

Down At Charley Gray's

Slim Dusty

Everybody's movin' in from miles away,
There's goin' to be a shindig down at Charlie Gray's,
Saddle up your pony, no-one feelin' lonely,
Everybody singin', feeling gay, hey! hey!
So light up our hearts upon the away,
We're goin' to a shindig down at Charlie Gray's.

Big movement at the station for a week or more,
We scrubbed out and polished up his barn dance floor,
The old guitar and accordion, tune up for the final
fling,
Ready for the dancers when we'll yell for more,
And swing those pretty girls around the way,
We're ready for the shindig down at Charlie Gray's.

[Yodel]

Charlie's farm is like a parking place in town,
With everyone arrivin' in the south sundown,
Young folk come to dance all night, bushman come to
booze and fight,
Everyone was there to really go to town,
And we all jumped as when the music swung away,
And gave a cheer for good old, dear old Charlie Gray.

A bunch of fellers sneaked off to his melon bed,
Charlie heard a whisper and he lost his head,
Grabbed his shotgun from the rack, raced out for the
melon patch,
Really made 'em jump as he was sprayin' lead,
And the boys sung out from the hills and far away,
We've never had a better night at Charlie Gray's.

[Yodel]

We danced all night until the sun began to rise,
Then brushed the sleep and sawdust from our weary eyes,
And I want you all to know, as we saddled up to go,
Charlie Gray was standin' there upon the rise,
He'd said come back again another day,
And so we gave another cheer for Charlie Gray.