

## Days of Old Khancoban

Lee Kernaghan

I'm sitting here with memories  
Reading letters from old friends  
Dreaming I am back with those pals of mine  
In the good times once again  
I see the mountain trail  
We used to ride  
The Murray river flowing  
Where once stood the homestead of my youth  
In the days of old Khancoban  
Memories, sweet memories  
Of the days when we were younger  
We'd ride a hundred miles for a lady's smile  
To a dance at Tumbarumba

I hear the haunting strains of  
Hobble chains and bells on cattle roamin'  
As down the Toolong track I ride  
Going home to old Khancoban  
Hoof beats echo down the range  
From brumbies on the run  
White faced cattle string along  
through mist and morning sun  
Where the Geehi river meets the Murray  
With the song that never ends  
Like the everlasting mateship there  
In the handshake of a friend

Memories sweet memories  
Of the songs we sang together  
We were mustering then with the best of men  
And shared their saddle leather  
What a welcome sight  
When we were riding back  
To the homestead fire glowin'  
Through the dark of the night  
To see that guiding light  
Of home in old Khancoban  
Through the dark of the night  
To see that guiding light  
Of home in old Khancoban