

Amadan, Backwards Bound/Jeremy's Jam

I sit beside the firelight
And I rest upon the sand
My bundle sits upon my stick
And my face, it's in my hand

I take a sip of the stout my love,
And I drink myself to sleep
And one more thought of you all alone
And it sends my heart to weep

For Australia it looks, Australia it sounds
And Australia, so it seems
For though I sleep on Australia's dirt,
It's Ireland in my dreams

I wake to the call,
Still growin' old
And I hold my achin' head
I roll my bundle up again
And I clear my earthen bed

And the sun climbs high,
It claims the sky above my up lifted face
And I think of you
And of what I've done
And I lower it in disgrace

For Australia it looks, Australia it sounds
And Australia, so it seems
For though I stand on Australia's cliffs,
It's Ireland in my dreams

In the seaside town of Ayr
On the great Australian bight
I stow away on a prison ship
By the cover of the night

And the morning sun lays witness
To a bow slicing through the foam
And I can feel you smile
A thousand miles away
As you learn that I'm comin' home

For Australia it looks, Australia it sounds
And Australia, so it seems
For though I sail from Australia's shores,
In Ireland soon I'll be