

## Dreaming

Slim Dusty

Last night I dreamed of my old mate, the dream was earthly real  
The scene was set in a musterer's camp somewhere near Camooweal  
He rode a horse of silver grey with stockwhip quickly coiled  
"G'day old mate," he said to me, "I see the billy's boiled."

Oh I've rode tonight from far away, it's great to see you mate  
I saw your fire through the Milky Way when I came through the golden gate  
The boss up there is a decent bloke, he treats us all real fine  
At the biggest stock camp of them all and the sun has a special shine

No droughts prevail, no dust storms blow, the grass is green and high  
And saddened hearts are never known or a sight brings a tear to your eye  
Up there a man don't prove his worth, his fortunes or his lot  
He takes us all on equal terms and a man is not forgot

He wore the same lopsided smile and the ol' black hat was there  
Slanted sideways on a crown of thick black curly hair  
He gazed about at the sleeping men and the camp gear on the ground  
And joined in with an old bush song, as the night watch rode around

We drifted back through childhood days and shared each other's grief  
Realized so quickly now how life can be so brief  
When we are born, we start to die, it's He who calls the tune  
And when He called you home ol' mate, He called you much too soon

Oh the dream I had of you ol' mate forever will remain  
To me you are my earthly loss, for Him you're heaven's gain  
As I stand beside your earthen mound, no words can quite express  
Just how I feel, but mem'ries mate, to me are heaven blessed

So long mate, 'til we meet again, rest in perfect peace  
You're mem'ries locked inside my heart, my thoughts will never cease  
I know you cannot answer mate, but to me it always seems  
We can live a part of life again, even though it's in our dreams