, I hate crowds, it's my life, I milk cows.