

# A Little Further North Each Year

Words and Music: Graeme Connors

The sun sinks behind me in the West  
This is the time of day I love best  
Salt breezes murmur through the coconut palm  
As the colours change they set a scene of tropic calm

Seagulls heading back to land  
Over the mangroves and the salt pans  
By a lazy creek with a six pack and a fishing line  
Winning back some memories and losing track of time

I head a little further North each year  
Leave the cities behind  
Out of sight out of mind  
Up where my troubles can all disappear  
I head a little further North each year

Feeling the night wrap around me  
Eases my mind in serenity  
Ocean waves humming on the outer reef  
These balmy nights and sultry days are a welcome relief

I head a little further North each year  
Leave the cities behind  
Out of sight out of mind  
Up where my troubles can all disappear  
I head a little further North each year

I head a little further North each year  
Taking my mind  
To an easier time  
Up where there's silence and the night sky is clear  
I head a little further North each year

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