

# Tenterfield Saddler

Peter Allen

The late George Woolnough worked on High Street  
And lived on Manners  
Fifty-two years, he sat on his veranda and made his saddles  
And if you had questions about sheep

Or flowers or dogs  
You just ask the saddler  
He lived without sin  
They're building a library for him

Time is a traveller  
Tenterfield saddler, turn your head  
Ride again, Jackaroo  
Think I see kangaroo up ahead

The son of George Woolnough went off and got married  
And had a war baby  
But something was wrong  
And it's easier to drink than go crazy

And if there were questions about why the end was so sad  
Well, George had no answers about why a son  
Ever has need of a gun

Time is a traveller  
Tenterfield saddler, turn your head  
Ride again, Jackaroo  
Think I see kangaroo up ahead

Grandson of George has been all around the world  
And lives in no special place  
Changed his last name and he married a girl  
With an interesting face

He'd almost forgotten them both  
Because in the life that he leads  
There's nowhere for George and his library or the son with his gun  
To belong except in this song

Time is a traveller  
Tenterfield saddler, turn your head  
Ride again, Jackaroo  
Think I see kangaroo up ahead

Oh, time is a meddler  
Tenterfield saddler, make your bed  
Fly away cockatoo  
Down on the ground emu up ahead

Time is a tale teller  
Tenterfield saddler, turn your head  
Ride again, Jackaroo  
Think I see kangaroo up ahead

Oh, time is a tale teller  
Tenterfield saddler, make your bed  
Fly away cockatoo

Down on the ground emu up ahead