

Trucks On The Track

Slim Dusty

Said the old working bullock to the draught horses mate
The yokes, chains and swingbars have gone out of date.
Just look at the dust clouds and smoke trailing back
Where once we pulled wagons, there's trucks on the track.
Trucks on the track.

There's seldom a bush road that's not felt the trail,
Of some big prime mover that leave us for dead.
Stiff shouldered and foot-sore our chains never slack
And our ticket for freedom, those trucks on the track.

Those broad smiling faces of the gear pushing men,
Is the trade mark of truckies that I recall when.
The face of the teamster turned purple and black.
With rage but he'd welcome these trucks on the track.

The draught horse replied as he shook his old mane,
Those days I've no yearning to see them again.
Old whips made of green hide that stung ribs and back,
Hang idle because of those trucks on the track.
Trucks on the track.

So just let us nibble this young tender grass.
We're both pensioned off and are silver and brass.
Way back though the ages a man hunt his pack,
Now they haul half the World those trucks on the track.

So spray out the bull dust the trucks must get through.
There's someone out back mate 'pending on you.
A yard of prime cattle, or a wool clip to stack.
The kings of the road, those trucks on the track.
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