

Paddy Schmidt

"NOW I'M EASY"

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For nearly sixty years IÃ, 've been a cocky,
Of droughts and fires and floods
IÃ, 've lived through plenty,
This countryÃ, 's dust and mud
have seen my tears and blood,
But itÃ, 's nearly over now and now IÃ, 'm easy.

I married a fine girl when I was twenty,
She died in giving birth
when she was thirty,
No flying doctor then
just a gentle old black gen,
But itÃ, 's nearly over now and now IÃ, 'm easy.

She left me with two sons and a daughter,
And a bone dry farm whose soil
cried out for water,
Though me care was rough and ready
they grew up fine and steady,
But itÃ, 's nearly over now and now IÃ, 'm easy.

Me daughter married young
and went her own ways,
My sons lie buried by the Burma railway,
So on this land IÃ, 've made me home
IÃ, 've carried on alone,
But itÃ, 's nearly over now and now IÃ, 'm easy.

Oh city folks these days despise the cocky,
Saying with subsidies
and dole weÃ, 've had it easy,
But thereÃ, 's no drought or starving stock
on the sewerred suburban block,
But itÃ, 's nearly over now and now IÃ, 'm easy

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