

## 5 A.m. Blues

Slim Dusty

Heavy load, close to home,  
Halfway home and here I'm yawning,  
And almost out of smokes, well just my luck,  
The old front spare's tired, engine's slippin,  
Dirty windshield wipers hissing,  
I'm sick and tired of drivin' this old truck,

Mist and fog in every hollow  
White lines gettin' hard to follow;  
Was it only yesterday I left our yard?  
Riggers left and reves are falling  
I'm bone tired and bed is calling  
Yet to change that gear is gettin' kind-a hard.  
Yes to change that gear is gettin' kind-a hard.

Camped a while near Yarrawonga,  
Wish I'd slept a little longer,  
For bad enough this spot when things are right,  
Corners wet, my trailer's drifting  
Bet those outside wheels are lifting  
I gotta watch those shoulders too tonight,

Highway signs are shinin' yellow,  
Diesel roads, smoke stakes bellow,  
And daylight finds me 'Close to Boggabri'  
Soon that roadhouse at the border,  
T-bone steak and eggs I'll order.

I think I'll make it in then if I try.  
I think I'll make it in then if I try.

Better stop and fill my page in,  
Just to stop that lawman ragin'  
He books us drivers every chance he gets,  
Empty overalls and jacket,  
Empty dashboard, where's that packet,  
Oh Hell now, seems I'm out of cigarettes.

Mist and fog in every hollow,  
White lines gettin' hard to follow;  
Was it only yesterday I left our yard?  
Camped a while near Yarrawonga,  
Wish I'd slept a little longer,

For steerin' thru this fog is gettin' hard  
Steerin' thru this fog is gettin' hard.  
Steerin' thru this fog is gettin' hard.