

## The Cyclone

## And Also The Trees

Through the back door  
The cyclone sailed her heart  
Through the house she flows  
And lifts his bride from the ground  
And through the trees  
He clung to them both  
And their twisted sheets  
Don't know why she came here  
But she won't take her away.  
And by the vineyard wall  
He caught her flaxen hair  
And the cyclone paused  
And stayed where he held her high  
Her eyes stroked the plain  
Far far away.

Through the black port  
The cyclone sailed her heart  
Where the bora blows  
A wind that cries through the town  
Across the sea  
She says she won't go  
In these foreign streets  
And the road that came here  
Is the road that takes you away.  
By the station wall  
She left them standing there  
Her eyes stroked the plain  
Far far away.