Raewyn

Russell Crowe

There's a black and white photograph of Raewyn,
I know the place and the year that it was taken.
Gosford before all the houses,
Forrester's was still uncrowded.
Footprints,often only your own.

Over the sand dunes and into the mangroves,
he gets his camera out,and that's where Uncle Peter goes.
He took this photograph of you,with your wild hair.
Just back from America,in your print top and your flares.

So much light in your eyes,
no-one read the despair.
A scream in the night,
my mother shaking with tears.
Her little sister,
pouring down the stairs.

Oh Raewyn,
is no longer here.

first chorus

How little do I know of the pain of my Mother,
If I'm now just thinking if I'd lost a brother.
How many nights has she lain awake shaking,
when I could of held her,
Shared the pain she had taken.
I should have held her,
And told her that I loved her.
A son needs to say it,when he loves his Mother.

Jolly Jack Crowe was out on the ocean,
his Charlie asleep alone.
Deep within the motion.
Jack's eyes hollowed from the inside,his life and his heart had
been pulverised.
Guilt's not so loud in a bottle.

Taking risks had bought four sons and good fortune,
How could he know that was the tide his luck was leaving on.
Nobody talked of beauty lost and undone,
everybody baulked,when we named our son.

But it's time to stop blaming,
Jolly Jack Crowe,
Whose grief knew no boundary,
and swallowed him whole.
Fighting for the dead,fighting for his soul.

I love him more,
thanks to my Charlie Crowe.

second chorus.

How little do I know of the path of my Father,
If I'm now just thinking,if I'd lost a brother.
How many nights has he lain awake shaking,
when I could have held him,
Shared the pain he had taken.
I should have held him,
And told him that I loved him.
A son and a Father should always be talking.
A son and a Father should always be talking.
A son and a Father should always be talking.

Lyrics submitted by Andrea.

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