

Weddings Parties Anything, Brunswick

(Steel)

He came up from the country looking for a job of work,
He came from a town that died a slow hard death,
And when the train pulled into Spencer Street, he was fast asleep.
He opened one eye and he took a long deep breath.
On the first day he was dazed by the noise and by the bustle,
He sat in the square, and tried so hard to think.
Found a cheap hotel and booked himself a room all damp and shabby
He sat in the bar, he bought himself a drink.
He sang: "Flow river flow, flow to the sea,
Flow on big river, bring my dreams back home to me."
He rose early on the second day,
And watched the dirty struggle of the dawn
To rise above the smoke and haze.
And armed with a map he made his way from factory to foundry,
Joined the queues of the unskilled labourers.
Then an old man came, shook his hand,
Sat right there beside him,
And he heard the tale of rural poverty.
Shook his head, and with a tear he said,
"All that you have told me
Is like having my own story told to me."
He sang: "Flow river flow, flow to the sea,
Flow on big river, bring my dreams back home to me."
Drinking harder every night,
He made himself keep searching
Till he found he could not rise to greet the day.
And he lay behind a vale of tears on the Yarra bank that morning,
And he wondered how the hell things got this way.
Late that night he stumbled from an inner city bar,
Barely conscious down the alley he did sway.
And they beat him, they sank the boot in,
And they took his last four dollars,
Left him dying in the dawn, it was Saturday...
He sang: "Flow river flow, flow to the sea,
Flow on big river, bring my dreams back home to me."
Flow river flow, flow to the sea,
Flow on big river, bring my dreams back home to me.
Flow river flow, oh flow on to the sea,
Flow on big river, bring my dreams, bring them home to me.