

Tonight The Woolshed Swings

Slim Dusty

Oh, the floods have cut the main road off we can't get
into town,
And the squatters in an awful state he thinks his sheep
might drown,
We've oiled out tongs and cutters up so the rust can't
get our things,
And we're gonna make the best of it for tonight the
woolshed swings.

Oh, the squatters' daughters have snuck out to keep us
company,
And to show us all the disco steps for our corroboree,
Old Bart beats on a kero tin while Dan the presser
sings,
Oh they may not be a symphony but tonight the woolshed
swings.

The ringer's got an old ram stag he's a waltzin' round
the floor,
The old man tells the learners of the tallies he has
shore,
The rousie and the jackaroo are fightin' in the wings,
And we've got our share of stubbies so tonight the
woolshed swings,
I'll say that.

Oh the rain is beating on the roof old Dan is spruiking
strong,
And the cook's into the rum bottle and bursting into
song,
And no one gives a damn right now just what tomorrow
brings,
Oh there's bound to be some achin' heads but tonight
the woolshed swings.

Now time is pressin' onwards and the cook has just
passed out,
And the learners and the Jackaroo just shore the
roustabout,
The floor show came to a sudden halt when the
squatters' wife marched in,
Now the girls are marchin' out the door but still the
woolshed swings.

And the ringer's got an old ram stag he's a waltzin'
round the floor,
The old man tells the learners of the tallies he has
shore,
The rousie and the jackaroo are fightin' in the wings,
And we've got our share of stubbies but tonight the
woolshed swings.

Oh the ringer and the old ram stag have just fell down
the chute,
And the rousies sportin' shiners and one of them's a
beaut,
The squatter's lookin' for the fool who let the

woollies out,
Ah tomorrow there'll be hell to pay but tonight it's
fun no doubt.

Yeah no one gives a damn right now just what tomorrow
brings,
The boss might even sack us all but tonight the
woolshed swings.
Play it there Phil.