Billy McCann

Bent pipe and hat and visage grim
The first time that I ever saw him
He was driving two donkeys in a wooden cart
His skin as black as a weatherman's chart.

The boss said "Look boy, there goes one helluva man,
Remember his name it's Billy McCann."

Billy was an axeman hermit and from that day hence
He was cutting mulga posts and putting up fence.
He'd have that crowbar whistlin', then fingers he'd lick
And he'd strain off the wires with a forky stick,
And all o' the tampin' and the drillin' was done by the hand
Of the man we knew as old Billy McCann.

Contract finished! No time to wait
And you just knew that fence was gunbarrel straight.

Then his crowbars, shovels, and axe he'd rub
And head the donkeys
For the WauKaringa Pub.

So friends if ever your in that North East land
Watch out for the ghost of old Billy McCann.

Amen

Max Glenn, Whiddon Beaudesert