

The Go Set, Salamanca

Hobart Town, winter time grey buildings look like icebergs by the ocean
Summer time a cool south wind, keeps a mind from melting
Ships roll in through the entrance of the river,
Back in 1830 with a convict cargo to deliver
Fingerprints are in the sandstone, from a prisoner that remains unknown
Gypsies come from miles around, to sell sell their art to the town
On a Saturday, public forum marketplace
Everyone can have their say, all the people have their say
Salamanca in Hobart Town, bohemians and the gypsies are dancing
Hackysack and a joint's goin around
Social conscience, hear all the people sing
Oh - power to our people they sing
Oh - fight the good fight while you can
All the left wing, dreadlocks on the lawn but they don't sing
They're too serious, too many issues to be discussed
I hear you say, everything's gunna be OK, to fight the good fight
And talk the talk into the night