

The Rube

By Joel Tankersley © 2005

When I was a young man, of strong back and lean
I set on the road, like I was a machine
To the town of Wallace, of Idaho fame
Come there to set the Silver Valley aflame

The first stop was on bank street, I parked my new car
I landed a stool, in a very small bar
The liquor flowed freely and into the night
First evening in Wallace and I was wound up real tight
I had friends all around me, drinks on some louse
One so inquired, "have you seen the cat house"?

I said are you asking, I was drug to the door
Come out to the street kid, come here to -n- too four
We traveled the block, san ill repute
Ah' stopping and shopping, ah the lack of green loot
but seeing the elephant and drunk on the strand
In the mouth of Burke canyon, I passed out so grand

I woke the next morning, sick as a hog
Mangy black hair, trussed like a frog
I dunked my fat head, in some creek that was cold
Put on clean duds in the midst of the road

Then I went looking for work,

I rustled the Sunshine, I rustled the Star
I ask the Galena, I was not up to par
I went to the Friday, and the Crescent shop shack
They said where you from and then that you ought to go back

I went into Kellogg, not feeling to fine
I looked at the Bunker's, long hiring line
I was now desperate, it was bad where I sat
I drove all the way up there and there was no going back

At the Kellogg tunnel, Bunker Mine office stood
I made up some lies and I made them up good
I went to the superintendent , I knocked on his desk
Said you better not miss me, because I am the best
I can mine for two muckers and muck for two miners
I can out work and out think, any old timer
You need me right now, no BS or blister
I'm hiring on, how bout' it there mister?

The Superintendent, well he hired me, right on the spot
No second question, I worked a sweet slot
So in twenty-four hours, every mothers desire
A drunk, a whoremonger and a really great liar