

## 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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So when the gates fly open and he makes out of the  
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You can dip your hats and raise your voice he's worthy  
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