

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

By BURTON BRADEY

[An old grey cat at Chatham House basking in the May sunshine, said it was a Burton Bradey day. To explain his meaning we publish herewith "The Song of the Road."]

Life here in town is too blooming monotonous,
Working around on a regular job,
All the time somebody spotting or bossing us,
We don't belong to no labouring mob.
Things here is too precise and pernicketty,
Bo, I would just as soon be in a gaol.
Us for the road and the wheels that go clicketty,
Clicketty-click on the glimmering rail.

Us for the road and the old hobo ways again,
Loafing along in the wind and the sun,
Sleeping at night in the soft of the hay again
Never a worry of work to be done.
Say, ain't you ready to beat it by crickey,
Jump on the freight and be off on the trail,
Hearing the music of wheels going clicketty,
Clicketty-click on the glimmering rail ?

Judges will call us a "shame to society,"
Brakemen will bounce us off on to the ground ;
Tramping's no cinch, but it's full of variety,
Here we're just milling around and around.
Bo, I am feeling all feeble and ricketty,
Say, we'll shrivel up sure if we stick,
Let's hop a rattler with wheels that go clicketty,
Clicketty, clicketty, clicketty, click.