

MEET ME IN BEDOURIE

(Neil Murray)

A drover's dreams die hard upon the stony plains
Far from the Diamantina where it never rains
If you were born and bred here
The desert is your life
Good country and good people
Is never hard to find
I did thirty years in the territory
And I lost her along the way
Now I hear she's trying to find me
I wonder if she'll say

Meet me in Bedourie beneath the southern stars
We'll drink Georgina waters and find out where we are
Good country and good people
Is just a state of mind
Meet me in Bedourie, I've always got the time

You might find me in the front bar
Telling tourists lies
I'll be wearing an old sombrero, to shade my eyes
I won't mention any names
That I fought with in my youth
If you meet me in Bedourie, don't hurt me with the truth

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