WILL YOU RIDE WITH ME?

Will you ride with me where the wild winds blow,
Where the mountain goat makes its track?
Will you sip the dew from a high rocky ledge,
up country; to the far outback?

Will you wake with me to the Kookaburras call,
as the bush hums to life with the dawn?
Will you bathe with me against stream cooled rocks,
where the platypus hunts in the morn?

Will you rest with me at the peace of the dusk,
while a red glow farewells the sky?
Will you lie with me as full moon sails the night,
and the shooting stars burn, then die?

Will you share with me the simple things I love,
in case some of them stir you too?
Will you open your heart to the beauty around,
and let in something tender and new?

There's a million trails your life can walk down,
many days to be filled 'fore they've done,
and if you ride with me where the wild winds blow,
I will give you the taste of just one.



