

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 brolga eggs
And she cried and carried on to let her down
But her dad said if you leave them, that brolga 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

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