

One Of These Days

Words and Music: Pat and Carol Drummond

For Peter and 'Socks'

Dateline Breeza, N.S.W.

Some of us set out our careers according to a grand plan; others simply drift; carried on the tides of opportunity and the economic cycles. I had a conversation with a young man in Breeza who spoke to me of the limited possibilities that rural life held for him. I often wonder if he ever got that car.

I live in the white fibro house on the ridge
overlooking Breeza Bridge.

There wasn't much here for us when we were kids
and there's little more now for a man.

My little dog, Socks, is eleven years old
but bright as a button; does just what she's told.

I take her down to the swimming hole
and tell her about my plans.

Chorus: One of these days I'm gonna buy me a real good car.

One I can rely on that won't fall apart;
take it up north where the dollars are;
drive over that bridge and away.

One of these days, one of these days, one of these days.

I turn my hand to most any old thing.
I was chipping cotton but work's getting thin.
I guess you could say I'm a bit short of tin
but it won't always be that way.

Chorus:

**Saturday night with a few dozen tins
I go down to the river with a few of my friends;
make boats from the empties and roll them in;
watch them sail away.
One of these days, one of these days, one of these days.**

**We listen to Hoedown on 2TM;
about people and places that we've never been.
I hear Mum singing after I turn in
that song that she sings to herself.**

Chorus: