

The Shoeless Legges

Verse 1

Let me tell you
though I should not do this
About young Michael, he is humble,
mostly shoeless
A shoe has rarely seen his foot
Nor his sons
nor his dad
His father's father no shoes
As farmers and fishers on the Lakes
They had the campsite too

PRE CHORUS

**For god loves a man
who doesn't wear shoes
Walking like Gandhi
With nothing to lose**

Verse 2

The vastness of the ocean then
Ribbon sand hills of white
The blue of the lakes
Then forests stretching way out of sight

Harry & Emily settled Legge's Camp
about 1910
They farmed and fished barefoot down the
generations that
Ultimately led to him

PRECHORUS

**For god loves a man
who doesn't wear shoes
Walking like Gandhi
With nothing to lose**

CHORUS

*These are the men and women
of the Broadwater, the Boolambayte
These are the shoeless Legges
Of the Leggeless Myall Lakes*

Verse 3

1965 they came
Wearing giant metal shoes
Great sand suckers
Seeking rutile, and other minerals

Now young Michael
Of Markwell
Keeps his humble shoeless tradition
Just a few mile from the Legge's Camp
original position

**END RANT / SERMON – ARE YOU HEARING
ME????!!!!**

But we are all now so so many
And our places of refuge are soooo few
And we are so far removed from those
who rarely wore shoes.

And so we annihilate, we regulate, we
legislate and terminate previous rights lest
we destroy that in which we could once
exist.

For a National Park cannot have shoe
wearing humans living in its midst.

And so I come to the logical conclusion!
Are we still welcome? Can we continue to
crawl over every surface, unless we
eschew the hardness of the shoe....

Chords

Verses – Gm & Dm
Pre-chorus – A7, Dm (D major before
chorus)
Chorus – Bb, F, Bb, C, Cdim