

42 Tyres

Slim Dusty

The lights of the city are fadin' tonight
The dogs and the chains and the tarps are all tight
My windshield and mirrors are shiny and clear
So watch the revs rise as I reach for top gear

Oh 42 tyres I hear your sweet song
The gauges are steady as I roll along
Tomorrow will find me another new day
And the west will be 42 tyres away

Hey taxman and scalies don't baulk me tonight
I've been on the bridge and my scales are right
No permit I need mines an interstate load
So give me a go at that old top end road

Hey 42 tyres I hear your sweet song
The gauges are steady as I roll along
Tomorrow will find me another new day
And the west will be 42 tyres away

Tourists beware of this big ring of mine
Caravanners keep to your side of the line
The wind in the tarp rope is music to me
I'm loaded at last and I sing for I'm free

Hey 42 tyres I hear your sweet song
The gauges are steady as I roll along
Tomorrow will find me another new day
And the west will be 42 tyres away