

# 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