

By A Fire Of Gidgee Coal

Slim Dusty

By a warm electric heater and a softly padded chair
In a loungeroom brightly lighted by a glowing chandelier
Since my early days of drovin' the years have taken toll
But I somehow miss my swag wrap by a fire of Gidgee coal
When I wake from sleep each morning and I ring the bedside bell
The maid brings in my breakfast and she fills my pipe as well
There are cakes and sweetened coffee on a tray of sparkling gold
But I miss black tea and damper by a fire of Gidgee coal
I am driven' out each evening by a chauffer spruce and neat
Through the flowered parks and gardens and the crowded city streets
But I drift back through the ages while the big car softly rolls
To a stock route and a wagonette and a fire of Gidgee coal
I attend all social parties in the rich parts of the town
Drinking wine from fancy glasses as the waiters go their rounds
But I'd rather share a bottle with those drovin' mates of old
In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal
In a pair of dusty moleskins by a fire of Gidgee coal