

The Go-Betweens

"Unkind and unwise"

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He was brought up in a house of women
In a city of heat that gave its children
Faith in the fable of coral and fish,
Told them the world was something to miss.

I turn to hold you, you're gone.
Fingers let go, I'm gone.

That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.
That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.

The salt in the wind moves over the mudflats
Sticks to your skin and rusts up the lights,
Blows through the ferns that breathe in the dark,
I try to forget but it's so hard.

I turn to hold you, you're gone.
Fingers let go, I'm gone.

That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.
That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.

What was once is a falling star;
It'll hit you and hurt you and open your heart.
Burn in a river tangled with reeds
While a crane on the water silently feeds.

I turn to hold you, you're gone.
Fingers let go, I'm gone.

That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.

That's just a little unkind
And just a little unwise.

(repeat till cicadas join in the fun)

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