

Written Afterwards

Slim Dusty

Well the days of my riding are over,
And the days of my tramping are done,
I'm about as content as a rover
Will ever be under the sun;

I write, after reading your letter,
My mind with old memories rife,
And I feel in a mood that had better
Not meet the true eyes of the wife.

You must never admit a suggestion,
That the old things are good to recall;
You must never consider the question:
'Was I happier then, after all?'

You must banish the old hope and sorrow
That make the sad pleasures of life,
You must live for To-day and To-morrow
If you want to be true to the wife.

By-the-way, when you're writing, remember
For you never went drinking with me,
And forget our last night of December,
Lest our sev'ral accounts disagree.

And, for my sake, old man, you had better
Avoid the old language of strife,
For the technical terms of your letter
Will be misunderstood by the wife.

Never hint of the girls appertaining
To the past, when you're writing again,
For they take such a lot of explaining,
And you know how I hate to explain.

There are some things, we know to our sorrow,
That cut to the heart like a knife,
And your past is To-day and To-morrow
If you want to be true to the wife.

No doubt you are dreaming as I did
And going the careless old pace,
But my future grows dull and decided,
And the world narrows down to the Place.

Let it be, if my 'treason's' resented,
You may do worse, old man, in your life;
Let me dream, too, that I am contented
For the sake of a true little wife.