

SWAGMAN'S REST

(Neil Murray)

There's a man in the front yard
He's got a plastic bag
He come's every fortnight
And holds out his hand
I get sent to the kitchen to find food for the man
When I give him the parcel he always pats my head
I watch him walk away I wonder where he goes
Do you know where he lives I say
My mum says she knows
Do you think I could go there
She says I suppose

He always stays in place called swagman's rest
Where all the swaggies go it's the place they like the best
Swagman's rest

The next day I wait for him of course he doesn't show
But I tell myself that when he does, I'm gonna follow him home
And then I'll know for sure just where swaggies go

They always stay in a place called swagman's rest
Where all the swaggies go it's the place they like the best
Swagman's rest

Well its been four weeks now and no sign of him
I turn a round to my mother I say "he must be getting thin"
She comes over and puts her hand upon my shoulder
There's a tear in her eye as she draws me closer
She says "he won't be coming back no more because he's dead"
I say no that can't be right
He stops in Swagman's rest

You said he stayed in place called swagman's rest
Where all the swaggies go it's the place they like the best
Swagman's rest