

(Hugh McDonald)

Intro: [Am]/// [Em]/// [Dm]/// [Am]/// [Dm]/ [C]/ [F]/ [G]/ [Am]/// ///

[C] The faces in the [G] photograph are [Am] faded
 And I can't believe he [C] looks so much like [F] me
 For it's been [Am] ten long years to [Em] day
 Since I [Dm] left for old Cork [Am] Station
 Saying [Dm] I [C] won't be [F] back till the [G] droving's [Am] done

Chorus:

For the [F] rain never [C] falls, on the [Dm] dusty Diaman[Am]tina
 The drover finds it [C] hard to change his [F] mind
 For the [C] years have surely [Em] gone
 Like the [Dm] drays from old Cork [Am] Station
 And [Dm] I [C] won't be [F] back till the [G] droving's [Am] done

It [C] seems like the [G] sun comes up each [Am] morning
 Sets me up and then [C] takes it all a [F] way
 For the [Am] dreaming by the [Em] light
 Of the [Dm] campfire at [Am] night
 [Dm] Ends [C] with the [F] burning [G] light of [Am] day

Chorus:**Instrumental: Verse**

[C] The faces in the [G] photograph are [Am] faded
 And I can't believe he [C] looks so much like [F] me
 For it's been [Am] ten long years to [Em] day
 Since I [Dm] left for old Cork [Am] Station
 Saying [Dm] I [C] won't be [F] back till the [G] droving's [Am] done

Chorus:

I [C] sometimes think I'll [G] settle back in [Am] Sydney
 But it's been so long and it's [C] hard to change your [F] mind
 For the [Am] cattle trails go [Em] on and on
 And the [Dm] fences roll for [Am] ever
 And [Dm] I [C] won't be [F] back till the [G] droving's [Am] done

Chorus Twice (Last line – slowly)