

FAR AWAY

(Neil Murray/Andrew Travers)

It was a '65 Ford Falcon ute that we took to go up north
And I burnt my right arm drivin' 'cross the desert
But it was better than a package tour
Or a picnic at The Rock
For we had to see the country for ourselves

Far away, beyond the Queensland border
Far away, towards that western sky
Well if I ever take you out to a dusty northern town
Kiss good-bye your former life

I was in Alice for a day
But I didn't ever want to stay
'Cause to me it's just become a tourist town
I'd rather head off way outback
Where the road becomes a track
And your car's the only thing to let you down

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Take it away. . . .
Oh yeah. . . .

Every man needs a job to earn his weekly bob
But it doesn't mean he has to be, be tied down
If he can live out in the scrub
In the country that he loves
He may never feel the need
To come to town

Well can you drive me for a while
'Cause my eyes are a-getting' tired
And the lights upon the hill make it hard to see
Just-a leave the window down
I know we'll never go back down south
'Cause there's a thousand insect voices a-callin' me

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