

# 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)

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