

## Another Night In Broome

Slim Dusty

I sit at night beneath the stars, where gentle breezes  
blow,  
Or stroll around that part of town, where magic  
lanterns glow,  
An old beer garden comes to life, the crowd begins to  
sway,  
I'm waitin' for a friend of mine, who had to go away.  
And somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,  
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in  
Broome.

I turn my back on station life and headed for the sea,  
Where fishing boats and travellers made ancient  
mystery,  
And island traders wander by, there's java in the air,  
And music drifting through the trees, could be miles  
from anywhere,  
But if somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,  
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in  
Broome.

I watched the silver water fade and catch the setting  
sun,  
Out where the dreaming spirits whispers songs for  
everyone,  
Then an old red ute goes rolling by, headin' for the  
plain,  
Going to meet a friend of mine, who's coming home  
again;  
But if somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,  
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in  
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Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in  
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