

Middleton's Rouseabout

Slim Dusty

Tall and freckled and sandy,
Face of a country lout;
This was the picture of Andy,
Middleton's Rouseabout.

Type of a coming nation,
In the land of cattle and sheep,
He worked on Middleton's station,
For a pound a week and his keep.

On Middleton's wide dominions
Plied the stockwhip and shears;
Had he er hadn't any opinions,
Had he hadn't any ideas'.

Swiftly the years went over,
And liquor and drought prevailed;
And Middleton, he went as a drover, you know,
After his station had failed.

Type of a careless nation,
Men who are soon played out,
Middleton was: and so his station
Bought by the Rouseabout.

Now flourishing beard and sandy,
He's tall, he's robust and stout;
Yes this is the picture of Andy, you know,
Middleton's Rouseabout.

And now on his own dominions
He works with his overseers;
And he still hasn't any opinions,
He hasn't any ideas.