

The Overlander

There's a [C] trade you all [F] know well; it's [C] bringing cattle [G7] over.
[C] On every track; [F] to the gulf and back, [C] men know the [G7] QLD drover

Chorus

*[C] So pass the billy round boys; [F] don't let the pint pot stand [G7] there;
For [C] tonight we drink [F] the health of every [G7] overlander.*

[C] I come from the [F] Northern plains where the [C] girls and grass are [G7] scanty;
[C] Where the creeks [F] run dry or ten foot high [C] and it's either drought or [G7] plenty

Chorus

[C] There are men from every land, from Spain and France and [G7] Flanders,
[C] They're a well mixed pack, both black and white, [G7] the QLD overlanders.

Chorus

[C] When we've earned a spree in town, we live like pigs in [G7] clover
[C] And the whole damn cheque pours down the neck of many [G7] a QLD drover.

Chorus

[C] As I pass along the roads, the children raise my [G7] dander,
[C] Shouting "Mother dear, take in the clothes, her [G7] comes an overlander."

Chorus

[C] But I'm bound for home once more, on a prad that's quite a [G7] goer;
[C] I can find a job with a crawling mob on the [G7] banks of the Maranoa

Chorus X 2