

# Grandfather Johnson

Slim Dusty

Friends most of my bush ballads are based on true stories  
I'd like to sing for you now a story that is 100% true  
Because I know the family that grandfather Johnson  
lived with,  
And like most bush ballads and story songs these  
ballads explain themselves as they move along.  
Here is the true story of Grandfather Johnson.

Grandfather Johnson was an old blackman  
From a real proud race of men  
When he was a child he heard them tell of butchers  
creek  
And the story was old even then.

How the white man came and took over the land  
And the blood of the blackman mixed with white  
But grandfather Johnson was a fullblood man,  
Proud of his people and their rights,

Now grandfather Johnson was a tribal man  
He knew all the old hunting ways  
He knew how to wield the nulla throw the killer  
boomerang  
And he'd entertain the tourists everyday.

And grandfather Johnson had a brand new suit  
A new hat for his snowy headed crown  
But whenever the tourists where about to arrive  
He would change into his old hand me downs.

When I asked him the reason he said son you ought to  
know  
My old working clothes look better for the part  
I'm just old grandfather Johnson making boomerangs for  
sale  
I'd lose business if I went around looking smart.

So he sold them boomerangs and taught them to throw  
And they bragged for months of seeing the real thing  
When they'd gone grandpa dressed up took his money from  
a bag  
And smiled as he paid cash for a new gold ring.

He would always bail me up when we met in town  
And he'd bite me for some money or a smoke  
Oh but I can't forget the day I had to tell grandfather  
I was sorry but I was stoney broke.

He just nodded and emptied out his pockets  
The notes and the silver flowed apace  
With a twinkle in his eye he shoved the money in my  
hand  
And laughed at the look upon my face.

Well grandfather Johnson died one year on walkabout  
In a strange land alone in the dark

No one new his name or knew from where he came  
They just found him dead one morning in the park.

And they buried grandpa Johnson as a pauper  
It was months and months before I even new  
I gave his money to the hungry, clothes to the poor  
And his story I'm giving to you,  
And his story I'm giving to you.