

# Walkabouts, The River People

Down here everyone says that the River People don't really belong here.  
I know what it's like to be a stranger and divide a town beside a  
frontier.

People want your business and little more  
I've watched shadows lengthen from a closed door.

Mountains wide, nothing is clearer to the River People than what the  
others try and hide.

You spoke, pushed your chair back at the meeting and I could tell that  
you were petrified.

You said the best people can suddenly oppose  
The sight of good will and then it arose.

Two people, four people crossed the floor  
I saw children run, I wept amidst the uproar

Around here your stranded face before moonlight, the color of the sea.

You came up to the house after swimming on sunset and the flattened sea.

The sky had opened, it had gone bust

You and I watched the River People swim before us

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You and I watched the river people swim before us

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The sight of good will and then it arose.

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Down here . . .

You came . . .