

I Must Have Good Terbaccy When I Smoke

Slim Dusty

I was talking to a swaggy yesterday
His beard was long his hair was silver grey
His dress was out of style but he wore a friendly smile
And here is what the old man had to say

"You may think me most unusual my boy
When I tell you straight that I am stony broke
I tramp from year to year and I'll drink all kinds of
beer
But I like to have good 'baccy when I smoke"

Now I'll show you this here old terbacco tin
The paint is gone the sides are dented in
But it's opened many a bottle in its wild and chequered
life
And to me it has always been a friend

I one time had a wife and everything
But a stranger came and soon we were apart
So I left my friends and home and I hit the road to
roam
But nicotine has mended my old heart

I've got no use for money in my life
You strive and struggle till it gets you down
I tramp until I lag and then I'll drop my swag
And I'll sit and smoke and watch the world go round

When finally I reach the golden gates
They say St Peter he's a decent bloke
If I'm taken with the blessed this will be my last
request
I must have good terbaccy when I smoke

Yes I was talking to that swaggy yesterday
And what he told me I'll remember clear
Trampin' out there with the breeze happy as the birds
and bees
And I reckon that he has the right idea.