Slim Dusty "Casey's Luck"

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Now Casey was a racing man, he delved in thoroughbreds

Wherever there's a meeting on, oh that's where Casey heads

With little Joe, his travelling mate and a horse called Holy Dan

He'll dine on lobster one week and the next on bread and scram

I met him in the pub today, I said Casey how's your luck With tears in his eyes he looked into mine and said I'm a dyin' duck

Been down to Hall's Creek meeting, I thought I'd scooped the pool

I should have made a fortune but instead I made a fool

As we stood in the crowded bar room 'midst the laughter and the cheer

I brightened up old Casey with a round or two of beer We found a quiet corner and Casey he got bold He grabbed his beer in beefy hands and here's the tale he told

'Twas a sore disgrace I can tell ya, it should have been in the bag

But the lady's bracelet and the cash were won by a station nag

I was broke and getting desperate, I'd been bragging 'round the place

And the last event on the program was a native stockman's race

So I hauled little Joe to the creek bed and to the ashes of a fire

In a second flat I'd stripped him of his pants and fancy attire

I blackened him all over with ashes and bacon fat And said now Joe you must ride this horse in twenty seconds flat

Well Joe and Holy Dan romped home, beat the others

by a mile

And I front up for the winnings with a grin across my dile

Said the judge, I've never seen a stockman ride a horse like that

But Joe, the stupid so'n'so stood around to cop the wrap

I frowned and give him the office that he better shoot straight through

Then the judge said just a moment, that native's eyes are blue

Well they didn't tar and feather us but it caused me lots of strife

And

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