

## Kwoorabup Sings

I walk by Denmark river, where the paperbarks hand low  
I walk into the olive grove, my dog will chase the crow  
I walk with number nine (that's a cow, you may not know)

I walk up to my friend's house, hold on lightly to a wish  
I hold you tight, I grow my kids, I hold my guinea pig  
I walk down to the river mouth, and dance at Pelican Fish

There's two hundred stories in our feet and out hands  
We'll sing for the places we walk on this land  
Stories of country, stories of love  
For Kwoorabup, Madfish Bay, Elephant Rock(s)

I walk my feet don't miss a beat, in sand at William Bay  
I hold my art, I hold a prayer, I hold the hope of rain  
I walk along Wise Lane from home, to work and back again

I walk up to the paddock, through the brittle summer grass  
I walk in dappled light, in the lane, behind my house  
I walk with fish - bonito a herring, and maybe something else

[Chorus]

I walk and hold on tightly, to my darling daughter's hand  
I walk with bees, I walk my dog, my home is on this land  
I zigzag on brown bush tracks, granite rocks and squeaky sand

I walk along the cliff's edge, to the inlet; to the sea  
I walk alone, underneath, a mighty karri tree  
I know you'll always be here with me, in my memory

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

Music by Rachel Hoare