

## Second Class, Wait Here

Slim Dusty

At suburban railway stations you may see them as you  
pass,  
There are signboards on the platform saying, "Wait here  
second class";  
And to me the whirr and thunder and the clunk of  
running gear,  
Seem to be forever saying, saying "Second class wait  
here"

Yes the second class were waiting in the days of serf  
and prince,  
And the second class are waiting, they've been waiting  
ever since,  
There are gardens in the background, and the line is  
bare and drear,  
Yet they wait beneath a signboard, sneering "Second  
class wait here."

I have waited in the winter, in the mornings dark and  
damp,  
When the asphalt platform glistened underneath that  
lonely lamp,  
And the wind among the poplars and the wires that  
thread the air,  
Seem to be forever snarling, snarling, "Second class  
wait here."

Out beyond the further suburb near a chimney stack  
alone,  
Lay the works of Rinder Brothers with a platform of  
their own,  
And I waited there and suffered, waited there for many  
a day,  
Slaved beneath the phantom signboard, telling all my  
hopes to stay.

Oh! A man must feel revengeful for a boyhood such as  
mine,  
God! I hate the very houses near the workshop by the  
line;  
And the smell of railway stations and the roar of  
running gear,  
And the scornful-sneering signboards, saying "Second  
class wait here."

There's a train with Death for a driver, that is ever  
going past,  
There will be no class compartments when it's "All  
aboard" at last;  
For the long white jasper platform with an Eden in the  
rear;  
And there won't be any signboards saying - "Second  
class wait here."

Oh no, there won't be any signboards saying "Second  
class, wait here."