

The Sundial

"Dancing On The Darling"

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Pushing through the scrub on a bike
In the blistering sun just another day
Waiting on the chopper
For the word on the mustering
On the old 2 way
Ringers rushing round getting cattle to the yards
A clean skin breaks the mob
From the air they scatter like ants in the rain
Your mind can't leave the job

And we're covered in dust
Make our way on in to Bourke
Our oasis in the outback
Will wash away the dirt

And we'll be dancing on the darling
Above the yellow bellies below
Just good clean fun under the sun
Waiting for our turn behind the boat
Racing down the river
Feel that water under my skin
We'll be dancing on the darling

Tree lined river with the ghost gums swaying
In the breeze this afternoon
Sunlight sparkles on the western stream
Her the sound of cockatoos
And we'll back the boat down to the ramp
And take the Esky for a spin
We'll be flying round the water
With a stubbie I can tell ya
This is where the fun begins

We're jumping in
Strap them on and grab that rope
The motor's revving up
Foot goes down and off we go

Single, double ski try it on the kneeboard
Bare-footing round with a deepwater start
Wakeboard, biscuit here me when I say

These ringers are river rats at heart

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