

Back On The Grader

Sara Storer

Have you seen the old stockman, at the functions and balls
He drinks while they serve him and he sleeps where he falls
He'll be crook Sunday, but he'll turn up Monday, though
He wonders if one day he'll bother at all

Cause they've turned out the horses
The whole bloody plant
And he'd ride a bike if he could but he can't
And if you live to chase cattle
You'll die when you aren't
And he's back on the grader again.

He got married young on a wing and a prayer
And it promised the world, but they didn't go there
'Cos a wet season ends and away like the damp
He shoulders his saddle and he's back in the camp

Cause they've turned out the horses
The whole bloody plant
And he'd ride a bike if he could but he can't
And if you live to chase cattle
You'll die when you aren't
And he's back on the grader again.

He can't keep the books cause he can't read or write
And he's too old for driving a roadtrain at night
The windmills too high and the fencings too hard
He's too proud for the garden, too slow for the yard

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(2x)