

Drovers, Sailors, Traders

Steve Smyth

Wild dogs howl, the mangled trees groan
A night wild whistles in semi tones
The bower birds play with human bones
The land never lies under a vacant sky
The drovers love is a cloud of dust
The rovers love is a sacred trust
Where the devil sells "can't"
End god prays "must"
Is the song of the lost.
Seagulls swirl, the salt it rusts.
Waves rise higher than the southern cross
Timber rots on low tide reef rocks
The sea is a fire under a vacant sky.
The sailors love is a high sea sway
The sailors love is a harbor knot waltz
Light off the skeletal high rise
Decay under the vagrant sky
I turned around as fast as I came
I saw the smoke rise from the hills
When I passed the paths
Where snowed under the wind
Set my eyes blind
The only history was a footstep
The last erased.
Where the devil sells "buy"
And goes cries "sold"
Is the song of the owed.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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