

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