

# Walkabouts, Christmas Valley

It's breathin' time  
In Christmas Valley  
herons fly by night  
and crash into the pines  
and when we're gone  
from Christmas Valley  
no one will remember you  
leave nothin' to remind  
to remind  
climbed up onto Fort Rock  
and I looked unto the town  
the aquifer works so hard  
to consecrate the ground  
all the way to Wagontire  
just a shimmer in the haze  
all the way to Wagontire  
no one's beggin' us to stay  
It's breathin' time  
in Christmas Valley  
herons fly by night  
and crash into the pines  
and when we're gone  
from Christmas Valley  
no one will remember you  
leave nothin' to remind  
to remind  
If what you want is tarpaper  
blown off in the wind  
If what you want is tarpaper  
then hold here to the end  
Sister says in Lewiston  
three rivers come to meet  
she'll get us jobs in a restaurant  
we can stagger home each night  
It's breathin' time  
in Christmas Valley  
herons fly by night  
and crash into the pines  
and when we're home  
from Christmas Valley  
no one will remember you  
leave nothin' to remind  
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