

Road To Gundagai

There's a track wind-ing back to a dear old fash-ioned shack, A-long the

Road to Gun - da - gai. Where the

Blue gums are grow - ing, The Mur - rum - bid - gee flow - ing, Be -

neath that sun - ny blue sky. Where my

Moth - er and Fath - er are wait - ing for me, And the

friends of my child - hood once more I shall see. For no

more will I roam, Now I'm head - ing straight for home, A - long the

Road to Gun - da - gai. There's a gai.

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