

The Walkabouts

"Christmas Valley"

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It's breathin' time
In Christmas Valley
herons fly by night
and crash into the pines
and when we're gone
from Christmas Valley
no one will remember you
leave nothin' to remind
to remind

climbed up onto Fort Rock
and I looked unto the town
the aquifer works so hard
to consecrate the ground

all the way to Wagontire
just a shimmer in the haze
all the way to Wagontire
no one's beggin' us to stay

It's breathin' time
in Christmas Valley
herons fly by night
and crash into the pines
and when we're gone
from Christmas Valley
no one will remember you
leave nothin' to remind
to remind

If what you want is tarpaper
blown off in the wind
If what you want is tarpaper
then hold here to the end

Sister says in Lewiston
three rivers come to meet
she'll get us jobs in a restaurant
we can stagger home each night

It's breathin' time

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