

Powderfinger "Black Tears"

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Fragile little thing
Go lightly on the wing
Don't be put off your game
If troubled winds

Should blow you off your way
Natural love and trust
Have downed their tools
And struck that
The nation's heart

It rusts is no surprise
And seems so appropriate today
Black tears on a red rock
Fall right through and they dry up

How could it fail
To grab your attention?
Black tears on a red rock
These trees bear a strange fruit
Harvesting lies and poisoned

Blossoms of the truth
There's blood on all our hands
And blood on our boots
And black tears on a red rock

An island watch house bed
A black man's lying dead
An island watch house bed
A black man's lying dead

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