

# Loom of the Land

## The Walkabouts

It was the dirty end of winter  
Along the loom of the land  
When I walked with sweet Henry  
Hand upon hand

And the wind it bit bitter  
For a girl of no means  
With no shoes on her feet  
And a knife in her jeans

Along the loom of the land  
The mission bells peeled  
From the tower at Saint Mary's  
Down to Reprobate Fields

And I saw (that) the world  
(Was) all blessed and bright  
And Henry breathed softly  
In the majestic night

O baby please don't cry  
And try to keep  
Your little head upon my shoulder  
Now we'll go to sleep

The elms and the poplars  
Were turning their backs  
Past the rumbling station  
We followed their tracks

My hands they burned  
In the folds of his coat  
Breathing milky white air  
From deep in his throat

O baby please don't cry  
And try to keep  
Your little head upon my shoulder  
Now we'll go to sleep

I told him the moon  
Was a magical thing  
That it shone gold in winter  
And silver in spring

And we walked and we walked  
Across the endless sands  
Just me and my Henry  
Along the loom of the land

O baby please don't cry  
And try to keep  
O baby please don't cry  
And try to keep  
Your little head upon my shoulder  
Now we'll go to sleep  
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