

Slim Dusty, Pay Day At The Pub

Now the weary week has ended, it's pay day on the job
Let's go down to the local and mingle with the mob
You'll meet the dinkum Aussies, rough and ready as they are
With hard faces brown as leather, lined up around the bar

Someone is sure to greet you, you chaps I'm glad to see
Come on you pair of somethings, and have a drink with me
While the barmaid juggles glasses and the boss works with a will
For he loves to hear the rattle of the silver in the till

Now the rousabout is busy, he hasn't time to think
And I'm sure he'd never hear you if you ask him for a drink
Oh the barrels that are heavy will be light ones very soon
When the brumbies come to water on a pay day afternoon

Now the world is such a great place, everyone is doing well
And strange it is to listen to the stories that they tell
Some are ridin' buckin' brumbies, some are up north in the cane
Some are growling at the weather and are wishing it would rain

And there's old Jimmy Wooter in the corner by himself
Telling stories to the bottles that are standing on the shelf
Oh he once was high and mighty though forlorn he's looking now
In a hat that came from nowhere and a torn old Jackie Howe

Now the clock is moving onwards, the lightweights have their fill
But those with more horse power are staying with it still
Some have already had it and are layed out in a swoon
They'll be grumpy when they wake up on a pay day afternoon

Hear the hen-pecked hubbies saying what will become of me
For I told my little woman that I'd hurry home to tea
She's going to play old Harry and whale like one bereft
When she digs into my pockets and she finds there's little left
But if he uses a bit of blarney she'll forgive