

Leave Him In The Long Yard

Slim Dusty

Yes he's lookin' kind of jaded
And his sight is not the best
And the hair around his muzzle's turnin' grey
He has seen a hundred musters
And I think it's only fair
We leave him in the longyard here today

He was broken in the sixties
Maybe sixty three or four
Never faltered always seemed to be on hand
Never have I seen him beaten
By a bullock in the bush
And at a night watch he was pick of all the land.

So leave him out there in the longyard
Do not rush him
Leave him out there with his mate the baldy bay
Leave him there till after smoko
And we'll catch him
We'll pull his tail and turn him out today

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And I think it's only fair
We leave him in the longyard here today

He's entitled to some kindness
In return for all he's been
Now he's failin' and his step is gettin' slow
Let him squander his last summer
By the river with his mates
In the paddock where the sweetest grasses grow

So leave him out there in the longyard
Do not rush him
Leave him out there with his mate the baldy bay
With his mates that he can graze
And he can laze with
Leave him there and we will turn him out today

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