

Rogers Stan

"The Idiot"

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I often take these night shift walks when the foreman's
not around.
I turn my back on the cooling stacks and make for open
ground.
Far out beyond the tank farm fence where the gas flare
makes no sound,
I forget the stink and I always think back to that Eastern
town.

I remember back six years ago, this Western life I
chose.
And every day, the news would say some factory's
going to close.
Well, I could have stayed to take the Dole, but I'm not
one of those.
I take nothing free, and that makes me an idiot, I
suppose.

So I bid farewell to the Eastern town I never more will
see;
But work I must so I eat this dust and breathe refinery.
Oh I miss the green and the woods and streams and I
don't like cowboy clothes;
But I like being free and that makes me an idiot I
suppose.

So come all you fine young fellows who've been beaten
to the ground.
This western life's no paaradise, but it's better than
lying down.
Oh, the streets aren't clean, and there's nothing green,
and the hills are dirty brown,
But the government Dole will rot your soul back there in
your home town.

So bid farewell to the Eastern town you never more will
see.
There's self-respect and a steady cheque in this
refinery.
You will miss the green and the woods and streams
and the dust will fill your nose.

But you'll be free, and just like me, an idiot, I suppose

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