

Walkabouts, Loom Of The Land

It was the dirty end of winter
Along the loom of the land
When I walked with sweet Henry
Hand upon hand
And the wind it bit bitter
For a girl of no means
With no shoes on her feet
And a knife in her jeans
Along the loom of the land
The mission bells peeled
From the tower at Saint Mary's
Down to Reprobate Fields
And I saw (that) the world
(Was) all blessed and bright
And Henry breathed softly
In the majestic night
O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now we'll go to sleep
The elms and the poplars
Were turning their backs
Past the rumbling station
We followed their tracks
My hands they burned
In the folds of his coat
Breathing milky white air
From deep in his throat
O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now we'll go to sleep
I told him the moon
Was a magical thing
That it shone gold in winter
And silver in spring
And we walked and we walked
Across the endless sands
Just me and my Henry
Along the loom of the land
O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
O baby please don't cry
And try to keep
Your little head upon my shoulder
Now we'll go to sleep