

Second Class, Wait Here

Slim Dusty

At suburban railway stations you may see them as you
pass,
There are signboards on the platform saying, "Wait here
second class";
And to me the whirr and thunder and the clunk of
running gear,
Seem to be forever saying, saying "Second class wait
here"

Yes the second class were waiting in the days of serf
and prince,
And the second class are waiting, they've been waiting
ever since,
There are gardens in the background, and the line is
bare and drear,
Yet they wait beneath a signboard, sneering "Second
class wait here."

I have waited in the winter, in the mornings dark and
damp,
When the asphalt platform glistened underneath that
lonely lamp,
And the wind among the poplars and the wires that
thread the air,
Seem to be forever snarling, snarling, "Second class
wait here."

Out beyond the further suburb near a chimney stack
alone,
Lay the works of Rinder Brothers with a platform of
their own,
And I waited there and suffered, waited there for many
a day,
Slaved beneath the phantom signboard, telling all my
hopes to stay.

Oh! A man must feel revengeful for a boyhood such as
mine,
God! I hate the very houses near the workshop by the
line;
And the smell of railway stations and the roar of
running gear,
And the scornful-sneering signboards, saying "Second
class wait here."

There's a train with Death for a driver, that is ever
going past,
There will be no class compartments when it's "All
aboard" at last;
For the long white jasper platform with an Eden in the
rear;
And there won't be any signboards saying - "Second
class wait here."

Oh no, there won't be any signboards saying "Second
class, wait here."