

Across the Western Plains I Must Wander

Burl Ives

It's ah! for my grog, my jolly, jolly grog
It's ah! for my beer and tobacco
I spent all my tin in the shanty drinking gin
Now across the western plains I must wander

I'm stiff and stony broke and I've parted with my smoke
And the sky is looking black as thunder
And the boss of the shanty too, for I haven't a sou
That's the way you're treated when you're out and under

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I'm crook in the head, for I haven't been to bed
Since I first touched this shanty with my plunder
I see centipedes and snakes, and I'm full of aches and shakes
So I'd better make a push out over yonder

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