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

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