Drover's Ballad

From the sunburnt plains of far off north Australia Came a fella born to ride the wide brown land Oh he grew up running wild But soon by all was styled As the country's greatest ever droving man

Oh his legend rode the winds from Broome to Darwin They loved and loathed him right from end to end When the drover gave his heart To a girl whose skin was dark From that day on he was no white-man's friend

So goes The Drover's story, you'll hear it near and far And in the end it's all he'll ever own. It says the outcast is a free man If he sleeps under the stars Makes the blanket of the southern skies his home

Then they called him up to fight for Mother England In a far off war that spilled his brother's blood Inside the jaw's of hell Where both his brother's fell He just watched his faith in man die in the mud

There was no hero's welcome for The Drover Just a country that had turned its back on him When he came home from the war His sick wife, they would not cure They let her die, for the colour of his skin

So goes The Drover's story, you'll hear it near and far...

The Drover is a man of constant shadows Haunted by his pain, his past and name For every mile he rides What he cannot hide, Is the longing in his heart to love again

So goes The Drover's story, you'll hear it near and far...

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