

James Blundell

"Four Feet Tall"

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Right back at the beginning
Before I started to think
Worry about things beyond my control
Fear things I didn't understand
We had a hand-made house on a hill-side
A creek down below
Seldous trees all under the rand
Scratch the roof
When the night winds blow

We were so free
We had it all
Everyday was a dream
When we were four feet tall
Four feet tall

Before govern electricity
Refrigerators run on kerosene
Making ice from fire
It's still magic to me
Ms Barlow the ageless mild lady
Three times a week she'd do her round
Raising a dust cloud
Weaving through wattle
In the end only God could slow her down

We were so free
We had it all
Everyday was a dream
When we were four feet tall
Four feet tall

Frost crunching under foot
Rugging horses to keep them warm
Following my father like a shadow
Living the life I was born to
One day the Lord got bored
And wiped it away with the sweep of his hand
Finding my feet in a land without season
Searching for a reason
Trying to understand

We just don't know what the future holds
It's a struggle to survive
Treat each day like treasure
Live like a child

We were so free
We had it all

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