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## AS IF HE KNOWS

It's as if he knows  
He's standing close to me  
His breath warm on my sleeve  
His head hung low  
It's as if he knows  
What the dawn will bring  
The end of everything  
For my old Banjo  
And all along the picket lines beneath the desert sky  
The Light Horsemen move amongst their mates to say one last goodbye  
And the horses stand so quietly  
Row on silent row  
It's as if they know

Time after time  
We rode through shot and shell  
We rode in and out of Hell  
On their strong backs  
Time after time  
They brought us safely through  
By their swift sure hooves  
And their brave hearts  
Tomorrow we will form up ranks and march down to the quay  
And sail back to our loved ones in that dear land across the sea  
While our loyal and true companions  
Who asked so little and gave so much  
Will lie dead in the dust.

For the orders came  
No horses to return  
We were to abandon them  
To be slaves  
After all we'd shared  
And all that we'd been through  
A Nation's gratitude  
Was a dusty grave  
For we can't leave them to the people here, we'd rather see them dead  
So each man will take his best mate's horse with a bullet through the head  
For the people here are like their land  
Wild and cruel and hard  
So Banjo, here's your reward.