

End-In-Tow

The Walkabouts

Storm it shook ya down
From the burial ground
There was mud on your face
Barely lost and barely found

And the shrunken heads around your neck
Just replicas of thoughts
Whose day had finally come

You drag it fast
You can drag it slow
But don't drag it this way
End-in-tow

Walked beneath the river bridge
And grabbed the ol' rope swing
Said "Out there
You'll see the bottom
And it swallows while it sings

And the only gold you'll find there
Are caps on these two feet."
Dead dogs float on by

You drag it fast
You can drag it slow
But don't drag it this way
End-in-tow

Better graves than ditches
On this we will agree
There is good earth on the west bank
Good nails and rope and pine

You can picnic at the Cataract
Or paddle to the shore
But you'll join the diggin' party
Just like you did before.

You drag it fast
You can drag it slow
But don't drag it this way
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