

High Country

Lee Kernaghan

Honey pack your bags, grab your old blue jeans
We're gonna go fishin' in a mountain stream
Well I know a little shack way up in the hills
Twenty five miles from Harrietville
In the high country

Honey you should see all the stars up there
They shine so bright through the cold night air
I'm gonna build you a fire that'll burn real hot
And I'll stay with you at the old camp hut
In the high country

I've got my four-wheel drive and I'm ready to roll
I wanna go flyin' up an old dirt road
Up in the hills where the brumbies roam
This land must be surely be God's own
In the high country, in the high country

In the drought of 1882
The Maddisons brought the cattle through
From Mountain Creek to the Staircase Spur
We'll follow the tracks where they pushed the herd
Up to the high country

I've got my four-wheel drive and I'm ready to roll
I wanna go flyin' up an old dirt road
Up in the hills where the snow gums stand You can see forever across
this land
In the high country
High country that's where I wanna be
Walkin' with you by a mountain stream
High country that's where I wanna go
Got my bags packed, I'm ready to roll

I've got my four-wheel drive and I'm ready to roll
I wanna go flying 'up an old dirt road
Up in the hills where the snow gums stand
You can see forever across this land

I'm headin' for the high country
Headin' for the high country
I'm headin' for the high country
That's where I wanna go, high country
Got my bags packed, I'm ready to roll
Up to the high country
Headin' for the high country
Headin' for the high country
Headin' for the high country
High country
High country