

## Diamantina Drover

John Williamson

The faces in the photograph have faded  
And I can't believe he looks so much like me  
For it's been ten years today  
Since I left for Old Cork Station  
Sayin' I won't be back till the drivin's done

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina  
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from Old Cork Station  
And I won't be back till the drivin's done

Well it seems like the sun comes up each mornin'  
Sets me up and takes it all away  
For the dreaming by the light  
Of the camp fire at night  
Ends with the burning by the day

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina  
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from Old Cork Station  
And I won't be back till the drivin's done

Sometimes I think I'll settle back in Sydney  
But it's been so long it's hard to change my mind  
For the cattle trail goes on and on  
And the fences roll forever  
And I won't be back till the drivin's done

For the rain never falls on the dusty Diamantina  
And a drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from Old Cork Station  
And I won't be back till the drivin's done  
(2x)