

The Cyclone

And Also The Trees

Through the back door
The cyclone sailed her heart
Through the house she flows
And lifts his bride from the ground
And through the trees
He clung to them both
And their twisted sheets
Don't know why she came here
But she won't take her away.
And by the vineyard wall
He caught her flaxen hair
And the cyclone paused
And stayed where he held her high
Her eyes stroked the plain
Far far away.

Through the black port
The cyclone sailed her heart
Where the bora blows
A wind that cries through the town
Across the sea
She says she won't go
In these foreign streets
And the road that came here
Is the road that takes you away.
By the station wall
She left them standing there
Her eyes stroked the plain
Far far away.