

# Powderfinger, Black Tears

Fragile little thing go lightly on the wing  
Don't be put off your game  
If troubled wind should blow you off your way  
Natural love and trust  
Have downed their tools and struck  
The nation's heart it rusts is no surprise  
and seems so appropriate today

Black tears on a red rock  
Fall right through and they dry up  
How could it fail to grab your attention  
Black tears on a red rock

These trees bear a strange fruit  
Harvesting lies and poisoned blossoms of the truth  
There's blood on all our hands and blood on our boots  
And black tears on a red rock

An island watch house bed  
A black man's lying dead  
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A black man's lying dead