

Since Then

Slim Dusty

I met Jack Ellis in town to-day,
Jack Ellis my old mate, Jack,
Ten years ago, from the Castlereagh,
We carried our swags together away
To the Never-Again, Out Back,
To the Never-Again, Out Back.

He saw me first, and he knew 'twas I,
The holiday swell he met.
Why have we no faith in each other? oh, why?
He made as though he would pass me by,
For he thought that I might forget.
Thought that I might forget.

He ought to have known me better than that,
By the tracks we tramped far out,
The sweltering scrub and the blazing flat,
When the heat came down through each old felt hat,
In the hell-born western drought,
In the hell-born western drought.

I asked him in for a drink with me
Jack Ellis, my old mate, Jack,
But his manner no longer was careless and free,
He followed, but not with the grin that he,
Wore always in days Out Back,
Wore always in days Out Back.

I tried to live in the past once more,
Or the present and past combine,
But the days between I could not ignore,
I couldn't but notice the clothes he wore,
And he couldn't but notice mine,
And he couldn't but notice mine.

He placed his glass on the polished bar,
And 'I'll see you again,' said he,
Then he hurried away through the crowded street,
And the rattle of buses and scrape of feet,
Seemed suddenly loud to me,
Seemed suddenly loud to me.

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To the Never-Again, Out Back. [Fade]