

Days of Old Khancoban

Lee Kernaghan

I'm sitting here with memories
Reading letters from old friends
Dreaming I am back with those pals of mine
In the good times once again
I see the mountain trail
We used to ride
The Murray river flowing
Where once stood the homestead of my youth
In the days of old Khancoban
Memories, sweet memories
Of the days when we were younger
We'd ride a hundred miles for a lady's smile
To a dance at Tumberumba

I hear the haunting strains of
Hobble chains and bells on cattle roamin'
As down the Toolong track I ride
Going home to old Khancoban
Hoof beats echo down the range
From brumbies on the run
White faced cattle string along
through mist and morning sun
Where the Geehi river meets the Murray
With the song that never ends
Like the everlasting mateship there
In the handshake of a friend

Memories sweet memories
Of the songs we sang together
We were mustering then with the best of men
And shared their saddle leather
What a welcome sight
When we were riding back
To the homestead fire glowin'
Through the dark of the night
To see that guiding light
Of home in old Khancoban
Through the dark of the night
To see that guiding light
Of home in old Khancoban