

## Blue Leaves Red Dust

Youth Group

Regiments of stoby poles, rabbits and erosion holes  
All bare beneath the sky.  
To the untrained eye this land is dry,  
There's no waterholes in sight.

There are songs here,  
No more geographic lies.  
We just have to find them  
And we'll never compromise.

The lyrics that I sent her  
Are sung in clubs and community centres  
And everybody's singing their own tune.

Got the call yesterday and we left straight away,  
A long way for a funeral.  
I saw the souls of all of us in the blue leaves and red  
dust  
And the heat is their embrace.

No more songs of  
Tallahassee and Nashville.  
We got music  
Right outside the windowsill.

I can feel it when I roam  
In the pubs and the nursing homes.  
I can feel it coming down the wires.