

# The Idiot

Stan Rogers

I often take these night shift walks  
When the foreman's not around  
I turn my back on the cooling stacks  
And make for open ground  
Far out beyond the tank-farm fence  
Where the gas flare makes no sound  
I forget the stink and I always think  
Back to that Eastern town

I remember back six years ago  
This western life I chose  
And every day the news would say  
Some factory's going to close  
Well, I could have stayed to take the dole  
But I'm not one of those.  
I take nothing free, and that makes me,  
An idiot, I suppose.

So I bid farewell to the Eastern town  
I never more will see  
But work I must so I eat this dust  
And breathe refinery  
Oh I miss the green and the woods and streams  
And I don't like cowboy clothes  
But I like being free and that makes me  
An idiot, I suppose.

So come all you fine young fellows  
Who've been beaten to the ground  
This western life's no paradise,  
But it's better than lying down.  
Oh the streets aren't clean, and there's nothing green,  
And the hills are dirty brown,  
But the government dole will rot your soul  
Back there in your home town.

So bid farewell to the Eastern town  
You never more will see.  
There's self-respect and a steady check  
In this refinery.  
You will miss the green and the woods and streams  
And the dust will fill your nose.  
But you'll be free, and just like me,  
An idiot, I suppose.