

Tim Finn

"Big Canoe"

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Hurled me a rope around the sun
Pulled her hot through the distant day
Cast the nets out into the blue
Caught me the islands fresh with spray

Then I came to the virgin rocks and sandbars
Shored the boats from the dancing waters
There in the shadow of the Tokelau hills
Burned me the fish for the moon gods daughter

Big canoe, oh, cut me through, oh
Thin white cloud of the archipelago

Eye of the hunter on the shadow trail
Caught me the eel in the mountain stream
Marked the spot where the Moa fell
Sweat on the hands of my giant dreams

Then we dragged the hardwood down to the shore
Feet for the huts in the river's mouth
Ploughed for the spice and the sweet potato
Build me the tribes of the distant south

We are the myths in the children's eyes
We are their hope when the future lies

The white ships came from tall lands far
Full of the sword and the crucifixion
I traded my heart for a tank of gas
On a road of tarmac with new intentions

Stared me up at the moon gods daughter
Laughed she did at the fat man's laws
Felt me the earth through three dollar shoes
Heard the roar of a thousand oars

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