

Another Night In Broome

Slim Dusty

I sit at night beneath the stars, where gentle breezes
blow,
Or stroll around that part of town, where magic
lanterns glow,
An old beer garden comes to life, the crowd begins to
sway,
I'm waitin' for a friend of mine, who had to go away.
And somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in
Broome.

I turn my back on station life and headed for the sea,
Where fishing boats and travellers made ancient
mystery,
And island traders wander by, there's java in the air,
And music drifting through the trees, could be miles
from anywhere,
But if somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in
Broome.

I watched the silver water fade and catch the setting
sun,
Out where the dreaming spirits whispers songs for
everyone,
Then an old red ute goes rolling by, headin' for the
plain,
Going to meet a friend of mine, who's coming home
again;
But if somewhere there's dancing, under an indian moon,
Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in
Broome.

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Pickin' up old pearling shells on another night in
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