

The Walkabouts

"The River People"

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Down here everyone says that the River People don't
really belong here.
I know what it's like to be a stranger and divide a town
beside a frontier.
People want your business and little more
I've watched shadows lengthen from a closed door.

Mountains wide, nothing is clearer to the River People
than what the others try and hide.
You spoke, pushed your chair back at the meeting and I
could tell that you were petrified.
You said the best people can suddenly oppose
The sight of good will and then it arose.
Two people, four people crossed the floor
I saw children run, I wept amidst the uproar

Around here your stranded face before moonlight, the
color of the sea.
You came up to the house after swimming on sunset
and the flattened sea.
The sky had opened, it had gone bust
You and I watched the River People swim before us
The sky had opened, it had gone bust
You and I watched the river people swim before us

You said the best people could suddenly oppose
The sight of good will and then it arose.
Two people, four people crossed the floor
I saw children run, I wept amidst the uproar
Down here . . .
You came . . .

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