

## Pay Day At The Pub

Slim Dusty

Now the weary week has ended, it's pay day on the job  
Let's go down to the local and mingle with the mob  
You'll meet the dinkum Aussies, rough and ready as they are  
With hard faces brown as leather, lined up around the bar  
Someone is sure to greet you, you chaps I'm glad to see  
Come on you pair of somethings, and have a drink with me  
While the barmaid juggles glasses and the boss works with a wil  
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For he loves to hear the rattle of the silver in the till  
Now the rousabout is busy, he hasn't time to think  
And I'm sure he'd never hear you if you ask him for a drink  
Oh the barrels that are heavy will be light ones very soon  
When the brumbies come to water on a pay day afternoon  
Now the world is such a great place, everyone is doing well  
And strange it is to listen to the stories that they tell  
Some are ridin' buckin' brumbies, some are up north in the cane  
Some are growling at the weather and are wishing it would rain  
And there's old Jimmy Wooter in the corner by himself  
Telling stories to the bottles that are standing on the shelf  
Oh he once was high and mighty though forlorn he's looking now  
In a hat that came from nowhere and a torn old Jackie Howe  
Now the clock is moving onwards, the lightweights have their fi  
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But those with more horse power are staying with it still  
Some have already had it and are layed out in a swoon  
They'll be grumpy when they wake up on a pay day afternoon  
Hear the hen-pecked hubbies saying what will become of me  
For I told my little woman that I'd hurry home to tea  
She's going to play old Harry and whale like one bereft  
When she digs into my pockets and she finds there's little left  
But if he uses a bit of blarney she'll forgive