

Condamine Horse Bell

Slim Dusty

Now I've met mates who have been around,
To different states and many towns
I've sat and listened to the tales they have to tell
But my world ends at the boundary gate,
A horse and dog are my only mates
And I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell

No I wouldn't change places with any of you,
And I'm never troubled with the lovesick blues
And I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell

[Instrumental]

Well I carry my gear on my old packhorse;
Make my camp by the watercourse
As the full moon rises I love the dingoes yell
Oh with the tall trees sighin' in the lazy breeze
I go to sleep with my mind at ease
Till I wake to the ring of the Condamine horse bell

No I wouldn't change places with any of you,
And I'm never troubled with the lovesick blues
And I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell

[Instrumental]

When the sun is shinin' like a ball of flame,
Heatwaves dancin' on the hazy plain
I boil my old quartpot and have a spell
As I jog along I love to sing
A happy song to the jingle and ring
Of the hobbles chains and the Condamine horse bell

No I wouldn't change places with any of you,
And I'm never troubled with the lovesick blues
And I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell

No I wouldn't change places with any of you,
And I'm never troubled with the lovesick blues
And I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell
Yes I sing to the ring of the Condamine horse bell