

Arajoel Waltz

Slim Dusty

I recall when we met dear, though the years they have gone,
In a small country dance hall while the music played on,
Rafters were ringing and oil lanterns swayed,
As the band played the Arajoel Waltz.

When I asked for a dance, you said "yes" with a smile,
And the band started playing in good old bush style,
I took you in my arms dear and circled the floor,
When the band stopped, we both clapped and called out for more,
We were young and so happy and feeling so gay,
As the band played the Arajoel Waltz.

You were so young dear, and I was so shy,
But so much in love how the time it did fly,
Then at three in the morning when the old rooster crowed,
We were both disappointed because the ball had to close,
Near the end of the medley you said you'll be mine,
As the band played the Arajoel Waltz.

Oh, the years have gone by and we're both growing old,
That night when we danced dear, has memories untold,
Now the children out dancing and we're all alone,
At home in the homestead with the old gramophone,
As the record keeps turning, we circle the room,
As the band plays the Arajoel Waltz.

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