

D Towards The Head

Slim Dusty

In the drawer of my desk I found a paper,
Of the transfer of my old man's cattle brand,
A description of the brand was written down there,
And I held a lot of memories in my hand.
Memories of the branding yards and fire,
And the words of what my father always said,
"Why don't you get a move on, get that iron really hot,
And don't forget mate, D towards the head."

Our brand was D K in a bracket
Oh, I don't think that I ever could forget,
The bawlin' of the cattle and the barkin' of the dogs,
Would you believe that I can hear them yet.
It's been many years since last I held the iron,
I think it's lyin' out there in the shed,
I'd only have to find it and I would hear again,
"Don't forget mate, D towards the head."

Oh, the old D K and bracket I remember,
It marked our cattle up on Nulla Creek,
And later on the homewood bullock spore it
Goin' to the sales at Gippsland Beef.
Oh, it won't be used again until my son goes,
And takes that branding iron from the shed,
And I'll be right behind him just like ol' Davey Kurt
Saying, "Don't forget mate, D towards the head."
Oh Yeah, saying, "Don't forget mate, D towards the head."
Now don't forget mate, D towards the head.
Now don't forget mate, D towards the head." [Fade out]