Pretty Bird Tree

Paul Kelly

Appear on the slopes and plains
In the town of Narabran
On the banks of the Namoi river
'Neath the shade of the pretty bird tree
All my brother Daabi died down there
Neath the willows oh so cool
Now he walks with our ancestors
Underneath the Kamilaroi moon

Namoi River
You're home to me
I sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree

Early on in life I took to the booze
And drank away my dreams
I watched my life flow steadily bye
Like tear drops down the drain
So I headed for the river, and became a river rat
I'd worn out all my welcomes
No place to hang my head
Oh there was cranky Franky and Jackie brown
Who demand old craigy and me
And would lay next daylight poison dogs
All around the pretty bird tree

Namoi River
You're home to me
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree

When the hallowing wind doth wane
On the Namoi late at night
You can hear the old ones singing
As they dance in the pale moon light
Oh there were many more names I can't recall
But their faces I still see
Whisper smiths calm face appears
As I dream of the pretty bird tree

Namoi River
You're home to me
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree
I'll sit with you 'neath the pretty bird tree

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