

## 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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