

# That Old Caravan

Lee Kernaghan

They hitched up that old Caravan in 1969  
They drove a big black Zephyr  
They were young and they were free  
Pointed southwards with a tailwind  
And no particular plan  
Just a young bloke, and his new bride  
And that old caravan

Oh sweet memories  
Of that faded paint and ply  
Oh those miles that rolled on by  
So hold her like you used to  
When the journey first began  
Side by side in that old caravan

The day they got a flat tyre  
Out the back of Narrabri  
Annie was a twinkle in her mother's eye  
And those little interruptions  
Often times began  
A romantic roadside rendezvous  
In that old caravan

Oh sweet memories  
Of that faded paint and ply  
Oh those miles that rolled on by  
So hold her like you used to  
When the journey first began  
Side by side in that old caravan

They still flick through those old photos  
Of their little growing clan  
It was freedom on the wallaby  
In that old caravan

Oh sweet memories  
Of that faded paint and ply  
Oh those miles that rolled on by  
So hold her like you used to  
When the journey first began  
Side by side in that old caravan

And he still holds her like he used to  
When the journey first began  
Side by side in that old caravan