

Blindman's Bend

Dave Dobbyn

Four stone people in the rain
They head out west where the stories are laden
The driver poured his life down a drain somewhere
The others were making the same journey
The milk stars between the rainclouds
A conscience collected
Feels a little warmer

The torch songs on the radio
Made the rain dance with the windshield wipers
Here son you're all naked suns
This'll make you weep and then you're gone
You'll find me out on the blind man's bend

The mission bells keep a ringing
The distant swirl of a playground rhyming
There's always something pulls you from the brink man
Over broken glass to your breakfast table
Here son
Sun bakes the sand
And rocks of all ages strewn toward a heaven
You'll find me out on the blind man's bend
Ooohh

Drive to the coast
Uncover ghosts dreaming for you
Baby baby baby it's a you
Drives me here
Out here love
Where the souls laid bare
And on any other day man
You'd rock my soul in the bosom of Abraham
Bullet hail on the window pane
And there's no name for this kind of lonesome
Here son
We're all naked suns
This'll make you weep and then you're gone
You'll find me way out on the blind man's bend

Near here
The sun bakes the sand
And rocks of all ages strewn toward a heaven
You'll find me way out on the blind man's bend
Out here there's a wicked wind
And rocks of all ages strewn toward a heaven
You'll find me out
Way out on the blind man's bend

Tired of driving through your neighbourhood
You can start talking in your neighbourhood
Start talking in your neighbourhood
Tired of driving through your neighbourhood
You can start talking in your neighbourhood
Start talking in your neighbourhood
Talk
Walk
Tired of driving through your neighbourhood

You can try talking to your neighbourhood

Robots
Robots on the hills
Robots on the hills
Rocks of all ages strewn toward a heaven
That's my headstone