

# Curra Road

by Ger Wolfe (1998)

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*Am7 Am7 C F*  
river, down the Curra Road.

*C F C C*  
There's a blue sky we'll walk under, listen to the  
*F F C C*  
humming bees and on we'll go

*F G F G*  
We won't worry about the winter, worry about it  
*F G C C(½) F(½)*  
raining, worry about the snow.

*C F C C*  
In the summer we'll go walking, way down to the  
*F F C C*  
river, down the Curra Road.

Past the cattle at their grazing, through the woods of  
hazel, holly, birch and oak.

Past the robin on the gatepost, singing to the  
bluebells, sunlight is their host.

We won't worry about the traffic, worry about the radio,  
worry about the phone

In the summer we'll go waltzing, hand in hand to-  
gether, down the Curra Road.

There is music in the river, listen to it  
dancing underneath the bridge

And the wind is hardly breathing words unto the  
willow, branches overhead

We won't worry about the government, worry about the video,  
Worry about the day,

In the summer we'll go laughing, way down to the  
river, down the dusty way.