



Jim Parsons

(The Pick-and-Shovel Man)

*When you've walked waist-deep through water to drag bodies from a mine
And when you've pushed through zero-vision to get 10 good men out alive,
When you count the cost of tragedy by mates' names etched on crosses,
You have to find a way to eliminate the losses.*

*Jim Parsons is a miner and while there's memories to keep
Sadly there is tragedy that still haunts Jim in his sleep.
Sirius Creek, Kianga, Moura felt it twice,
Thirty-seven didn't make it, it turns your blood to ice.*

*He trained at Collinsville with Ron McKenna and the crew,
Jim reckoned safety training was something everyone should do.
He risked his job to spread the message, it meant that much to him,
Radio and newspapers queued up to speak to Jim.*

*Bryce Courtney interviewed him, as a man we're talking quality
He worked hard with Mark Parcell to make safety a priority.
See, when you lose good mates there lies the guilt of "Why not me?"
So Jim kept the fire burning to protect their legacy.*

*Now his working days are done, he's given up the dance
But he'd be back there in a flash if given half a chance.
But just who is this man who pushed hard for safe conditions?
Who never thought of backing down no matter who or what position.*

*Well, when it comes to shovelling coal Jim Parsons is a gun,
He honed his skills at Bluff earning six-and-eight a ton.
As a pick-and-shovel miner the days were bloody tough,
Pay for your own fracture, wheel the skips in, fill 'em up.*

*Most blokes said "Good riddance!" when the shovel days were done
But Jim was something else, he used to shovel coal for fun!
World champion in Tasmania, five times he won the gong
Plus a stack of Queensland titles, bloody quick and bloody strong.*

*Now he spends his days in Moura with Norah by his side,
They baby-sit the grandkids who fill his heart with pride.
He listens to Merle Haggard, goes fishing when he can
And that's the story of Jim Parsons, The Pick-And Shovel Man.*

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