

Walkabouts, Last Ditch

This is the last ditch ever I dug
Once there were motives but they have been lost
Dig through the sand still you end at the rock
This is the ditch that I dug

These are the blankets that we should have worn
Now marrow is soaking and taken with cold
Us rag and bone merchants have just greed to lose
This is the ditch that I dug

The ditch it lies empty and waits for your laugh
My head was your shovel and I was your back
And sweat made the river that cut through the flat
This is the ditch that I dug
This is the ditch that I dug

The crows haven't eaten the scraps they were fed
The crows they stay honest and keep to themselves
Their silence infected my stitches gone loose
There will be rain today, yes
There will be rain today