

# Tim Finn, Big Canoe

Hurled me a rope around the sun  
Pulled her hot through the distant day  
Cast the nets out into the blue  
Caught me the islands fresh with spray  
Then I came to the virgin rocks and sandbars  
Shored the boats from the dancing waters  
There in the shadow of the Tokelau hills  
Burned me the fish for the moon gods daughter

Big canoe, oh, cut me through, oh  
Thin white cloud of the Archipelago

Eye of the hunter on the shadow trail  
Caught me the eel in the mountain stream  
Marked the spot where the Moa fell  
Sweat on the hands of my giant dreams  
Then we dragged the hardwood down to the shore  
Feet for the huts in the river's mouth  
Ploughed for the spice and the sweet potato  
Build me the tribes of the distant south

We are the myths in the children's eyes  
We are their hope when the future lies

The white ships came from tall lands far  
Full of the sword and the crucifixion  
I traded my heart for a tank of gas  
On a road of tarmac with new intentions  
Stared me up at the moon gods daughter  
Laughed she did at the fat man's laws  
Felt me the earth through three dollar shoes  
Heard the roar of a thousand oars