

Kurrajong Tree

Sara Storer

I'm named after my grandmother
I'm blessed with music and her with poetry
And she told me this story
And with my music
I'd like to sing you, her sweet memory

Old Kurrajong tree
You look lonely to me
Do you miss the old days,
Of the horses and drays?
Or the fields full of hay,
And the children at play?
Do you miss the good times,
Of the men and the mines?

And the house with the light
And the violins at night
Oh tell me old tree,
What else can it be?
Do you miss what we had,
Is that why you're sad?
Tell me old tree
What else can it be?

Old Kurrajong tree
You look lonely to me
Do you miss the old days,
Of the horses and drays?
There is no time for dismay
Look up at today
For although we're apart
You still live in our hearts

And the house with the light
And the violins at night
Oh tell me old tree,
What else can it be?
Do you miss what we had,
Is that why you're sad?
Tell me old tree
What else can it be?
(2x)

I'm named after my grandmother