

Who Wants Moss?

Slim Dusty

When I was a kid down on the farm back home
Just wanted to leave and make out on my own
Chasing a rainbow pot of gold over the hill
And down the road
Where the new day takes me, I don't know

A rolling stone will gather no moss, but who wants moss?
A rolling stone will gather up friends and they matter most
A rolling stone will get no rest rolling east and rolling west
But who wants moss on this old rolling stone?

I know I'm called rolling stone, but I don't care
I'm content to hang my hat up anywhere
Sticks and stones may break my bones
But words can't hurt this rolling stone
They've all been said before so long ago

A rolling stone will gather no moss, but who wants moss?
A rolling stone will gather up friends and they matter most
A rolling stone will get no rest rolling east and rolling west
But who wants moss on this old rolling stone?

A rolling stone will gather no moss, but who wants moss?
A rolling stone will gather up friends and they matter most
A rolling stone will get no rest rolling east and rolling west
But who wants moss on this old rolling stone?