

**Born To Survive**  
**Troy Cassar-Daley**

[INTRO] [F#m] [A] [Dadd9] [F#m] [A] [Dadd9]  
There s an [F#m] old John Deere under [A] neath a tree  
[Dadd9] 500 acres, my dad and me [F#m] worked this land [A] until we hurt  
[Dadd9] Trying to make a living out of plain old dirt [F#m] [A] [Dadd9]

Well he [F#m] didn t say nothin when [A] momma left  
[Dadd9] just kept his feelings to himself  
His [F#m] pride was hurt, his [A] heart was broke  
he [Dadd9] sits and he rolls another smoke  
Said [E] Son, this is all I [D] know [E] and I guess it goes to [D] show.. He  
[Esus] said

[CHORUS]  
We were [A] born to survive [E] outback life, [Bm] generations of [D] toil and  
strife  
[A] We don t [E] know any other [D] way  
When the [A] sun beats down [E] so damn hard  
It s [Bm] 40 degrees in the [D] holding yard  
Got a [A] 303 and [E] four wheel drive  
Livin out here we were born to survive... born to survive

Well a [F#m] friend of mine named [A] Willy Grace  
[Dadd9] held an auction at his old place  
The [F#m] crowd gathered at a [A] quarter to three  
And [Dadd9] walked away with his memories  
But [E] something keeps him hanging [A] on, [E] even when all hope is [D] gone  
he d say... [Repeat CHORUS] [E] [D] [E] [D] [E] [INSTRUMENTAL]  
[Repeat CHORUS] [F#m] [A] [Dadd9] [F#m] [A] [Dadd9] [F#m]  
[INSTRUMENTAL]