

## Boss Drovers Pride

Sara Storer

Sheila sat on an old Drovers trail  
Waiting for her Dad to return  
Her brown little toes digging up the dirt  
In a flour bag dress her Mum had sown  
And soon in the distance a man on his horse  
She ran and she jumped into his arms  
And they road back to camp for her dad had returned  
By morning they'd pack up and go

It was a little dress from a flour bag  
A boss drovers pride and a saddle bag  
In her fathers lap next to her mothers love  
Two colours strong, as strong as stars above

Sheila sat on a camel way up high  
Following a haze of dusty ground  
It was nearly time for dinner when she spotted broilga eggs  
And she cried and carried on to let her down  
But her dad said if you leave them, that broilga will return  
And leave you something special while you sleep  
So she wiped her eyes upon her dress and she left the eggs alone  
And in the morning she had dried apricots to eat

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