

# The Great Divide

Icehouse

Where the moon sinks low in the southern sky  
On the open plains, where the river runs dry  
Well, his feet are bare, bare and dusty brown  
And a hot wind blows over sacred ground

And a new day breaks  
On the mountainside  
Reaching out, reaching out  
Over the great divide  
It's a long, long road  
Stretching out ahead  
Step by step, step by step  
Over the great divide

On a dead end street in a border town  
Where the stray dog sleeps in the midday sun  
Now the headline news is old and worn  
The pages stained with blood and rain,  
And cheap red wine

And his skin is black  
The last of his tribe  
And he turns his back, turns his back  
On the great divide  
And a new day breaks  
On the mountainside  
Reaching out, reaching out  
Over the great divide

Solid rock and burning sand  
Weathered by the hand of time  
Standing high above the storm  
Cutting deep against the grain  
And the years have come and gone  
Leaving all their scars behind  
Where the hills begin to climb  
There's a legend carved in stone

And a new day breaks  
On the mountainside  
Reaching out, reaching out  
Over the great divide  
It's a long, long road  
Stretching out ahead  
Step by step, step by step  
Over the great divide  
And his skin is black  
The last of his tribe  
And he turns his back, turns his back  
On the great divide  
It's a long, long road  
That leads him home again  
Step by step, step by step