

CALL ME A VOTE

Moya Simpson and John Shortis

Where do you live?
You live in a room
In a suburb of brick
Where you can assume
That if lives are short and eyes dim,
That someone might notice
When things get too grim,

And where do I live?
I live on the land
Of a few thousand years that are written
in sand
And my life is short, my eyes dim,
And I might need some help,
But the chances, the chances are slim,

CHORUS:

And you can call me rural,
And you can call me remote,
But you won't ever call me at all
Till you can call me a vote,
Call me a vote,

Where do you live?
You live near a school,
Where your children are taught
To be nobody's fool,
And to walk a path to a gate
They can open and follow
Before it's too late,

And where do I live?
I live near the sky,
In a cumulus cloud
That's a thousand miles high,
And I live where the air's fresh and
good,
And I'd breathe it in,
Oh if only, if only I could,

(CHORUS)

Where do you dream?
You dream in a room,
In a suburb of bricks
Where you can assume,
That you'll wake with sleep in your eyes,
Bathed in the light
Of the gentle sunrise,

And where do I dream?
I dream in a bed,
In a desolate creek
With the sun glowing red,
And I sleep with my head on a log

When I wake the creek is a river,
A river of grog,

(CHORUS x2)