

She Waits By The Sliprails

Lee Kernaghan

So you rode from the range where your brothers select
Through the ghostly grey bush in the dawn
You rode slowly at first, lest her heart should suspect
That you were so glad to be gone

You had scarcely the courage to glance back at her
By the homestead receding from view
And you breathed with relief as you rounded the spur
For the world was a wide world to you

Grey eyes that grow sadder than sunset or rain
Fond heart that is evermore true
Firm faith that grows firmer for watching in vain
She waits by the sliprails for you

Well the world is a new and a wide one to you
But the world to your sweetheart is shut
For a change never comes to those lonely homes
Of the stockyard, the scrub, and the hut

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Fond heart that is evermore true
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Yes She waits by the sliprails for you