

## Camp Cooks

Slim Dusty

Well we tried 'em all the babbling brooks, the cooks  
and the cuckoos,  
Between them and wilful murders, there's not a lot to  
choose,  
Oh we get 'em every season and I am more or less  
resign,  
When riding in for tucker, to hear the cook has pulled  
his time.

For the flour is always weepy and the beef is always  
tough,  
And no matter what the wages are, oh, they never are  
enough,  
They growl about the water and they moan about the  
wood,  
And no matter where you make the camp, it's never any  
good.  
(Grizzling so and so's)

The offsider's always lazy and the men eat twice as  
much,  
As any other blokes I've met and your just a such as  
such,  
Oh the beef is always under cooked, the spuds are hard  
as hell,  
And what they put in rissoles would be really hard to  
tell.

Oh there isn't any picnic when your bullocks rush all  
night,  
To come riding in when daybreak, cook's a shadow all a  
flight,  
To find the billy cans are cold and the beef all boiled  
to rag,  
And when you've had your say old mate, the cook has  
rolled his swag.  
(hey!)

We only had one decent cook, he made bread like a  
dream,  
He made us soup and puddings with some buns for in  
between,  
He never moaned, he never groaned, for two days was  
content,  
Till we asked for second helpings and the barmaid  
snatched his rent.

So now I've kind of had it an' when the season thru  
again,  
You may look among the ringers but you'll look for me  
in vain,  
For I'm sending to the city for a Mrs Beaten's book,  
And next year I'll get my own back, for I'm goin' out  
as cook.  
(Hey)

Oh we get 'em every season and I am more or less

resign,  
When riding in for tucker, to hear the cook has pulled  
his time