

Catherine Britt

"Charlestown Road"

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Mum yelled at us kids to put our toys away
Play games that your sister can play
My brothers learnt young they had to do it my way
On Charlestown Road

Cricket in the yard with the family
Playing underneath that apricot tree
Built a cubby house just my brother and me
On Charlestown Road

I still remember falling asleep each night
To the sound of diesel engines and trucks rolling by
Do we ever stop missing our childhood home
No matter how far or where I roam
I know I won't
Charlestown Road

Had to share a room just my brother and me
The youngest two in our family
The older boys got to have their own you see
On Charlestown Road

Catching cicada's in the big gum tree
Hold them in your hands and then set them free
Lying on the branches in the summer breeze
On Charlestown Road

I still remember falling asleep each night
To the sound of diesel engines and trucks rolling by
Do we ever stop missing our childhood home
No matter how far or where I roam
I know I won't
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So different now I wouldn't recognise
Where the roses grew is now fenced inside
Seems like a memory, like a picture slide
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