

## **A THOUSAND MILE AWAY**

HURRAH FOR THE OLD STOCK SADDLE, HURRAH FOR THE STOCKWHIP TOO  
HURRAH FOR THE BALDY PONY BOYS TO CARRY ME WESTWARD HO  
TO CARRY ME WESTWARD HO MY BOYS THAT'S WHERE THE CATTLE STRAY  
ON THE FAR BARCOO WHERE THEY EAT NARDOO A THOUSAND MILE AWAY

THEN GIVE YOUR HORSES REIN ACROSS THE OPEN PLAIN

WE'LL CRACK OUR WHIPS LIKE A THUNDERBOLT NOR CARE WHAT SOME FOLKS SAY  
AND A RUNNING WE'LL BRING HOME THEM CATTLE AT NAROME

ON THE FAR BARCOO WHERE THEY EAT NARDOO A THOUSAND MILE AWAY

KNEE DEEP IN GRASS WE'VE GOT TO PASS THE TRUTH I'M BOUND TO TELL

WHERE IN THREE WEEKS THEM CATTLE GET AS FAT AS THEY CAN SWELL

AS FAT AS THEY CAN SWELL MY LADS A THOUSAND POUND THEY WEIGH

ON THE FAR BARCOO AND THE FLINDERS TOO A THOUSAND MILE AWAY

SO FIT ME UP WITH A SNAFFLE AND A FOUR OR A FIVE INCH SPUR

AND FOURTEEN FOOT OF GREENHIDE WHIP TO CHOP THE FLAMING FUR

I'LL YARD THEM FLAMING CATTLE IN AWAY THAT'S SAFE TO SWEAR

'LL MAKE THEM QUEENSLAND CATTLEMEN SIT BACK IN THE SADDLE AND STARE

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