

## Pretty Bird Tree

Paul Kelly

Appear on the slopes and plains  
In the town of Narabran  
On the banks of the Namoi river  
'Neath the shade of the pretty bird tree  
All my brother Daabi died down there  
Neath the willows oh so cool  
Now he walks with our ancestors  
Underneath the Kamilaroi moon

Namoi River  
You're home to me  
I sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree

Early on in life I took to the booze  
And drank away my dreams  
I watched my life flow steadily bye  
Like tear drops down the drain  
So I headed for the river, and became a river rat  
I'd worn out all my welcomes  
No place to hang my head  
Oh there was cranky Franky and Jackie brown  
Who demand old craigy and me  
And would lay next daylight poison dogs  
All around the pretty bird tree

Namoi River  
You're home to me  
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree

When the hallowing wind doth wane  
On the Namoi late at night  
You can hear the old ones singing  
As they dance in the pale moon light  
Oh there were many more names I can't recall  
But their faces I still see  
Whisper smiths calm face appears  
As I dream of the pretty bird tree

Namoi River  
You're home to me  
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree  
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree