

Mark Hollis, Westward Bound

Opaline through her hair
Born on an April tide
Glowing in the wonder of our first child
There my promise is

A spur
A rein

The world upon my back
The pressure upon this earth

Drought's heir

Sown my money
Sold my shirt
Sown my money

Migrate
Job on the threshing line
Mute I walk
Idle ground
Westward bound