

## Mt Wellington Reverie

Augie March

You can't walk through the Isle of the dead  
You can't lie still in the guest house bed  
There's a pair of black eyes staring down at you  
From the mountain top, through y'r window

The bunks are empty, your mates are gone  
Breakfast lasts an hour long  
O warm bread, drawn tea  
The bastards'll never get to me

But somebody knows, somebody knows  
Somebody always knows  
Where a body goes

I were one of two, we were joined at the shoe  
When we thought to make our break  
So we shimmied our locks and we knocked up a box  
And we rode the thing down the waterway

Now the Derwent twists and the Derwent slides  
It's a moving thing with many eyes  
O who'd have thought, at all or often  
That vehicle would become our coffin?

So many souls, so many souls  
So many souls in the water  
I left me a little daughter and I left me a girl  
And I left them alone in that tired old world  
O where are they now?

I am one of a gang set to work on the land  
A clearin' and fellin' and killin'  
The best of us here has a conscience clear  
And he goes about it keen and willin'

We're shooting them from the rocks  
And we're shooting them in the water  
And when they're runnin' we're shootin' them in the backs  
And we do it without a thought or care?

So many lies, so many lies, so many lies been told  
We'll none of us here grow old  
Not gracefully, not peacefully in this blind old land  
In this dreaming land, some demon's land