

# 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