

# BROKEN SONG

(Neil Murray)

We sing the church hymns in Creole  
And crocodiles cruise the river below  
The same as years before when the missionaries landed  
They can make a meal out of man or beast you know  
When they came, we lay down our spears  
Put on their clothes, held our hands in prayer  
We lined up for rations, we lined up in fear  
Of a God, we didn't understand  
Our customs, they were banned

Now the song line is broken  
People are chokin'  
We're losin' our direction, culture is erodin'  
I wish I could remember what my father tried to show me  
And pick up, what's come undone  
Jesus can you mend this broken song?

For I am the song man for my tribe  
And I've got to find the words somehow tonight  
For they're depending on me  
To start this ceremony  
For so long, we've never done  
So can you help me mend this broken tune?  
Do you know the words, can you make 'em ring true?  
There's no stars out tonight, there's no daylight yet in sight  
For me as I lay upon this grave

For the song line is broken  
People are chokin'  
We're losin' our direction, culture is erodin'  
I wish I could remember what my father tried to show me  
And pick up, what's come undone  
Jesus can you mend this broken song?

Broken song, when the words have been forgot  
Broken song, when the story has been lost  
Broken song, when the dancing has been stopped  
Jesus can you mend this broken song?