

St. Peter

Slim Dusty

Oh, I think there is a likeness 'twixt St Peter's life
and mine,
For he did a lot of trampin' long ago in Palestine
He was 'union' when the workers first began to
organize,
And I'm glad that old St. Peter keeps the gate of
Paradise.

When the ancient agitator and his brothers carried
swags,
I've no doubt he very often tramped with empty tucker
bags.
And I'm glad he's Heaven's picket, for I hate
explainin' things,
And he'll think a union ticket just as good as Whitely
King's

When I reach the great head-station, which is somewhere
off the track'
I won't want to talk with angels who have never been
outback,
They might bother me with offers of a banjo meanin'
well,
And a pair of wings to fly with, when I only want a
spell. Oh Yeah!

I'll just ask for old St. Peter and I think, when he
appears,
I will only have to tell him that I carried swag for
years,
"I've been on the track," I'll tell him, "an' I've done
the best I could"
And he'll understand me better than the other angels
would.

He won't try to get a chorus out of lungs that's worn
to rags,
Or to graft the wings on shoulders stiff with humpin'
swags,
But I'll rest about the station where the work-bell
never rings,
'Til they blow the final trumpet and the Great Judge
sees to things.

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and mine,
For he did a lot of trampin' long ago in Palestine.
He was 'union' when the workers first began to
organize,
And I'm glad that old St. Peter keeps the gate of
Paradise.
Oh, Yes I'm glad that old St. Peter keeps the gate of
Paradise.