

Kathryn's Dream

Once a jolly physio dreamed of a billabong,
And camping in the shade of a Coolabah tree,
And she sang as she treated the Innisfail hillbilly boys
Who'll come a riding to Melbourne with me?

Riding to Melbourne, Riding to Melbourne,
Who'll come a riding to Melbourne with me?

Along came a young buck (Preston) with a dream of a
billabong

Up jumped the physio and grabbed him with glee,
And she sang as she planned how to fill her saddle bags
He'll come a riding to Melbourne with me.

Riding to Melbourne, Riding to Melbourne,
He'll come a riding to Melbourne with me

Off down south, as they traded in their thoroughbreds
Along came the pack horses- One Two Three
There's no space for luxury in the small saddle bags
Only 4 squares/day of toilet paper will be riding to Melbourne
with me

Riding to Melbourne, Riding to Melbourne,
Only 4 squares/day of toilet paper will be riding to Melbourne
with me

Up sprung the physio, and set off for the billabong
Her resignation, she had handed in with glee
It's an adventure of lifetime, it had to be put into a song
Kathryn like the rest of us, you have really impressed me.

Riding to Melbourne, Riding to Melbourne,
We wish we were riding to Melbourne with you.

(but not on a horse.....)