

# Let The Cane Fields Burn

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

There's a painting of my grandfather on my mothers' side  
In the hallway of the homestead in a special place of pride  
With his bull-dogs and kanakas back in eighteen ninety three  
In a linen suit and a Panama they say he looked like me

And the story goes he came out to make a brand new start  
In an effort to forget a sad affair of the heart  
So with these romantic notions to the colonies he came  
Where he settled in the tropics and made his fortune growing cane

Well let the cane fields burn  
Let the flames rise  
Let the politicians and the bankers in the city look up  
In wonder at the glow in the skies  
Let the cane fields burn  
Let me feel no pain  
When I drown my soul in whiskey  
And dance in the flames

There's a photo of my parents taken in between the wars  
In London Rome or Paris I don't know for sure  
But it hangs there in the hallway and there's one for every year  
Fortunes made and fortunes paid for champagne souvenirs

So let the cane fields burn ...

Now they say they're going to take this all away from me  
The cars the cane the homestead all my family history  
Well tomorrow when the bankers come to settle all their claims  
Let the auctioneer open with a price for charred remains

Let the cane fields burn ...

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