

Slim Dusty, Caseys Luck

Now Casey was a racing man, he delved in thoroughbreds
Wherever there's a meeting on, oh that's where Casey heads
With little Joe, his travelling mate and a horse called Holy Dan
He'll dine on lobster one week and the next on bread and scram

I met him in the pub today, I said Casey how's your luck
With tears in his eyes he looked into mine and said I'm a dyin' duck
Been down to Hall's Creek meeting, I thought I'd scooped the pool
I should have made a fortune but instead I made a fool

As we stood in the crowded bar room 'midst the laughter and the cheer
I brightened up old Casey with a round or two of beer
We found a quiet corner and Casey he got bold
He grabbed his beer in beefy hands and here's the tale he told

'Twas a sore disgrace I can tell ya, it should have been in the bag
But the lady's bracelet and the cash were won by a station nag
I was broke and getting desperate, I'd been bragging 'round the place
And the last event on the program was a native stockman's race

So I hauled little Joe to the creek bed and to the ashes of a fire
In a second flat I'd stripped him of his pants and fancy attire
I blackened him all over with ashes and bacon fat
And said now Joe you must ride this horse in twenty seconds flat

Well Joe and Holy Dan romped home, beat the others by a mile
And I front up for the winnings with a grin across my dille
Said the judge, I've never seen a stockman ride a horse like that
But Joe, the stupid so'n'so stood around to cop the wrap

I frowned and give him the office that he better shoot straight through
Then the judge said just a moment, that native's eyes are blue
Well they didn't tar and feather us but it caused me lots of strife
And