Queensland Overlanders

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It's a trade you all know well, it's bringing the cattle over
On every track from the gulf and back, we're called the overlanders

There are men from every land, from Spain and France and Flanders
We're a well mixed pack both white and black, men called the Queensland rovers

cho: Pass the billy 'round me boys, don't let the pint pot stand there
For tonight we drink the health of every overlander

I come from the northern plains, were the girls and grass are scanty
Where the creeks run dry or ten foot high and it's either draught or plenty

When we've earned a spree in town, we live like kings in clover
And a whole weeks check goes down the neck of many an overlander

When I pass along the road, the children raise my dander
Crying mother dear take in the clothes here comes an overlander
Recorded by Bok

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