

Weddings Parties Anything, Sergeant Small

Sergeant Small Weddings Parties Anything
I went broke in western Queensland in 1931,
Nobody would employ me so my swaggy days begun
I headed out to Charleville, out to the western towns,
I was on my way to Roma, destination Darling Downs
And my pants were getting ragged, my shoes were getting thin,
When we stopped in Mitchell, a goods train shunted in,
The engine blew her whistle, I was looking up to see,
She was on her way to Roma, that was very plain to me.
I wished that I was 16 stone and only seven foot tall,
Id go back to western Queensland, and beat up Sergeant Small.
As I sat and watched her, inspiration seemed to grow,
And I remembered the government slogan, Its a railway that you own
So by the time the sun was setting, and night was going nigh,
So I gathered my belongings and I caught her on the fly.
And as we came into Roma, I tucked my head down low,
And a voice said any room mate? and I answered, Plenty Beu
Then at this tip this noble man, the voice of Sergeant Small,
Said, Ive trapped you very nicely, youre headed for a fall
I wished that I was 16 stone and only seven foot tall,
Id go back to western Queensland, and beat up Sergeant Small.
(instrumental, then change key)
The Judge was very kind to me, he gave me thirty days,
He said, Maybe that would help to cure my rattler jumping ways
So if your down and outback, let me tell you what I think,
Just stay off the Queensland railways, its a shortcut to the clink.
I wished that I was 16 stone and only seven foot tall,
Id go back to western Queensland, and beat up Sergeant Small.
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