

The Idiot

by Stan Rogers

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 tankfarm 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.

Chorus: *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 paradise, \\\ but its 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.

Chorus: *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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