

Blue Leaves Red Dust

Youth Group

Regiments of stoby poles, rabbits and erosion holes
All bare beneath the sky.
To the untrained eye this land is dry,
There's no waterholes in sight.

There are songs here,
No more geographic lies.
We just have to find them
And we'll never compromise.

The lyrics that I sent her
Are sung in clubs and community centres
And everybody's singing their own tune.

Got the call yesterday and we left straight away,
A long way for a funeral.
I saw the souls of all of us in the blue leaves and red
dust
And the heat is their embrace.

No more songs of
Tallahassee and Nashville.
We got music
Right outside the windowsill.

I can feel it when I roam
In the pubs and the nursing homes.
I can feel it coming down the wires.