

Solo

A7 D A7

There's a scene that lingers in my me-mo - ry, \_\_\_\_\_ Of an old bush home and friends I long to

D G E m B m A B m

see \_\_\_\_\_ That's why I am yearn - ing just to be re - turn - ing

E7 A7 Chorus D B7

A-long the road to Gun - da - gai \_\_\_\_\_ There's a track wind-ing back to an

B m G D E7 A7 D

old fa-shion-ed shack a - long the road to Gun - da - gai \_\_\_\_\_ Where the

G D B7 E7 A7

blue gums are grow-ing And the Mur-rim-bid-gee's flow-ing be - neath the sun-ny sky -

D7 G

Where my dad - dy and mo-ther are wait-ing for me And the

B m E7 A7 D F#7

pals of my child-hood once more I will see And no more will I roam 'cos I'm

G D E7 A7 D

head - ing right for home A - long the road to Gun - da - gai \_\_\_\_\_