

## Unkind And Unwise

### The Go-Betweens

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.

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And just a little unwise.