

# Walkabouts, Stir The Ashes

All dressed up for the day of the dead  
I have been waiting  
It's coming soon enough

The doors are open and the prowlers have all fled  
So tired of waiting  
So tired of hanging tough

Stir the ashes round  
Underneath my shoes  
Just stir the ashes round  
Make 'em dizzy, in the mud  
Make 'em dizzy  
Round and round and round

Come and sit by the lonesome potter's grave  
Come and pull the weeds  
Come and write your name

Sitting here the sirens seem so far away  
They're back in timber town  
Three cheers for timber town

Stir the ashes round  
Underneath my shoes  
Just stir the ashes round  
Make 'em dizzy, in the mud  
Make 'em dizzy  
Round and round and round

Pull me right out of the dark  
My vision's never been this true  
The spoils have been crudely cut  
The balance has been lost for good  
Stir the ashes round