Sergeant Small

A song that reflected the difficulty unemployed men had trying to find work in the country.

Verses by Terry Boyle, chorus by Tex Morton, setting by Brad Tate



My pants were getting ragged, my boots were getting thin, And as I came into Mitchell, the goods train shunted in. I could hear the whistle blowing and, looking out I could see She was on her way to Roma, it was quite plain to me

And as I sat and watched her, inspiration's seeds were sown, I remembered the Government slogan; "Use the railways that you own". As the sun was a'getting lower and night was coming nigh, I shouldered my belongings and I took her on the fly.

As I came into Roma, I kept my head down low, I heard a voice say "Any room, mate?", I answered "Plenty, beau". "Come out of there, my noble man", said the voice of Sergeant Small, "I have caught you very nicely, you've been riding for a fall".

The old judge was very kind to me; he gave me thirty days, Said "Maybe this might help to cure your rattler jumping ways", So if you're down and out in the outback, boys, I'll tell you what I think; You steer clear of Queensland goods trains, they're a short cut to the clink.