

## Larrikin Love

### "At the Feet of Ré"

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Do you remember night times long ago?  
Duckie hair and wet eyes,  
Maybe seven or so,  
We trudged through the mud,  
We gave birth to love,  
We fell at the feet of RÃ©.

And on silver mornings,  
We played bare foot,  
In our garden,  
Or our friends' gardens,  
With no care for the dirt,  
We smiled at the trees,  
And in them we felt free,  
We fell at the feet of RÃ©.

We dressed in the grass,  
And got married in the bushes,  
We slurped lemonade,  
When it started to rain,  
But our favorite ray was the suns'

And now we are much older,  
But I'll never forget our garden,  
Where we were free,  
Free at the feet of RÃ©.

Of RÃ©  
Of RÃ©  
Of RÃ©

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