

Drovers' Road

Mark Knopfler

It's a drover's road
High up where ravens fly
And soon I'll lose my way
And I won't know
It's a drover's road
From days so long gone by
When we knew who we were
And where to go

It's a drover's road
It winds a hundred miles
You'd sleep out in the open
Calm and still
You could trust a friend
To keep a watch awhile
Your cattle grazing
Quiet on the hill

Walk with me
And you can leave that old dog be
He does much better on his own
Leave him be
He's a better man than me
He likes to find his own way home

On a drover's road
With the moon and misty stars
We walked these hills
Before this all began
Before we gazed at screens
Went shopping in our cars
And a million houses
Sprawled across the land

Walk with me
And you can leave that old dog be
He does much better on his own
Leave him be
He's a better man than me
He likes to find his own way home