

Ghosts Of The Golden Mile

Slim Dusty

On the west Australian goldfields down Kalgoorlie
streets so wide
I walked one night and felt as though the past was by
my side
The city lights were fading and as I stood awhile
A thousand candles seemed to shine across the golden
mile

The clutter of a thousand tents before me on the field
Picks and shovels laid around that worked the golden
yield
And diggers passed before me in a moving shifting file
Their faces turned towards me ghosts of the golden mile

And someone stood beside me and he watched the moving
throng
He said it's getting crowded here I think I'll move
along
His beard was grey and dusty on his face was not a
smile
Paddy Hannan was a quiet man, he opened the golden mile

And then I watched a camel team come swaying down the
track
With precious loads of water casks strapped across
their backs
The Afghan targ Mahommad told of new strikes all the
while
His turban such a friendly sight along the golden mile

Oh I wish those men could see again these busy streets
today
And hear the giant crushers as the mine works roar away
Kalgoorlie speaks of history and it keeps their
memories live
And they'll never be forgotten, ghosts of the golden
mile

Oh they'll never be forgotten, ghosts of the golden
mile