

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 then 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 no special place
Changed his last name and he married a girl
With a 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