

Bush Night

Words and music by English photographer, author and songwriter Doug Kennedy who lived in Australia for several years.

Chorus

1 G C
Smoke curls up a - round the old gum tree trunk,
3 G D7
Sil - - ver moon makes the wet trees glist - - en.
5 G C
Fire burns bright - ly while we sit round and list - - en
6 G D7 G
To the sounds of a coo - - l bush night.

Verse

8 G C
We drove through rain to reach our Flind - - ers camp - site.
11 G D7
Clouds on the moun - tain top and creeks were run - ning.
12 G C
The land looked green - - and the birds were sing - ing
14 G D7 G
And we camped by a wood - - ed creek.

The clouds were clearing and a full moon rising.
Pine trees outline 'gainst a starry sky.
The ground shone ghostly and a bat flew over.
There was peace on that shiny bush night.

Guitar played softly while we drank our coffee.
Flames jumped up from the red hot cinders.
We talked of the outback and we sang of the Flinders.
There was beauty on that cold bush night.