

OUR MOB

Hey – where's your mob? – Gone long time way
Before the knock 'em down winds come back to stay.

With dog by my side in quiet of long grass
I hear you around me - but I let it all pass.

So I'm dusty and I'm dirty, maybe you don't want to see
But we're still here, my mob and me.

Found some shoes by a campfire one morning in June,
Seems someone had stayed there, their son played a tune.

We heard him on the winds breath as the night slept her sleep,
Heard his Mums words, felt her thoughts - they touched me so deep.

See we're all the same – it's just love we each seek
Walk together, hand in hand – hear each other speak.

So where's my mob? - We are all still here
Still shuffling passed you in this land we hold dear.

For me? hey keep your high rises and traffic cramped roads
Let me feel red dust that's like velvet 'tween my toes.

Don't need cities or fine elegance - not for my mob and me
Just a view of this land as far as I see.

So where's Our Mob? Hey we're still here in long time
And we will walk together in this land of yours and mine.

MdJK ©