

You remind me of yarns near forgotten  
Sometimes I think of old Dad  
But mostly you take me way back bush again  
To the best times that I ever had  
You bring back old memories of childhood  
And the places my parents would go  
Stations and stockmen through my tender years  
It's sure good to know you, old Joe

Most people know you as Trumby  
That name I gave to your song  
And though you tell me you've been quite a brumby  
Oh if I see you again before long  
Hope we meet up again before long

You remind of old Henry Lawson  
Shades of old Banjo as well  
Those letters you write like the poems you penned  
So very sincere I can tell  
You know all the ways of a bushman  
You're one of the last of a breed  
You've ridden on boundaries in flood time and drought  
Been many times short of a [?]

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That name I gave to your song  
And though you tell me you've been quite a brumby  
Oh if I see you again before long  
Hope we meet up again before long

You remind me of times in this country  
When drugs weren't a problem to you  
When children were raised to respect mum and dad  
Now tell me Joe, is that the truth?  
From your first job on old Vauxhall station  
You've done the whole lot down the years  
And I'm sorry to hear you're not well old mate  
Gary Styles sends you his cheers

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(Not too long I hope, old mate)