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JINGLE JANGLE

She once had a sweetheart, a handsome young man
Who was born to the saddle and raised on the land
He courted her gently for 12 months and more
Then one night, on his bay, he rode up to her door.

Chorus:

And his spurs went jingle jangle
Their music made her heart sing
Jingle jingle jangle
She rose up and she let him in.

And all through that night as the stars rose and fell
They slept in that place only first love can dwell
But he dressed with the dawn, rode off down the track
She did not call out, and he did not look

Chorus:

But his spurs went jingle jangle
Ringing through the grey dawn
Jingle jingle jangle
She stood there until he was gone.

He enlisted in Sydney, was shipped off to France
He fell in some futile, forgotten advance
And though his face is now a shadow from a far away time
Some nights, in her dreams, a sound still haunts her mind.

Chorus:

Jingle jingle jangle
Echoing down through the years
His spurs go jingle jangle
And her pillow is wet with her tears.