

# 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