

Redgum, Spark Of The Heart

It's a harsh dry land, it breaks your back and scars and gnarls your hands
Now carcasses rot in the sun and dust silts up the dams
Sacked two men when the postie poked those blueys through the flyscreen doors
The welfare state dried up ten years before

It's Hobsons' choice, they run this plain and the flocks melt into bone
You can drive the stock routes for a year and cripple life at home
I still look forward to every day but every day's the same
Awake in a sweat, a dream of the smell of rain

But a river runs silent, runs deep, I work this land, it grips me by my feet
Staying 'til my blood runs cold, spark of the heart, iron in the soul

My great grandfather pushed his luck beyond the goyder line
Now all that's left are mute ploughshares and a gravestone caulked with lime
In tribute, I still use his Swiss barometer in vain
Fate be damned, the weather hasn't changed

Fifty miles by riverland, there's pasture fenced and sprayed
Profit margins chinagraphed on boardrooms in L.A.
Absenting landlords meet to match their smiles and fake suntans
In three years they'll have leached the soil to sand

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Josie searches saltbush, where rain once ran its course
It's a shock to see a child of twelve grow old upon a horse
The glory box lies locked with memories silent as the phone
But even in the shadows, it's our home

Government relief just might keep breeding stock alive
The agents jumped the cost of feed and the export market's dived
And if it breaks, I'm still in debt until I'm ninety eight
Will the last one out please shut the bloody