

## Can I Sleep In Your Barn Tonight Mister?

Slim Dusty

May I sleep in your barn tonight, mister?  
It's so cold lying out on the ground;  
And the cold north winds to the whistling,  
And I have no place to lie down.

Now I have no tobacco or matches,  
And I'm sure I would cause you no harm;  
I will tell you my story, kind mister,  
For it runs through my heart like a storm.

It was three years ago last summer,  
I shall never forget that sad day,  
When a stranger came out from the city,  
And he said that he wanted to stay.

Now this stranger was fair, tall and handsome,  
And he looked like a man who had wealth;  
And he wanted to stay in the country,  
Said he wanted to stay for his health.

Then one night as I came from my workshop,  
I was whistling and singing with joy;  
I expected a kind-hearted welcome,  
From my sweet loving wife and my boy.

Oh. but what did I find but a letter,  
It was placed in my room on the stand;  
And the moment my eyes fell upon it,  
Why I take it right up in my hands.

Now this note said my wife and the stranger,  
They had left and have taken my son;  
Oh, I wonder if God up in heaven,  
Only knows what this stranger has done."

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