

Playing for the Traffic
By:Alistair Hulett

You could have seen him any day up the back of Martin Place
In a battered Sunday suit that's seen far better days
Blowing on a mouth harp with the kind of wit and grace
That would bring a smile to the face of a broken clock.
And there was not a verse or chorus the old bugger didn't know
From "Mother Kelly's Doorstep" to "The Banks of the Ohio."
The typists and the tellers didn't want to bloody know,
Dealing with their dose of future shock.

He was playing for the traffic and the 9:00 to 5:00ers.
Tooraloo, you're bound for Botany Bay!
And he gave more to this world than all the penny-pinching skivers
That turned around and looked the other way.

Well, I stood awhile to listen, and he played the thing with ease,
But the crowd that day was tighter than a Pom at a wine and cheese.
Maybe, they were hard up or just plain hard to please,
But no one put a single cent his way.
So, I reached into my pocket to even up the score
And dropped a pile of change into the tin plate on the floor.
When you work the streets, they treat you like a whore,
And no one ever ought to feel that way.

He was playing for the traffic and the 9:00 to 5:00ers.
Tooraloo, you're bound for Botany Bay!
And he gave more to this world than all those penny-pinching skivers
That turned around and looked the other way.

He was playing when I left him with a new crowd to convince;
I often look out for him, but he's not been back there since.
Does anybody notice? Does anybody wince
At some old digger picking through the trash?
In this land of milk and honey, where there's more than enough for all,
Why did he spend his whole life with his back against the wall?
Did he fight in two world wars winding up with sweet fuck all,
Working on the street for a bit of stash?

He was playing for the traffic and the 9:00 to 5:00ers.
Toolaroo, you're bound for Botany Bay!
And he gave more to this world
Than all those penny-pinching bastards
That turned around and looked the other way.

He was playing for the traffic and the 9:00 to 5:00ers.
Toolaroo, you're bound for Botany Bay!
And he gave more to this world than all those penny-pinching skivers
That turned around and looked the other way.