

Graeme Connors

"Let The Canefields Burn"

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There's a painting of my grandfather, on my mothers
side
In the hallway of our homestaed, in a special place of
pride
With his bulldogs and kanakas, back in eighteen nighty
three
In a linen suit and a panama, they say he looked like
me.

And the story goes he came out, to make a brand new
start
In an effort to forget, a sad affair of the heart
So with these romantic notions, to the colonies he came
Where he settled in the tropics and made his fortune
growing cane.

Chorus:

Well let the canefields burn, let the flames rise
Let the politicians and the bankers in the city look up
In wonder at the glow at in the sky.

Let the canefield burn, let me feel no pain
When I drown my soul in whisky, and dance in the
flames.

There's a photo of my parents, taken in between the
wars
In London, Rome or Paris, I don't know for sure
But it hangs there in the hallway and there's one for
every year
Fortunes made, and fortunes paid, for champagne
souveniers.

Chorus:... let the canefields burn...

And they say they're gonna take this all away from me
The cars the cane the homestead, all my family history
Let the auctioneer open... with a price for charred
remains!

Chorus:... let the canefields burn...

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