

The Ballad of Queenie and Rover

Paul Kelly

Queenie was born on the banks
Of the great Ord River, 1930, maybe
Her mother was black, her daddy white
Papa was a fine horse-breaker
Mama sang the songs of the old lawmakers
She used to hide young Queenie in the bush
And rub black charcoal all over her hair and her face
Every time the police came around
Looking for any blond haired, brown skinned children
To round em up and take em on down town
Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal one, aha
Rover was born in the desert, he lived out there til his mother died
Then he moved around a lot from place to place
Bedford Downs, Bow River, Lissadell, Wyndham
Building fences, working as a stock man
Then he had a series of dreams
He started painting what he'd heard and he'd seen
Rainbow serpent, Krill Krill, Cyclone Tracy, the killing fields
Everything that lives and breathes
Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha
Ride on, ride on, immortal one, aha
Your story will always run
When Rover and Queenie were young
They met out on New Texas Down station
She worked as a cook there for a long, long time
She said, Hey, Cowboy later on she said
Nice boy, good worker, top rider, lucky one, that one
One day a mean horse ripped the scalp from his head
She stitched him up with a boiled needle and thread
Good as any doctor, they were friends ever after
She said, I want to paint," he said, Ill teach ya
They died within months of each other
Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal ones
Ride on, ride on, immortal ones, aha
Shine on, shine on, immortal ones, aha
Your story will always run, always run, will always run
Forever run, forever run, forever run
Forever young, forever young

Songwriters

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