

I Hope They Fight Again

Slim Dusty

I was drinking here one evening said the old man with a grin
And everything was peaceful til some ringer blokes came in
There were four of them in number and they seemed to be half full
And they been arguing on how to throw and tie a scrubber bull

Well they talked of cattle camps from Bourke to Anthony Lagoon
And they talked of runnin' scrubbers 'neath the glimmer of the moon
And they talked of ridin' buckers when the subject turned to fights
And by this time said the old man they were gettin' pretty tight
Oh yeah

Just then the fighting shearer from the Lachlan came around
He had five mates behind him but the ringers stood their ground
The shearers had been drinking on the far end of the bar
They'd been shearing lambs and wethers and were calling out for tar

They'd been cursin' cooks and rousies and the experts left and right
When they heard the ringers cooee and the subject turned to fight
Then a deadly calm descended like the lull before a storm
Which erupted like a cyclone as the fighters showed their form
Oh yeah!

Oh the presser punched a moment with the tallest of the four
Till the lanky bloke connected and he crumpled to the floor
Then lanky aimed a beauty at the nearest shearers chin
But a king hit from the sideline put the long one in a spin

When an innocent bystander sought an exit to the door
He was trampled in the blood and glass and beer upon the floor
Then the worried barman screamed out, he yelled with all his might
Are you crazy lot of blighters here to drink or here to fight!!
Oh that's right!!

They were battered bruised and winded so they gathered round the bar

'Cept the innocent bystander who went limping to his
car
Oh the good old days have vanished in the darkness and
the gloom
In the wake of modern tourists in this mighty mineral
boom

And the dinkum Aussie bushmen are a slowly dyin' race
And it hurts me when I see the type that's come to take
their place
So I come here every evening just to sort of reminisce
'Cos another blue like that one is a thing I'd hate to
miss
Oh yeah

Hey! I was drinking here one evening said the old man
with a grin
And everything was peaceful til those kucker blokes
came in
So I come here every evening just to sit and reminisce
'Cos another blue like that one is a thing I'd hate to
miss