

Weddings Parties Anything, Roaring Days

(Thomas)

He stopped to change a tyre out near Warnambool,
His Chevy it was all over the road.
He pulled into town sometime in the early afternoon,
More than a normal travelling salesman, the guitar his only load.
And we were all there waitin', in the Colac hall,
Our little legs a-swinging 'neath the chairs,
But I just sucked a butter menthol and never once looked at the girls,
Would the 'Cat Come Back' like last time? I fell into despair.
But here's a go, let's catch the show and lay your money down,
Cause Morton's back in town.
And I still hear the way he played his old guitar,
And I still hear the way he sang those songs.
And I still hear his voice so crisp and clear above the crowd,
Do I remember? Am I joking?
Somehow it all just seems so strong.
And could he crack a whip?
You bet he could (don't you make me laugh!)
And could he tell a joke? He would make you cry.
And could he hypnotise and do a dance and spin a yarn?
You name it, he could do it with the winkin' of an eye!
But here's a go, let's catch the show and lay your money down,
Cause Morton's back in town.
Ain't it funny how time passes, how the years just slip away.
And the memories we have they play their games.
And now it's me who's strumming guitars,
Now it's me who's travelling round,
But somehow I get the feeling that it isn't quite the same...
For it was never quite this easy,
It was never quite this hard.
But it never made much sense to theorise,
When the show closed down you'd pack your things,
You'd soon be on your way.
First you see him, now you don't,
He'd be gone before your very eyes.
But here's a go, let's catch the show and lay your money down,
Cause Morton's back in town.
From the U.S.A. to Canada,
He played the roving clown,
Morton's back in town.
From Dunedin to Germany and on to Darling Downs.
Hey, Morton,
The Great Morton, Tex Morton!
Morton's back in town.