

BRING THUNDER AND RAIN

(Neil Murray)

I had the title and it wrote the song. Wiran is the Tjapwurrung word for the yellow tailed black cockatoo- a major totemic force and moiety symbol in the country I'm from.

She was heavy and pregnant
laid down to rest
Her body formed a hill where she lay
Her child was born with a glossy sheen
Black wings and a yellow tail
You are magnificent my son she cried
You are the lord of the moon and stars
Take my heart with you wherever you fly
bring me thunder and rain

There was an heiress
Her wealth knew no bounds
Many a man vied for her hand
She turned them down
Then one day a ragged man crossed her path
Her curiosity was aroused she had to ask
"If you could have anything you wanted right now what would it be?"
He held her in his gaze awhile then spoke
bring me thunder & rain
bring me thunder & rain

Bring thunder and rain
Not a bird in a cage
Not my name on a brass plate
Not a hit in the states
No glittering prize
will ever suffice

Wiran flies every day
His work can never rest
He keeps calling out over the plains
While he's got a little magic left
Clouds build in the northern sky
The day is cast the land is set
With all the love there ever was
He brings thunder and rain
He brings thunder and rain