

Drover's Ballad

Elton John

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...