

**When I Leave This Land**  
**Damian Wilson**

**G**  
By the shooting range  
**F**  
At the door of the plain  
**C** **G**  
A poet lies in the ground  
**G** **F**  
His family is there and for years they have stared  
**C** **G**  
At the wooden box surround  
**G**  
Perhaps he stood there  
**F**  
And with phrases had cared  
**C** **G**  
To have captured the views he found  
**G**  
If you re crossing the line  
**F**  
An angel you ll find  
**C** **G**  
Deep in the wooded land

**F C G**  
Don t want to grow much older now  
**F C G**  
I want to feel the sun, sun shine down  
**F C**  
Don t want to see my bones rust  
**F C**  
My skin turn to dust  
**F C G**  
And change from what I am now

Follow the path where the trees lead the road  
And the tombs are made of stone  
Three bearded men worship within  
a church arrayed in gold  
We can see with our eyes  
And question our lives  
And still not know were we go  
If you re sure where you are  
Well that s good so far  
But we only know what we know

Don t want to grow much older now  
I want to feel the sun, sun shine down

Don t want to see my bones rust  
My skin turn to dust And change from what I am now

The child in the womb  
Was conceived in the wood  
Upon this very ground  
My hopes are made clear

A life without fear  
And respect for his fellow man  
I ll try to be strong  
When I lead him along  
The path that has been planned  
But I m still not sure  
Of where I ll be gone  
When I leave this land

Don t want to grow much older now  
I want to feel the sun, sun shine down  
Don t want to see my bones rust  
My skin turn to dust  
And change from what I am now