

## The Old Saddle

Slim Dusty

I went back to the place where I worked as a lad  
Just happened to be passing that way  
I saw a few fellers there with a young horse  
I walked up and just said G'Day  
They said they'd heard of me but only by name  
In stories passed down through the years  
How I could break in a tough one and hang on a rough  
one  
I said don't believe all you hear

The I took a stroll over to the old saddle shed  
And there on a peg on the wall  
I saw the same saddle I'd used years ago  
More years than I care to recall  
Oh I knew it was mine but I had to make sure  
I lifted the flap up to see  
Two initials I'd carved with an old pocket knife  
Just a plain old P and a D

Had the same monkey straps that I plaited by hand  
On a wet day with little to do  
A worn saddle bag a quarpot and case  
They were still hanging there too  
That old saddle I said to the young feller in charge  
He said I don't think you'll find its much good  
But he looked at me straight said you can have it old  
mate  
I reckon that he understood  
Yes take it old timer he said with a grin  
Cause I reckon its yours anyway  
I found your initials carved under the flap  
I said you'd be back here one day

Now it hangs in office all polished and new  
And the stirrup irons sparkle and shine  
And if put to test would be good as the best  
And I'm happy to say that its mine  
Now I have a small grandson he's only a boy  
And if by chance he turns out a rover  
I'll take it down and just hand it over.