

## The Wailin' Jennys

### "Away But Never Gone"

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The moon's on it's way to it's nightly shift, the frogs fill  
the creek below.

The tall grass waves a farewell to the day, the wind  
moans sweet and low.

A heron tucks his head in his wing, the fish in the lake  
float along.

The sun sinks from sight: away, but never gone.

The dawn brings the dew like a thousand jewels,  
A nest rustles high on a bough.

The blue egg stays warm in the cool of the morn,  
Under a red breast of dawn.

The clouds turn and stretch,  
The moon checks it's wrist and gathers itself with a  
yawn,

And winks to the sun: away, but never gone.

\*Whistling and humming\*

All o'er the world, as it turns and it turns,  
The stars twinkle off and dawn,  
And we come and go: away, but never gone.

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