

The Way It Is

Lee Kernaghan

It's a plume of dust down an old dirt road
And hanging off the rails at the rodeo
A back veranda with creaking boards
And the dark range of a thunderstorm
It's the stockman's bar at an old bush pub
And chasing mickey's though the scrub
It's planting seeds and praying for rain
And the red dust running through your veins

It's the way it is, it's the way it goes
When my wheels hit the gravel road it feels like home
It's the way of life, it's the life I live
And I'm right where I want to be
That's the way it is

It's a corrugated iron shed
And work boots on a backdoor step
Scones in the oven and preserves in jars
Talking prices at the sale yards
It's long straight roads and one horse towns
And sheep dogs bringing the mob around
It's she'll be right and having a go
It's good on ya mate and what do ya know?

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It's the eerie still in the grey of dawn
Fields of wheat and rows of corn
A rusty tank and flaking paint
A weary digger on ANZAC day
It's the dream time land and uluru
Aborigine didgeridoo
It's battered hats and calloused hands
The spirit of a hard won land

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