

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