

# Traditional & Folk Songs with lyrics & midi music

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### Now I'm Easy

Now I'm Easy  
(Eric Bogle)

For nearly sixty years I've been a cocky,  
Of drought and fires and floods I've lived through plenty;  
This country's dust and mud have seen my tears and blood,  
But it's nearly over now, now I'm easy.

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

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

City folks these days despise the cocky.  
Say with subsidies and all we've had it easy.  
But there's no drought or starving stock  
On a sewerred suburban plot  
But it's nearly over now, now I'm easy.  
Yes, it's nearly over now, now I'm easy.

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