

# Idiot, The

artist:Stan Rogers , writer:Stan Rogers

*Thanks Susan McCarthy*

I often take these night shift walks when the foreman's not a-round  
I turn my back on the cooling stacks and make for open ground  
Far out beyond the tank farm 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 a-go, this western life I chose  
When 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 i-diot, I sup-pose

So I bid farewell to the Eastern town I never more will see;  
But work I must so I eat this dust and breathe re-finery  
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 i-diot I sup-pose

So come all you fine young fellers who've been beaten to the ground  
This western life's no para-dise, but it's better than laying 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

So bid farewell to the Eastern town you never more will see  
There's self-respect and a steady cheque in this re-finery  
You will miss the green and woods and streams  
and the dust will fill your nose  
But you'll be free, and just like me, an i-diot, I sup-pose