

The Walkabouts

"Stir the ashes"

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All dressed up for the day of the dead
I have been waiting
It's coming soon enough

The doors are open and the prowlers have all fled
So tired of waiting
So tired of hanging tough

Stir the ashes round
Underneath my shoes
Just stir the ashes round
Make 'em dizzy, in the mud
Make 'em dizzy
Round and round and round

Come and sit by the lonesome potter's grave
Come and pull the weeds
Come and write your name

Sitting here the sirens seem so far away
They're back in timber town
Three cheers for timber town

Stir the ashes round
Underneath my shoes
Just stir the ashes round
Make 'em dizzy, in the mud
Make 'em dizzy
Round and round and round

Pull me right out of the dark
My vision's never been this true
The spoils have been crudely cut
The balance has been lost for good
Stir the ashes round

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