

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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