Paul Kelly
"The Ballad Of Queenie And Rover"

Queenie was born on the banks
Of the great Ord River, 1930, maybe
Her mother was black, her daddy white
Papa was a fine horse-breaker
Mama sang the songs of the old lawmakers

She used to hide young Queenie in the bush
And rub black charcoal all over her hair and her face
Every time the police came around
Looking for any blond haired, brown skinned children
To round ?em up and take ?em on down town

Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha

Rover was born in the desert, he lived out there ?til his
mother died
Then he moved around a lot from place to place
Bedford Downs, Bow River, Lissadell, Wyndham
Building fences, working as a stock man

Then he had a series of dreams
He started painting what he'd heard and he'd seen
Rainbow serpent, Krill Krill, Cyclone Tracy, the killing
fields
Everything that lives and breathes

Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha

Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha
Your story will always run

When Rover and Queenie were young
They met out on New Texas Down station
She worked as a cook there for a long, long time
She said, ?Hey, Cowboy? later on she said
?Nice boy, good worker, top rider, lucky one, that one?

One day a mean horse ripped the scalp from his head
She stitched him up with a boiled needle and thread
Good as any doctor, they were friends ever after
She said, ?I want to paint," he said, ?I'll teach ya?

They died within months of each other

Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal ones
Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal ones, aha

Your story will always run, always run, will always run
Forever run, forever run, forever run
Forever young, forever young