

## In This Place

## Big Country

All the years I worked in this place  
The friends that I knew here, I loved every face  
I loved the smoke the heat and the noise  
But the profits too small for the black suited boys

Oh angel, it's coming down stone by stone  
It's breaking up home by home  
Take it away, take it away, take it

In this place I will lay my life down  
In this place I will let you carry me  
As I age so my learning grows  
I still touch the vision  
I still smell the rose in this place

All the years I lived in this place  
The people we knew here, I loved every face  
I love the parties, the funerals and fights  
But a supermarket needs the land  
And I have no rights

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It's breaking up home by home  
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I still touch the vision  
I still smell the rose in this place

All the years I spent in this place  
The children I raised here, I love every face  
I love this country, the land of my birth  
How much am I wanted, how much am I worth

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It's breaking up home by home  
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