IN THE SPRINGTIME



Can you smell the mountain heather where the fleet wild horses go,
can you taste the tang of springtime from the crisp, white melting snow?
Can you feel excitement stirring when a wild mob comes in sight,
will you share your days adventures round the campfire that same night?

Are you happy without houses, just a swag to call your home,
can you feel the bush around you, so you're never on your own?
Remember riding 'cross the high plains without comfort, fear or care,
did the freedom sit upon you, can you see yourself still there?

I have missed the mighty musters where they split the big mixed mobs,
I have wasted years in cities with a plodding office job,
but I haven't lost my wonder and the skill to ride a horse,
and the high plains are still waiting, and they draw me back, of course.

There's that lee beside Mount Howitt where we made the cattle yards,
the Herefords grazed content with twisted snowgums as their guards.
We'll cook from that same campfire as the sun sinks low and round,
and we'll stare at freezing, blazing stars 'till dew is on the ground.

For the love of bush is in me and I'll never let it go,
and my love for you grows deeper than the deepest drifts of snow.
So think of me this winter while the hot coals slowly glow,
we've a track to take together, at the melting of the snow.