

Salt of the Earth

Lyrics & Music by Jon Davis © 2016

"That's my home" she said on our first date as we drove into the Mallee scrub
It was a run-down shack on the side of the road but a mansion full of love
A suburban boy with no idea I just laughed to myself at first
Then I realised she was fair dinkum and her old man was the salt of the Earth

He had furry, old grey sideburns and leathery, rough old hands
He and his 'Mrs' raised 10 kids there, while working on the land
On the block was a little grey Fergie, just as trusty as the day it was made
And he'd toil that red soil from dawn 'til dusk and that was his only trade

*Life's not about where you come from or the money that you made
The richest man in the world will still be poor on judgement day
It's a special kind of feeling when a man knows his worth
So, I'll drink to you, I'll drink to me and I'll drink to The Salt of The Earth*

He had an old Akubra on his head and a smile upon his face
I hadn't yet learned to say thank you but at every meal he said Grace
They didn't have a lot to give but they had plenty to share
And when 'the old girl' got to cooking, her best china was left bare

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Then came his day of reckoning; at his funeral they played 'True Blue'
He was no big, fancy businessman but the whole bloody district knew
Everything was closed that day, people came from all around
And the last thing I saw was his smelly old hat on his box lowered into the ground

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*One for you ... One for me ...
And here's to The Salt of The Earth ...*