

MY BROWN YARRA

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There's a part of me that'll always be
Flowin slowly to the sea
And when I'm far from home I get a shiver
Whenever I think of that river

I had a dream that every city
In the world was just as pretty
And through each town there flowed a stream
Just like the river of my dreams

*When I die put me in a barra
Wheel me down to the banks of the Yarra
Dig a hole both deep and narra
Bury me by my brown Yarra*

Now, people change, they'll let you down
They'll hurt you too, that's what I've found
And though that river flows like mud
In my heart and soul it flows like blood

*When I die put me in a barra
Wheel me down to the banks of the Yarra
Dig a hole both deep and narra
Bury me by my brown Yarra*

*Or drop me off of Princes Bridge
Strapped inside a broken fridge
Drop me down in the murky drink
And let me lie where I sink*

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When I die put me in a barra