

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