

Rough Riders

Slim Dusty

You can sing your songs of Spinifex and a horse like
Ginger Meggs
An outlaw such as Curio, the meanest on four legs
But when the flags are flyin' at a big time rodeo
It's the boys who ride the circuit who really make the
show.

So form up your committee and round up all your nags
Bring in the bulls and wild eyed steers an' cut out all
the strags
Shut out the chutes and holding pens for the western
folk all know
It's the boys who ride and risk their necks who really
make the show.

He's a knight in leather armour, and he sits on a
leather throne
He's a bushman and a battler, and a breed all of his
own
So when the gates fly open and he makes out of the
chute,
You can dip your hats and raise your voice he's worthy
of salute.

They're dynamite in high heeled boots, they're men
who've learned their trade
In the toughest school of the big outback, the school
where men are made
Roughriders and their ropemen and they bulldog for a
thrill
They take their chance and bite the dust and never mind
the spill.

Broken bones won't keep them home, they're not that way
inclined
A reckless code along the road out for a darn good
time,
They crawl a mile and drag their swags to give the
crowd a show,
And help a mate along the track and fear they never
show.

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You can dip your hats and raise your voice he's worthy
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