

# Leave Him In The Long Yard

Slim Dusty

Yes he's lookin' kind of jaded  
And his sight is not the best  
And the hair around his muzzle's turnin' grey  
He has seen a hundred musters  
And I think it's only fair  
We leave him in the longyard here today

He was broken in the sixties  
Maybe sixty three or four  
Never faltered always seemed to be on hand  
Never have I seen him beaten  
By a bullock in the bush  
And at a night watch he was pick of all the land.

So leave him out there in the longyard  
Do not rush him  
Leave him out there with his mate the baldy bay  
Leave him there till after smoko  
And we'll catch him  
We'll pull his tail and turn him out today

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He's entitled to some kindness  
In return for all he's been  
Now he's failin' and his step is gettin' slow  
Let him squander his last summer  
By the river with his mates  
In the paddock where the sweetest grasses grow

So leave him out there in the longyard  
Do not rush him  
Leave him out there with his mate the baldy bay  
With his mates that he can graze  
And he can laze with  
Leave him there and we will turn him out today

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And he can laze with  
Leave him there and we will turn him out today  
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