

Goldy Girl

Slim Dusty

I've told you of Quickstick and the things that he did
Threw me in manhood as well as a kid
Well I now own a filly and we're all in a whirl
And her name is plain Goldy Girl.

So bring out the brandy and the bandages too
For the young lad, who'll now have a burl
Don't think he's afraid, but he'll need first aid
When he's over with our Goldy Girl.

She'll show that bad eye as she sends you up high
And over the tree tops you'll whirl
Oh I'll eat my hat if you come creeping back
For a second try on Goldy Girl.

There once was a sulky that we used to own
Took us to dances and brought us back home
We hitched up young Goldy to the sulky one day
Now we use it for fire wood, that's all I need say.

There was young drover Ned, a lad mountain bred
Accustom to all sorts of things
But when he had a try he was sent up so high
He flew back with a pair of gold wings.

There was young drover Jack from the plains way out
back
The finest young fella I've met
She spun him around and he hit the ground
And boys, we ain't dug him up yet.

There was Slim Dusty, "Yes", who proudly confessed
"I'll ride any critter unspent"
But when he had a go at the next rodeo
We never seen which way he went.

My song will be ending in a very short while
I hope I have cheered you and caused you to smile
One hundred is the offer that we'll now unfurl
To the rider who sticks Goldy Girl.