The Ballad Of Queenie And Rover

Paul Kelly

Queenie was born on the banks Of the great Ord River, 1930, maybe Her mother was black, her daddy white Papa was a fine horse-breaker Mama sang the songs of the old lawmakers

She used to hide young Queenie in the bush And rub black charcoal all over her hair and her face Every time the police came around Looking for any blond haired, brown skinned children To round 'em up and take 'em on down town

Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha

Rover was born in the desert, he lived out there 'til his mother died Then he moved around a lot from place to place Bedford Downs, Bow River, Lissadell, Wyndham Building fences, working as a stock man

Then he had a series of dreams He started painting what he'd heard and he'd seen Rainbow serpent, Krill Krill, Cyclone Tracy, the killing fields Everything that lives and breathes

Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha Your story will always run

When Rover and Queenie were young They met out on New Texas Down station She worked as a cook there for a long, long time She said, "Hey, Cowboy" later on she said "Nice boy, good worker, top rider, lucky one, that one"

One day a mean horse ripped the scalp from his head She stitched him up with a boiled needle and thread Good as any doctor, they were friends ever after She said, "I want to paint," he said, "I'll teach ya" They died within months of each other

Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha Shine on, shine on, immortal ones Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha Shine on, shine on, immortal ones, aha

Your story will always run, always run, will always run Forever run, forever run, forever run Forever young, forever young