

# Tenterfield Saddler

Rick Price

The late George Woolnough  
Worked on High Street and lived on Manners  
Fifty two years he sat on his verandah  
And made his saddles  
And if you had questions about sheep, or flowers or dogs  
You'd just ask the saddler, who 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 way baby  
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

The Grandson of George has been all round 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  
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 traveller, Tenterfield Saddler