

SALTY GROUND

(Neil Murray)

I wandered as a small boy
I wandered on the salt lakes with the wind in my hair
I carried a seedling
I carried the plan for a big tree in my hand
Wet ground in the winter time
Wet ground, boggin' up the place
Trees comin' down and crops goin' in
And soil on my face

This is the thing I'm calling, yes
Big tree can you come back on to salty ground

I helped my father
I helped my father with the plough
We did a good day's work, yeah
We did a hard day's work
Turning up the soil beneath our feet
That was changing into salty ground

This is the thing I'm calling
This is the thing I'm calling, yes
Big tree can you come back on to salty ground

Livin' in the dry country
Not much shade or shelter any more
People can you live here now
People can you live here now
Can you carve some life for yourself
Can you make it right here on this salty ground
Before I die

This is the thing I'm calling
This is the thing I'm calling
This is the thing I'm calling, yes
Big tree can you come back on to salty ground
Can you come back now big tree, yes
Big tree can you come back on to salty ground
Big tree can you come back on to salty ground
Big tree can you come back