

# An Independent Bloke

Slim Dusty

Yeah, he was a real dried up old gravel voiced bushie this feller  
Wonder where he is now?

I was standin' in line all the mornin'  
To answer an ad that I saw  
Regarding the job on the council  
There was me and quite a few more  
A dried up ole bushie before me  
Pulled a battered old tin from his coat  
And from fine cut and Tally Ho papers  
Proceeded to roll up a smoke

A hairy young man in the office  
Rapped on the desk and said next  
The old feller stepped up before him  
And gave him his name and address  
And the hairy one asked of the old bloke  
If he had any reference to show  
If he'd ever done manual labour  
Or had experience out on the road

The old feller reared up and snorted  
And the cigarette hung from his lip  
His hat was pushed back on his forehead  
His hands they were firm on his hips  
He looked the young feller all over  
Took in the mode of his dress  
The peaches and creamy complexion  
And I felt that he wasn't impressed

Then he pushed a big hairy paw under  
The young feller's lily white nose  
Slowly he spread out his fingers, hey  
Said take a gander at those  
These are my reference for working  
I was at it before you were born  
And I'll bet you a quid even money  
I'll be at it long after you're gone, you mug

I've played the mad pick and the banjo  
Done many a season in cane  
I've worn out a dozen good kellys  
While fencing out there on the plain  
I've worked for my board and my lodgings  
In conditions you'd not understand  
And by hell I've brought in some good money  
With these very same battered old hands

Experience out on the roadway  
Is something I learned all about  
When the banker foreclosed on the mortgage  
Just after the '65 drought  
I rolled up my swag and departed  
A sorry but much wiser man  
With only my memories to show for  
The years that I'd spent on the land

So I tramped and I travelled the highways  
And in bitterness cursed every mile  
But in time I got over my troubles  
And learned once again how to smile  
It's the likes of you pen pushing gentry  
To bring out the laughter in me  
You little tin gods of the office ha ha  
You're too pumped with power to see

Then with a good old Australian expression  
We were left in no doubt what he meant  
He turned on his heel and he left us  
And God only knows where he went