

Walkabouts, Rebecca Wild

Gathered by the riverside
the current pulls 100 years
each way
savin' souls and singin' songs
They beg and smile, but
murder just the same
watch me slip into the trees
breakin' brush past darkness
and the cold
gray crosses mark the ridge
reached her grave and fell
down in the snow
that's when I dreamed
that I was Rebecca Wild
that's when I dreamed who she was
who she was
Rebecca stood in the union hall
said: "your hands are weak from
holdin' on too strong"
that was the last night she ever spoke
a company man, he drove
her off the road
that's when I dreamed that
I was Rebecca Wild
that's when I dreamed who she was
who she was
that's when I dreamed that
I was Rebecca Wild
that's when I dreamed who she was
last night I dreamed that
I was Rebecca Wild
last night I dreamed who she was
Rebecca Wild