

Diamantina Drover

D A Bm D
 The fa-ces in the pho-to-graph are fa- ded_ And I can't be-lieve he looks so much like
 G A Bm F#m Em Bm
 me, For it's been ten long ye-ars to-day si-nce I left for old Cork Sta-tion Say-ing
 Em D G A Bm G D
 I wont be back till the Dro-ings done. For the rain_ ne - ver falls on_the dus
 Em Bm F#m G A
 _ sty Dia - man - tin - a, The dro - ver finds it hard to change his mind, for the
 D F#m G Bm
 years have sure_ ly gone like the drays from olk Cork Sta - tion And

Intro and fill after chorus

Em D G A Bm
 I wont be back till the drov - ings done.

It seems like the sun comes up each morning,
 Sets me up and then takes it all away,
 For the dreaming by the light of the campfire at night,
 Ends with the burning light of day.

I sometimes think I'll settle back in Sydney,
 But it's been so long and it's hard to change your mind,
 For the cattle trail goes on and on, and fences roll forever,
 And I won't be back when the drovings done.

V1 C V2 C Instrumental V&C V3 C