

Fall At The Feet Of Rae

Larrikin Love

Do you remember night time long ago?
Ducky hair and wet eyes,
Maybe seven, or so,
And we trudged through the mud,
And we gave birth to love,
And we fell at the feet of Rae.

And on silver mornings,
We played bare foot,
In our gardens, or our friends gardens,
With no care for the dirt,
And we smiled at the trees,
And in them we were free,
And we fell at the feet of Rae.

We dressed in the grass,
And got married in the bushes,
Slurped lemonade when it started to rain,
But our favourite ray, was the sun.

And now we are much older,
But I'll never forget our garden,
Where we were free,
Free at the feet of Rae.
Of Rae,
Of Rae,
Rae.