

# Rules of the Road

Lee Kernaghan

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 its gone  
with lots of love she hopes hell 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

Chorus:

no a bushman cant survive on city lights opera, rock  
and roll and party pies  
his moon shines on the silver Brigalow shimmers down  
the inland river flow  
out there where the yellow belly bite

He's working with his hands today on a building site  
he can smell the cypress on the floor takes him to a  
sandy ridge out amongst the pines  
No shearing no ploughing anymore  
His kelpie dog is tired and fast asleep tired of  
searching gardens for the sheep  
his master doesn't whistle tunes he's not in the mood  
His love for open spaces runs to deep

Chorus:

No a bushman cant survive on city lights opera, rock  
and roll and party pies  
his moon shines on the silver Brigalow shimmers down  
the inland river flow  
out there where the yellow belly bite

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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