

Old Riders In The Grandstand

Slim Dusty

I'm seated in the grandstand at a big-time rodeo
With my walking stick beside me as I watch the scene below
There are youngon's ridin' outlaws as I did when young and free
And I wonder are there many old ex-riders here like me
The horses they are ridin' couldn't buck to save their hide
Oh I'd like to see these youngon's on the ones I used to ride
I've used the likes of spinifex for a night horse on the run
And brahma bulls like Wadgerra, we rode them just for fun
The saddles they are using are designed to hold you in
And the halter shanks are silky so as not to hurt your skin
We rode in flattened (Poleans) in the days of long ago
And could have rolled a smoke aboard the likes of Curio
The steers they use for doggin' are no bigger than a calf
And the time they take to throw them make us old timers laugh
We used to scrub big Mickey's twice the size in cattle yards
Oh but that was many years ago way back when times were hard
These youngon's dress so lairy in their fancy cowboy suits
We used to ride in moleskins and a pair of Bluecha boots
But all our glory's vanished, we're forgotten men, it seems
Old riders in the grandstand alone with all our dreams