

# Prettiest Girl In The Kimberley

John Williamson

Where is the glory when war is won  
A man hits the bottle and belts his son  
So I ran away to the Cattle Run  
Where I learned to fight and swallow rum  
And I learned to go barefoot you see  
Just like an Aborigine  
For one of their tribe belonged to me  
The Prettiest Girl in the Kimberley

Oooh...

But I could not marry the girl I adore  
Black and white was against the law  
They chain you up to a Boab Tree  
For kissing an Aborigine

But a ringer's heart is immune to pain  
A bull rips your leg and you carry on  
You clench your teeth and you cry alone  
And ride for a week till the poison's gone

Oooh...

But me and my dog we're not alone  
The Pension provides us with beef and a bone  
I've given up drifting and drinking rum  
We're up and about before the sun

And I can still quarter a beast in a dash  
Have your freezer full of spare ribs in a flash  
And I still dream of the one for me  
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Oooh...

Yes I still dream of the one for me  
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