Now I'm Easy

\[ D \quad D7 \quad G \]
For nearly sixty years, I've been a cockey.

\[ D \quad A7 \]
Of droughts and fires and floods, I've lived through plenty.

\[ D \quad D7 \quad G \quad D \]
This country's dust and mud, have seen my tears and blood -

\[ A7 \quad G \quad D \]
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

I married a fine girl when I was twenty;  
She died in giving birth when she was thirty.  
No Flying Doctor then, just a gentle old black gin -  
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

She left me with two sons and a daughter,  
And a bone-dry farm whose soil cried out for water.  
Though my care was rough and ready, they grew up fine and steady -  
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

My daughter married young, and went her own way;  
My sons lie buried by the Burma Railway.  
So on this land I've made my own, I've carried on alone -  
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

Oh, city folks these days despise the cockey,  
Saying, with subsidies and dole we've had it easy.  
But there's no drought or starving stock, on your sewered suburban block -  
But it's nearly over now, and now I'm easy.

(Repeat first verse)