

# The Idiot by Stan Rogers

D A Bm G Bm  
I often take these night shift walks when the foreman's not around.  
G D A  
I turn my back on the cooling stacks and make for open ground.  
D A Bm G Bm  
Far out beyond the tank farm fence where the gas flare makes no sound,  
G D A ( G ) D  
I forget the stink and I always think back to that Eastern town.

Verse

D A Bm G Bm  
I remember back six years ago, this Western life I chose.  
G D A  
And every day, the news would say some factory's going to close.  
D A Bm G Bm  
Well, I could have stayed to take the Dole, but I'm not one of those.  
G D A ( G ) D  
I take nothing free, and that makes me an idiot, I suppose.

Chorus

G D ( D/A ) A  
So I bid farewell to the Eastern town I never more will see;  
G D A  
But work I must so I eat this dust and breathe refinery.  
D A Bm G Bm  
Oh I miss the green and the woods and streams and I don't like cowboy clothes;  
G D A D  
But I like being free and that makes me an idiot I suppose.

Break (same as verse with a fiddle playing the melody)

D A Bm G Bm  
G D A  
D A Bm G Bm  
G D A D

Verse

D Bm G Bm  
So come all you fine young 'fellers who've been beaten to the ground.  
G D A  
This western life's no paradise, but it's better than lying down.  
D A Bm G Bm  
Oh, the streets aren't clean, and there's nothing green, and the hills are dirty brown,  
G D A D  
But the government Dole will rot your soul back there in your home town.

Chorus

G D ( D/A ) A  
So bid farewell to the Eastern town you never more will see.  
G D A  
There's self-respect and a steady cheque in this refinery.  
D A Bm G Bm  
You will miss the green and the woods and streams and the dust will fill your nose.  
G D A D  
But you'll be free, and just like me, an idiot, I suppose