82 Fires

The East Pointers

Darkening clouds rolling over the valley sparked the racing fire.
Earth is come to claim her country, screaming out for rain.
Thunder's face on the battledrum pounding, summoning the lightning strike.
One by one her army gathered waiting for the fires to light.

Ohooohoh, I don't know when the wind will turn.
Ooooh, 82 fires still burn.

(violin)

Raised two boys of the land and my fathers turning crops in the fertile fields.
Through drought and flood frost and fire only took what the land could yield.
We heard old tales of 82 fires, smoke turned day to night.
Legends told there would come a time, they returned with all of their might.

Ohooohoh, I don't know when the wind will turn.
Ooooh, 82 fires still burn.

ooh .... (etc)

(banjo)

The clearing's quiet, the air's been taken to the furnace over their eyes
The last red sun has been shredded by the smoke that stings our eyes.
We always knew that on this land we would live and die. (live and die!)
But here we stand among 82 fires, speak our breathless goodbye.

Ohohoh, I don't know when the wind will turn.
Ooooh, 82 fires still burn. (80808080)
Ohooohoh, I don't know when the wind will turn.
Ooooh, 82 fires still burn.

ooh (etc)

Lyrics Submitted by Anonymous violinist

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