## Slim Dusty "Sweeney"

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It was somewhere in September and the sun was goin' down

When I came in search of copy, to a Darling River town Come-And-Have-A-Drink we'll call it, 'tis a fitting name I think

And 'twas raining, for a wonder, up at Come-And-Have-A-Drink

Underneath the pub verandah I was resting on a bunk When a stranger rose before me, and he said that he was drunk

He apologised for speaking, there was no offence he swore

But he somehow seemed to fancy that he'd seen my face before

He agreed you can't remember all the chaps you chance to meet

And he said his name was Sweeney, people lived in Sussex Street

He was camping in a stable, that he swore that he was right

Only for the blanky horses walkin' over him all night He'd apparently been fighting, for his face was black and blue

And it looked as though the horses had been treading on him too

But an honest genial twinkle in the eye that wasn't hurt Seemed to hint of something better, spite of drink and rags and dirt

He was born in Parramatta and he said with humour grim

That he'd like to see the city, 'ere the liquor finished him

But he couldn't raise the money, he was damned if he could think

What the Government was doing here, he offered me a drink

I declined, 'twas self-denial and I lectured him on booze

Using all the hackneyed arguments that preachers mostly use

Things I'd heard in temperance lectures, I was young and rather green

And I ended by referring to the man he might have been

But he couldn't stay to argue, for his beer was nearly gone

He was glad, he said, to meet me, and he'd see me later on

But he guessed he'd have to go and get his bottle filled again

And he gave a lurch and vanished in the darkness and the rain

Now of afternoons in cities, when the rain is on the land Visions come to me of Sweeney, with his bottle in his hand.

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