

## Slim Dusty

# "Old Riders In The Grandstand"

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I'm seated in the grandstand at a big-time rodeo  
With my walking stick beside me as I watch the scene  
below  
There are youngon's ridin' outlaws as I did when young  
and free  
And I wonder are there many old ex-riders here like me  
The horses they are ridin' couldn't buck to save their  
hide  
Oh I'd like to see these youngon's on the ones I used to  
ride  
I've used the likes of spinifex for a night horse on the  
run  
And brahma bulls like Wadgerra, we rode them just for  
fun  
The saddles they are using are designed to hold you in  
And the halter shanks are silky so as not to hurt your  
skin  
We rode in flattened ?Poleans? in the days of long ago  
And could have rolled a smoke aboard the likes of  
Curio  
The steers they use for doggin' are no bigger than a  
calf  
And the time they take to throw them make us old  
timers laugh  
We used to scrub big Mickey's twice the size in cattle  
yards  
Oh but that was many years ago way back when times  
were hard  
These youngon's dress so lairy in their fancy cowboy  
suits  
We used to ride in moleskins and a pair of Bluecha  
boots  
But all our glory's vanished, we're forgotten men, it  
seems  
Old riders in the grandstand alone with all our dreams

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