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Slim "Pay Day At The Pub"

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Now the weary week has ended, it's pay day on the job Let's go down to the local and mingle with the mob You'll meet the dinkum Aussies, rough and ready as they are

With hard faces brown as leather, lined up around the

Someone is sure to greet you, you chaps I'm glad to see

Come on you pair of somethings, and have a drink with

While the barmaid juggles glasses and the boss works with a will

For he loves to hear the rattle of the silver in the till Now the rousabout is busy, he hasn't time to think And I'm sure he'd never hear you if you ask him for a drink

Oh the barrels that are heavy will be light ones very soon

When the brumbies come to water on a pay day afternoon

Now the world is such a great place, everyone is doing well

And strange it is to listen to the stories that they tell Some are ridin' buckin' brumbies, some are up north in the cane

Some are growling at the weather and are wishing it would rain

And there's old Jimmy Wooter in the corner by himself Telling stories to the bottles that are standing on the shelf

Oh he once was high and mighty though forlorn he's looking now

In a hat that came from nowhere and a torn old Jackie Howe

Now the clock is moving onwards, the lightweights have their fill

But those with more horse power are staying with it still Some have already had it and are layed out in a swoon They'll be grumpy when they wake up on a pay day afternoon

Hear the hen-pecked hubbies saying what will become

of me

For I told my little woman that I'd hurry home to tea She's going to play old Harry and whale like one bereft When she digs into my pockets and she finds there's little left

But if he uses a bit of blarney she'll forgive

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