

Mouth Of The River

Words and Music Graeme Connors

There's a path leading into the mangroves
down the side of the Leichhardt Hotel
only those in the know ever take it
and those in the know never tell

How that path well worn but narrow
just enough for Indian file
draws you along like a magnet
'til you've gone a good quarter-mile

Don't go down to the mouth of the river
where the ghosts of the past still reside
and the sins of our fathers are buried
in the ebb and flow of the tide

At the end of the path there's a clearing
where mangroves and mud become land
and what's left of a pier and some house stumps
charred and half buried in the sand

Where the wind through the casuarinas
bring voices from another world
the last screams of Leapin' Lena
and the cries of the Bamboo Girl

Don't go down to the mouth of the river
where the ghosts of the past still reside
and the sins of our fathers are buried
in the ebb and flow of the tide

Spare us the wrath of the righteous
who destroy what they don't understand
their Gods have no love or forgiveness
or wings for The Falling Man

Don't go down to the mouth of the river
where the ghosts of the past still reside
and the sins of our fathers are buried
in the ebb and flow of the tide