

Slim

"By A Fire Of Gidgee Coal"

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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

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