

# Three Sons

## John Williamson

I'm into cattle, my Father was too  
From Great Great Grandfather all the way through  
And we scarcely have wasted an hour of daylight  
Stickin' to Herefords and it's been all right  
Prepared for the lean times and save for a drought  
But you can't always plan how the future turns out  
Life's gettin' harder to make what we need  
With low cattle prices and more mouths to feedOh, six generations where camels run free

I hope I am never too blind to see  
How fortunate, how proud can an old fella be  
Three sons in their swags 'round the stock camp with meSent the boys off to school to see Adelaide  
How other folks live, get a job learn a trade  
Couldn't keep them away 'cause their hearts are still here  
My butcher, my welder, my diesel engineerOh, six generations where camels run free  
I hope I am never too blind to see  
How fortunate, how proud can an old fella be

Three sons in their swags 'round the stock camp with meAnd I come in for dinner, the sun hits the range  
In a matter of seconds the colors all change  
From gold down to violet the soul has been burned  
And I understand fully why they have returnedCause I'm into cattle, my Father was too  
From Great Great Grandfather all the way through  
And we've never been guilty of wasting daylight

We work hard, we play hard and we sleep well at nightOh, six generations where camels run free  
I hope I am never too blind to see  
How fortunate, how proud can an old fella be

Three sons in their swags 'round the stock camp with me  
Three sons in their swags 'round the stock camp with me

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlrics.com/>