

# John Williamson

## "Humpin' My Bluey"

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by John Williamson

Wouldn't you like to ride along a country road  
I'll give you a gentle push  
I swell with pride to see the countryside  
When I wander aimlessly through the bush  
'Cause that's where I get my music  
And that's where I live my life  
You can call me a jolly swagman if you like

Call it humpin' my bluey, I reckon that's the style  
So why don't you climb aboard with me, along the road  
a while

Been workin' in the big smoke, singin' at the pub  
I talk to people everywhere - they still love the scrub  
Longing for a piece of land and the Eucalyptus air  
So why don't you come with me, I'll take you there

Maybe we'll find a shack somewhere  
Plant an avocado tree  
With fences only to keep out the cows  
Share a dream with me

I've spent some time in your town, at every waterhole  
'Cause I must drink a big brown land to quench a thirsty  
soul  
From W.A along the Nullabor and north to the black soil  
plains  
Through cattle, sheep and hills of golden grain  
The snow on Kosciusko  
My friends in the Territory  
Springtime in Tasmania, it all belongs to me

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