

My heart here hears in Hobart,
Like my ears listening to the sounds;
Of traffic and the people,
And the work they do that mounds.

I sit here in St Andrews park,
And my mind goes back to Sydney;
Of all the hope of long hard days,
Being the hardest of all ways.

The hardest is hope my dear,
That you will come for me;
That I might taste your sweetness,
And that you might let me be.

It's killing me inside you know,
That you're nowhere here to find;
But deep inside my heart my dear,
The hope of you is in my mind.

We know how hard that life can be,
The struggle and passion of all;
But beauty is in the hope you see,
Which leaves as tall and small.

So how hard it is then to have prove my love,
To build you up and not forsake;
That deep within the should my dove,
Your pride I could not mistake.

Signed,

The right lake