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THE HEART OF THE LAND

Well, the long day has ended with it's toil and it's sweat
He sits on the verandah in the fading sunset
And has a cold beer as the light dies away
For a hard-workin' man, the best time of the day.

Chorus:

He's the heart of the land, this tired dusty man
Though he'd laugh if you said so, claim to be nothing grand
Just a battler surviving as best as he can
But this land's in his heart, and he's the heart of this land.

And he thinks of the day and the work that's been done
And of tomorrow, the toil still to come
He'll be up and workin' before the sunrise
Here on the farm you don't work nine to five

Now he's seen some hard times, but he got by somehow
And he's been through too much to give it up now
Though he's not one for wearin' his heart on his sleeve
You know he'd rather die than pack up and leave.

For this is his country, by blood and by birth
To him there's no finer place on this earth
And though pastures of plenty he might never see
He knows who he is, and where he wants to be.