

## Lee Kernaghan

### "Diamantina Drover"

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The faces in the photographs are faded  
And I can't believe he looks so much like me  
For it's been ten long years today  
Since I left for old Cork Station  
Saying I won't be back 'till the drovin's done.

For the rain never falls on the Dusty Diamantina  
The drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from old Cork Station  
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done.

It seems like the sun comes up each morning  
Sets me up and then takes it all away  
For the dreaming by the light of the campfire at night  
Blends with the burning light of day.

For the rain never falls on the Dusty Diamantina  
The drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from old Cork Station  
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done.

I sometimes think I'll settle back in Sydney  
But it's been so long and it's hard to change your mind  
For the cattle trays go on and on and the fences roll  
forever  
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done.

For the rain never falls on the Dusty Diamantina  
The drover finds it hard to change his mind  
For the years have surely gone  
Like the drays from old Cork Station  
And I won't be back 'till the drovin's done.

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