

Trader Bob

Words and music by Colin Buchanan

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On a Goulburn winter's morning
The band were still asleep
Went kicking past the dealers
Northern end of Auburn Street
I ambled up a laneway
To kill a little time I was drawn into
the gateway With the Bargain Centre
sign

Well I'd wandered into heaven
Could not believe my eyes A bric-a-
brac nirvana Big boy lucky dip
surprise
A cave of trash and treasure
It was tumbling off the shelf
And the master of the magic
Was Trader Bob himself

CHORUS

Well he doesn't have it
He knows where you can get it
And if he doesn't just forget it Cos it
probably can't be got
He'll wander off and mutter
Reappear from all the clutter
With a widget he'd discovered
In his hand, sayin' "I reckon this'll
probably do the job."
That's the way it worked with
Trader Bob

Well he had a box of gauges
And I asked him, "What are these?"
He said, "Cessna altimeters, mate -
If you buy one, you get one free." His
old torpedo covers
They were runnin' out the door
To be buried, full of rifles
Getting hidden from the law

There were cobblers blocks and army
socks
And artificial artificial limbs

Job lots bought at auction
Choking tubs and drums and bins
I bought a box of sundries
He said, "See you later, cob!"
As I stepped into the sunshine I
thought,
"Good onya Trader Bob."

CHORUS

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That's the way it worked with
Trader Bob

He worked 25 years at Knowlman's
Before he set up shop The stuff he sold
is growing old
But it's still holding Goulburn up
The whiskered walking opposite
Of your mighty hardware chain
And I somehow doubt we'll see the
like
Of Trader Bob again

CHORUS

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Well he knew where you could get it
And if he didn't just forget it Cos it
probably can't be got
He'd wander off and mutter
Reappear from all the clutter
With a widget he'd discovered
In his hand, sayin' "I reckon this'll
probably do the job."
That's the way it worked with Trader
Bob
Yeah, that's the way it was with Trader
Bob