

## Tangerine Dream

### "A Bushman Can't Survive"

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He sat by the door of the grand old Birdsville Pub  
His swag and gera was guarded by a faithful heeler  
dog  
He wore a shirt that would blind ya and a rumpled  
ringer's hat  
This old man was country, he left no doubt of that  
Well he sang of mobs of cattle moving down the  
Birdsville track  
And the camels carting wool in the early days outback  
He sang of wild eyed scrubbers runnin' flat out in the  
night  
Tryin' to ring the mob cause lightnin's quick to fright  
CHORUS  
He sat there hillbilly pickin' on a cracked and battered  
Gibson  
And the songs that he sang were all his  
Every song told a story and the more that I listened  
The more I realised this is where the country is  
Well his songs told how they did it and I felt a sense of  
shame  
And I wondered if the battler would ever be again  
His pride for his country rang true in every song  
And I wondered if the chips were down if I would be as  
strong  
CHORUS

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