

John Williamson, Prettiest Girl In The Kimberley

Where is the glory when war is won
A man hits the bottle and belts his son
So I ran away to the Cattle Run
Where I learned to fight and swallow rum
And I learned to go barefoot you see
Just like an Aborigine
For one of their tribe belonged to me
The Prettiest Girl in the Kimberley

Oooh . . .

But I could not marry the girl I adore
Black and white was against the law
They chain you up to a Boab Tree
For kissing an Aborigine

But a ringer's heart is immune to pain
A bull rips your leg and you carry on
You clench your teeth and you cry alone
And ride for a week till the poison's gone

Oooh . . .

But me and my dog we're not alone
The Pension provides us with beef and a bone
I've given up drifting and drinking rum
We're up and about before the sun

And I can still quarter a beast in a dash
Have your freezer full of spare ribs in a flash
And I still dream of the one for me
The Prettiest Girl in the Kimberley

Oooh . . .

Yes I still dream of the one for me
The Prettiest Girl in the Kimberley