

Pass the Bottle 'Round

Lee Kernaghan

The sparks flew ever upwards from the glowing gidgee log
Patty scraped his plate and threw the scraps over to the dogs
The crackling campfire flickered as the lads rolled out their s
wags

Then Clarry pulled a bottle from his beaten saddlebag

It was out towards the border on a western cattle run
They were roundin' up the scrubbers one last time
And they talked about the old days as the coals were burning do
wn

Memories that grow fonder as they'd pass the bottle 'round

Henry told a story when his old mate Bill got drunk
How he picked some toey shearers outside the Birdsville Pub
And he raised another chuckle when he told as he stepped in
Old Bill let loose a blinder and he copped it on the chin

It was out towards the border on a western cattle run
They were roundin' up the scrubbers one last time
And they talked about the old days as the coals were burning do
wn

Memories that grow fonder as they'd pass the bottle 'round

Patty stared into the embers and quietly he spoke
Of the night when out near Walgett, the Barwon River broke
And his kelpie he was stranded on the other side
When he tried to reach old Patty he was taken by the tide

It was out towards the border on a western cattle run
They were roundin' up those scrubbers one last time
And they talked about the old days as the coals were burning do
wn

Memories that grow fonder as they'd pass the bottle 'round

It was out towards the border on a western cattle run
They were roundin' up those scrubbers one last time
And they talked about the old days as the coals were burning do
wn

Memories that grow fonder as they'd pass the bottle 'round