

## Who Wants Moss?

Slim Dusty

When I was a kid down on the farm back home  
Just wanted to leave and make out on my own  
Chasing a rainbow pot of gold over the hill  
And down the road  
Where the new day takes me, I don't know

A rolling stone will gather no moss, but who wants moss?  
A rolling stone will gather up friends and they matter most  
A rolling stone will get no rest rolling east and rolling west  
But who wants moss on this old rolling stone?

I know I'm called rolling stone, but I don't care  
I'm content to hang my hat up anywhere  
Sticks and stones may break my bones  
But words can't hurt this rolling stone  
They've all been said before so long ago

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