

## Paddy Gramp

Slim Dusty

Oh ohhhhh I come from plurry Queensland and my name is  
Paddy Gramp  
Work out on cattle station longa white man mustering  
camp  
I chase and throw the scrubber bull, ride buckjump  
horse for sport  
This ringer job I learn'em well when knee high to a  
quart

Ten day alonga week I work and sometime longa still  
Boss say I catch'em overtime when government pass the  
bill  
There's sand mixed longa flour and my meat left longa  
bone  
When damper cooked to me he taste all same alonga  
grindstone

Oh ohhhhh in wintertime one blanket job all night  
alonga freeze up  
Maybe bullock jump the rush and Paddy get the breeze up  
Old packhorse cook he all time growl but me still none  
the wiser  
Policeman catch him plurry quick alonga breathalyser

Head stockman boss I tell 'im quick I pullout longa  
station  
Go walkabout alonga creek once more with all the  
'laitions  
Boss take me to his office then and this is what he say  
Oh I'll read your statement Paddy, before you get your  
pay

Ohhhhh ohhhh there's a pound of black terbaccer and a  
shirt and trouser set  
A pair of boots you never got and a hat you didn't get  
There's a stockwhip and a quartpot, what you didn't get  
you spent  
And of course there's our commission roughly 25%

There's a dozen stubby bottles, let me see that's 24  
And the refund on the empties means you're down a few  
cents more  
There's sales tax plus the duty and the freight we  
multiply  
There's your cheque a dollar fifty cost of living  
getting high

Oh so there you have it Paddy wrote down in black and  
white  
But I'd like you just to check it and convince yourself  
its right  
Oh then I knocks the slab right out of the old Kentucky  
home you know  
I say to him "It looks alright to me boss I call back  
through the door  
I been selling clean skin mickeys for the last 12  
months or more